

# CHATTERBOX.



1879

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET.



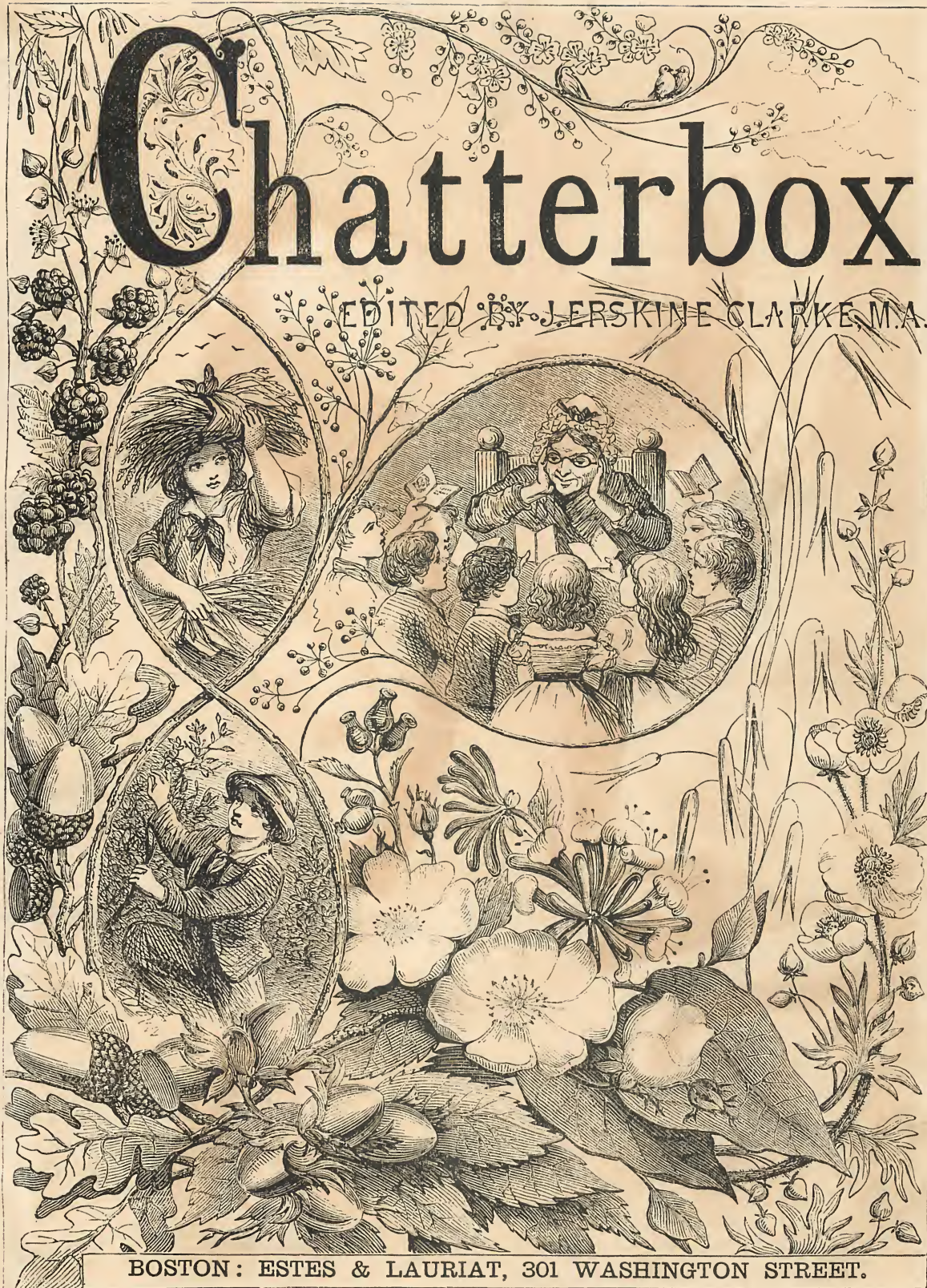


THE FINISHING TOUCH.



# Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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# Chatterbox.



Donatus saved by a Sailor.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

## A STORY OF THE GOLD COUNTRY.

From the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.  
By James F. Cobb, Esq.



NE morning in the month of May, 1849, a young clerk was sitting alone before his desk, in the office of a small commercial house at Antwerp.

He was tall and fair-haired; there was a dreamy look in his delicate face, though hope and vigour shone in his bright blue eyes.

He was busy writing: but he often stopped in his work to cast his eyes upon a newspaper which lay open on the desk before him. Its contents

seemed to have a strange charm for him, for he was plainly vexed with himself, he so often turned his attention away from his work. In the paper he read—

‘Gold is found there almost on the surface of the earth, and in such abundance that one has only to stoop down to pick up treasures. A sailor lately found a nugget of gold weighing more than twenty pounds, and worth at least 25,000 francs.’

The clerk looked up sadly.

Some one opened the office door; it was a strongly-built young man, with ruddy cheeks and black sparkling eyes—a picture of health and good humour.

‘Jan, my friend, you will catch it!’ said the clerk at the desk. ‘Our master has been to the office, and showed his vexation at your absence.’

‘That’s no matter to me, my good Victor,’ replied Jan. ‘It’s all settled; I am going to say good-bye to the trade of quill-driving, and to this gloomy prison where I have so foolishly wasted some of the best years of my life. Hurrah! I am going to roam over the world, free as a bird, and owning no other masters but God and Fortune!’

‘What do you mean?’ asked his companion.

‘This is what I mean,’ said Jan, drawing a folded paper from his pocket. ‘Here is the prospectus of a French company, “The Californian,” which is having all sorts of tools and implements made to work the best mines in California. Then, where the most precious metal can be picked up with the hands it will be able to collect gold in heaps. Any one who likes can become a shareholder. For 2000 francs we get a free passage, second class, in one of the Company’s ships, and receive two shares, which give a right to a double portion of the gold obtained. In California one has nothing to care for: the Company procures for its shareholders good food and comfortable wooden houses. As a third-class passenger one pays only 1200 francs, and receives but one share. My father has consented to sacrifice 2000 francs, so I shall become a shareholder in the “Californian Company.” The ship, the *Jonas*, will sail from Antwerp in a fortnight, for the gold land. Four other vessels will be sent by the Company to California; among them one from Havre, with the tools and the directors, who ought already to be at sea to receive the shareholders when they arrive.’

Victor gazed at his friend with sparkling eyes. What he had just heard filled him with wonder.

‘You are starting for the gold country? You are going to California?’ he said.

‘Yes, old fellow; within a fortnight.’

‘You—you, Jan! Has the thirst of gold so suddenly taken hold of you?’

‘Why you, Victor, have yourself turned my head, by always talking about the strange country which has just been discovered. In the voyage I see a good way of escaping from the stifling office life. Ah! to-morrow I shall be free! to-morrow I shall become a shareholder in the Company! to-morrow I shall secure my berth on board the *Jonas*!’

‘How lucky you are!’ said Victor, sighing. ‘I wish I could become your companion!’

‘You have only to express the wish, Victor. Has not Lucia’s uncle said twenty times that he would lend you the money required if you liked to risk a voyage to California?’

‘And my mother, Jan?’

‘Yes, your mother. But you know all parents are the same. If one did not make some effort to jump out of the nest they would keep us under their wings till one’s hair began to turn grey.’

‘Why, Jan, the very thought of such a plan makes my mother tremble! Lucia’s uncle, when he comes to see us, talks of the long voyages he has made as a skipper, and then my poor mother turns pale. She has always been so good to me that I cannot plunge a dagger into her heart.’

‘But remember, it is the only way of winning Lucia. The captain is a rough fellow; he hasn’t much respect for a man who passes his life bent over a desk, and who has only seen a little corner of the world. I reckon that if you go to California he will gladly give you his niece’s hand on your return.’

‘He has promised his consent, as soon as my salary reaches 2000 francs.’

‘You will have to wait a long time, then. Why, the chief said yesterday that he should be forced to reduce our salaries!’

Victor did not answer.

‘Perhaps you are afraid of such a long voyage?’ said Jan.

‘Afraid!’ exclaimed Victor. ‘Why, for six months I have been longing to undertake it. Not only does California open to me a chance of winning Lucia, but there is another strong reason. My mother has been hard on herself lately, and spent her little property, in order to give me a good education. Her shop and my salary scarcely maintain us. The time has now come when my labour ought to bring some ease to her old age, and reward her for her love and sacrifices for me. Afraid of a voyage to California! None could long more than I do for that promised land! Oh! if I could go with you, I should thank God for His goodness with all my heart.’

‘Make another effort then, Victor. Think that otherwise you condemn yourself to remain all your life growing paler and paler before that wretched desk: your youth passing away as sadly and regularly as an old clock. Man’s happiness consists in liberty, in seeing the world, and gazing on new wonders every day. And then, after two years of independence, to return to our native land with gold enough to enrich all those whom we love! There’s a glorious prospect for you!’



'Yes, yes!' cried Victor, with excitement. 'I'll ask her again. I will beg her consent on my knees; I will entreat her by all she holds dearest in the world.'

'And to-day I will go and see Captain Moreels, and tell him he must help you. Let me arrange it. . . . A good idea! We will share all together cut there—as we have done here—good and evil.'

'Hush, Jan!' said Victor in a whisper. 'I hear our master coming into the office.'

'Don't say a word to him about my departure. My father might change his mind before to-morrow: one can't say.'

The two clerks took up their pens, and when the door opened their heads were bent in silence over their paper, as if they had been for hours absorbed in their work.

## CHAPTER II.—THE DEPARTURE.

It was on a hot sunny afternoon in the month of June when a large crowd had assembled on the banks of the Scheldt, watching a fine brig which, with flags floating in the wind, lay moored in the port, ready to sail. It was the *Jonas*, fitted out by the French Californian Company, the first ship to make a direct voyage to the newly-discovered gold land.

The brig's deck was already swarming with passengers, who waved their hats in the air. Hearty wishes of success were sent to them from the banks of the Scheldt. It was like a fair, in which the inhabitants of Antwerp did not seem to take less interest than the excited gold-seekers, although the emigrants were mostly French from the northern departments, for very few Belgians had been enticed by the brilliant promises of the Californian Company.

A couple of boats lay alongside the quay, to take on board any laggards who were spending their last hours in the town. Towards these three persons were hastily making their way—a tradesman with his two sons, who had just come from a street which led on to the quay.

'Look, look, father!' said the elder of the two young men; 'there is the *Jonas*, ready to be off!'

'May God protect her!' said the old citizen, with a sigh.

'Surely you are not going to be sad now, father?' said the young man, laughing. 'What are two years in a man's life? I have wasted six at least before that stupid desk. Don't be anxious, but happy and confident. I shall return with heaps of gold and treasure, and it will be my pride to have won for my father and mother a happy and peaceful life. Don't be anxious, therefore: you will never have any reason to regret this voyage. But where is Victor? Is he lagging behind now that the very nick of time has come?'

'His mother and he have so many things to say to each other,' said the old citizen.

'Look, Jan, there they are coming,' said his brother. 'There is poor Lucia Moreels; she is trying to appear happy, but the captain's servant told me a week ago that when she is alone she does nothing but cry.'

'Well, that is a proof that she loves my friend Victor, so I am glad of it for his sake.'

The persons whose arrival had been announced by Jan's brother soon appeared at the corner of the street.

They were an elderly lady, who walked by the side of a young man, whose hand she pressed with anxious tenderness as she spoke to him.

Behind them came a man with sunburnt cheeks and large whiskers; on his arm was a young girl, whom he was trying to persuade that a sea voyage was not more dangerous than a little excursion to Brussels by railroad.

'Victor, Victor! make haste! they are already weighing anchor!' cried Jan, who stood up in one of the boats; 'there is no time to lose.'

When the widow saw from the banks of the Scheldt the frail skiff which in a few minutes was to bear—perhaps forever—her beloved son from her arms, tears ran down her cheeks, and she pressed him sobbing to her heart. Victor was deeply moved by the tender embrace, and he did all he could by soothing words to comfort his mother.

The old captain had at last to drag him from her arm, while Jan called out again that the boat could not wait any longer.

Victor took Lucia's two hands in his, and his earnest, loving gaze seemed to ask her, 'Will you wait for me? will you remember me?'

Once more he embraced his mother, whispering words of love into her ear. 'Well, since God wills it,' she said, sobbing, 'go, my son; I will pray for you every day. Do not forget your mother.'

Victor went down into the boat. The oars dipped into the river, but at that moment a young man was seen running in the distance, waving his arm above his head, and calling out:—

'Wait an instant, I implore you! I am Donatus Kwik. I have paid for my passage; I must go to the gold country, too!'

He seemed to be a peasant: the long blue coat reaching nearly to his heels, his bronzed face, and his large hands and brawny limbs, told that he had left the labour of the fields in pursuit of fortune.

His first step was not a happy one. In his fear lest the party should start without him, he had jumped in such blind haste on the gunwale of the boat that he lost his balance and fell head first into the water. One sailor seized him by the hair; another, helped by Jan, dragged him into the boat, amid shouts of laughter and applause from the crowd on the quay.

The peasant looked round him with confusion, rubbed his head, and as he spat the water from his mouth he mumbled,—

'There is too much salt in that soup, comrades. You need not have torn out half of my hair; I can swim like an eel.'

But as the boat bounded onwards beneath the quick stroke of the oars Donatus Kwik sank down in the boat, and held on to the gunwale.

Victor had scarcely noticed this incident. His eyes were still fixed on the spot where his mother and Lucia were making cheering signs to him, as if they thought, dear souls! that he was more unhappy than they were.

Jan stood up on a bench. He shouted one last farewell to his father and brother, waved his hat, and raised a loud hurrah.

(To be continued.)





#### CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

A ROMAN lady was one day showing her jewels to the noble Cornelia, and displaying strings of pearls and rubies, which she doubtless thought the greatest treasures a woman could possess, asked her friend to show her jewels also. At this moment Cornelia's two sons, Tiberius and the little Caius Gracchus, came in from school, and their mother,

pointing to them fondly, said, 'These are my jewels!'

And Cornelia's jewels were worthy of her pride and love, for they grew up to be brave and good men; and reflected so much honour on their mother that the Romans carved on her statue, 'Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi.'

A. R.





Charles I.

### THREE PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

#### PICTURE THE FIRST.

**H**AVE been looking at three portraits of royal personages, of different fortunes and different characters, but of the same family and the same baptismal name, each occupying a page of deep interest in the records of ages gone by. Of these royal personages two were kings, and the third was a prince-adventurer. The lives of all three were sunshine and shadow; very bright, and very dark, and very changeful.

I will tell you something of each of the three.

First, the one with the grave, majestic face, the long, beautiful hair, and the pointed beard. His

character is that of a man most kingly; dignified, courteous, lovable; of perfect manners, accomplished, and refined: in his last days, which were of sorrow, showing himself an example of almost saintly meekness and patience.

This man is King Charles the First, and here is a short sketch of his sad reign.

King James the First of England had three children, two sons and one daughter. The sons were Henry and Charles, the daughter was Elizabeth. Henry died of a fever; Elizabeth married a German prince and afterwards became a German queen, but returned after many years to close a life of very great sorrow in her native land. Charles came to the English throne, was twenty-four years a king, and died by the hands of the executioner.

When King Charles came to the throne he found he had to rule a disturbed and discontented kingdom. King James, his father, had very grand ideas of the greatness of a king, but he was himself not great;



he was always disputing and worrying, but never firm in carrying out his will, so that his people had no true respect for him or his authority. They expected a great deal of indulgence from the new king, and when they found him inclined to act where his father had only talked they became more than ever irritable and impatient.

It is said of him, that in his youth the courtiers would often pray God that 'he might be in the right way when he set, for if he was in the wrong he would prove the most wilful of any king that ever reigned.' Very soon they began to count him wilful.

King Charles was not a man merely to talk and not to act, and when, almost immediately on coming to the throne, he asked for money for carrying on war, and for other public purposes, and Parliament would not grant it, he dismissed Parliament—a very tyrannical act—and said he would get the money without it.

King Charles, like his father, put great faith in the advice of favourites; and his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who had his own ends to serve, urged him on to act as he pleased, without giving heed to the feelings and wishes of his people.

King Charles's reign is one long history of quarrels between himself and Parliament; and these quarrels were always for the upper hand, and on two questions, Money and Religion.

One parliament after another King Charles broke up and dismissed, sending some of its members to prison.

The money or tax about which the quarrel was the hottest, and had the most serious consequences, was the ship-money, as it was called, or money to be paid for the purpose of building and keeping up ships and a navy ready to defend the country during war. At first only the sea-coast towns were taxed, but by-and-by the tax was raised all through the kingdom; and was raised so strictly and so often, that people everywhere murmured loudly.

A country gentleman named Hampden, afterwards very famous in this reign, declared he would not pay the ship-money because it was unjust, and boldly went to law about it. The judges decided against him, but he was from that time a bold and active parliamentarian, and, whatever that may mean to different minds, was a true-hearted patriot, which he considered to be the side of justice and freedom.

I ought to have told you before this that the king's great friend, the Duke of Buckingham, had been killed by an assassin, and the king's chief friends and advisers were now Sir Thomas Wentworth and Bishop Laud. The one was soon made Earl of Strafford, the other Archbishop of Canterbury.

I have told you about the quarrels about money; now let me tell you of the quarrels about religion.

There were two parties in the Church of England: one of which, called the Puritans, was so much afraid of the return of the country to Popery, that it would hardly endure any Church government at all, or any rites or ceremonies. King Charles and Archbishop Laud were for Church government, and rites and ceremonies, and soon the cause of King and Church became one side, and Parliament and Puritanism the other.

I speak of Parliament, however, without having said that, after having reigned without a parliament for eleven years, the king called together another, which is known as the Long Parliament, and which lasted from the year 1640 until some years after the king's death, when Oliver Cromwell, a greater tyrant than many a king, turned out all the members from the House of Commons, and put the keys of the House in his pocket.

Who was Oliver Cromwell? You will hear a little about him presently. I must tell you first that the king had also offended his Scottish subjects on religious matters, that they made amongst themselves what they called a Solemn League and Covenant in defence of their religious notions. They would not have Bishops; they would not have the English Prayer-book, and shocking scenes of irreverence took place in some of the churches. You will read by-and-by in history a great deal about the Covenanters.

A great number of these Covenanters marched to the borders of England and met the king, and desired to come to friendly terms, which the king was ready to do, but which Strafford declared to be impossible.

The Scots were now very soon, therefore, in battle array against the king. In 1640, the year in which the Long Parliament first met, 20,000 Scottish soldiers marched upon Newcastle.

And now the English people began to speak very loudly against Strafford and the Archbishop, as advisers who kept the king at enmity with his subjects. The two great men were both thrown into prison, and were tried for their lives.

The Earl of Strafford's fate came first. In telling how it came I shall have to show you a dark blot on the character of King Charles. I shall have to show you how he forsook a friend.

Strafford was condemned by his judges to death. The king, however, would not consent. He would no doubt have, under any circumstances, been unwilling to deliver up his friend, but he had given his royal word that while there remained a king in England not a hair of Strafford's head should be touched. When, however, Strafford found how eager the people were for his death, and how furious they were at the thought of his being spared, he sent to the king, giving him back, he said, his promise, in the hope that his death might make peace between the king and people. The king gave him up to die. The earl died very bravely; people waved their hats and shouted for joy at his death, crying 'His head is off! his head is off!' and bonfires were lighted in the streets, and bells were rung: but peace did not follow, and, to the day of his own death, the king never ceased to bitterly lament the deed he had done.

The people were mistaken in thinking that when the earl's head was cut off the king would please them better. In that very same year he had a great quarrel with his parliament. He ordered five principal members, of whom Hampden was one, to be arrested, and himself went to the House to see his will carried out; but the five members escaped before he arrived, and were safely conveyed away.

In 1642 the English people were at war with each other, divided into two parties, for King and for Par-



liament, and they fought their first battle at Edgehill, on the borders of Warwickshire. The king's party were known as Cavaliers, the parliamentary party as Roundheads.

And now came a sad, sad time of misery and bloodshed for the country, far too full of terrible events for its story to be told here. I must only tell you that many brave men fought and died on either side; for instance, John Hampden on the side of Parliament, Lord Falkland for the king.

By this time parliament had become the tyrant, and the king was the defender, though they believed it not, of the liberty of the people, and he continued the defender of the English Church.

At the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, the king's army was defeated: at the battle of Naseby he was ruined, and had to fly for safety to his loyal city of Oxford.

Now all this time, for there has been so much to tell, I have told nothing of that famous man, Oliver Cromwell, but his life is such a history in itself that I must say but a very few words about it here.

He was a cousin of John Hampden. He spoke, like him, in parliament against the king; like him, he turned soldier for the parliament. He won the battle of Marston Moor.

He was a severe Puritan. He formed a troop of soldiers of 'men of religion,' and they were known as Oliver's Ironsides. By-and-by he rose to great fame and great fortune, and became ruler of England after the king's death.

Another thing I have not had time to tell you is that the Scots were fighting on the side of the parliament. I must, however, tell you now, because I have to say that the king, seeing no chance of keeping out of the hands of the English rebel army, went to the Scots, and they received him into their keeping. The next thing I have to tell you is that the Scots sold him to the Roundheads for 400,000*l*.

This was in 1647, and, once in the hands of his angry people, his fate was sealed; in two years his captivity ended in his death.

First he was imprisoned in Holmby Castle, from which he was carried off out of his bed in the middle of the night by a party in the parliamentary army, who desired to have him in their hands. Then he was taken to Newmarket, then to Hampton Court. There an attempt was made to bring about peace, but all in vain. The king escaped from Hampton Court to Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight. Here he found himself in strict keeping, however, and he tried, but in vain, to escape from his captivity. Thence he was taken to Hurst Castle, then to Windsor, lastly to London.

The king bore his captivity with the greatest dignity and Christian temper. He met disrespect and insult with calmness and patience. 'Meek, submissive, as fitted a Christian, but dignified as became a king and a gentleman,' it is written of him, 'There is scarcely such a character in history as the now friendless and captive Charles.'

He had aged in appearance, grown grey and careworn, when he stood before his unlawful judges. They accused him, but he refused to defend himself to them, saying he was their king, and not to be judged by his subjects. He was condemned by them

to die, and though great efforts were made to save him, he was beheaded in front of his palace at Whitehall on the last day of January, 1649.

It was a terrible sin that was committed in our land that day. Well might the crowd which saw it shudder! well might it utter a great cry of horror and then silently disperse!

This has been a longer story than I intended to make, yet it is, after all, a very, very slight sketch of a reign full of deep interest. I have not told you of the patriots Eliot and Pym, nor of General Fairfax, and very little of John Hampden or Oliver Cromwell. I have told you nothing of the *Mayflower* and Pilgrim Fathers; nothing of John Milton, the poet. Indeed, I have told you very little, but I hope it is enough to make you wish to learn more for yourselves, and also to form some just idea of the difficulties and mistakes, yet the greatness, and in the end the Christian nobleness, of our martyr king.

#### HOW THE PONDS FREEZE.

**H**AVE the readers of *Chatterbox* ever wondered why the ponds should freeze from above downwards, and not from below upwards, and why the little fishes should be able to survive the frost? If they have, here is an answer to their question:—

Water, they must know, is heaviest, or, in scientific language, attains its maximum density at 4 degrees centigrade, growing lighter when at a temperature either above or below this point. When winter comes the cold first affects the surface water, which sinks, and the lighter, warmer water, comes up from below, to be cooled and to sink in its turn. This sort of thing continues until the whole mass is of the uniform density and temperature of 4 degrees centigrade. After this, the water no longer gets heavier as it cools, but, on the contrary, grows lighter, and therefore that on the surface remains on the surface until the freezing point (0 degrees centigrade) is reached, when ice is formed.

By this exquisite arrangement the ice forms a superficial crust, while the water below maintains the temperature of 4 degrees centigrade, thus enabling the fishes to live through the winter. How wonderful are the works of God! J. A. W.

#### PARTRIDGE AND YOUNG.



**ONE** afternoon, while walking across a meadow near a village, I saw a dog of the terrier breed pursuing a partridge, which every now and then turned and made at it with its wings down, then rolled over, then ran, then again rushed at the dog. I drove the dog away, when I was surprised to see a number of young partridges running from behind the old bird, who had been trying to protect them from the dog, and guarding their retreat.





Dog and Partridge.





A Useful Pilot.





## A USEFUL PILOT.

HERE is a trained sheep kept on board a steamer plying in California. It goes out on the gang-plank, when a flock is to be loaded, to show that the approach is safe, and to act as pilot to the flock, which readily follows it on to the boat.

## MAMMON WORSHIP.

## A STORY OF THE GOLD COUNTRY.

(Continued from page 3.)

THESE joyful cries had a strange effect upon Donatus Kwik. He jumped up, threw himself upon the neck of the merry young man, and pressed him in his arms with such force, that Jan felt the cold water wet him to the skin. He angrily pushed away this rude travelling companion, exclaiming,—

'I say, my good fellow, are you mad or drunk?'

'I think, perhaps, I have had a little too much; the Antwerp beer is very strong.'

'Don't you see that you have wetted me and spoilt my clothes?'

'Ah! I had forgotten the cold bath. Never mind, comrade, we can buy as many clothes as we like out there—barrows full of gold!'

'What part do you come from? To hear you talk, one would say from Mechlin?' asked Jan.

'You have guessed nearly right. I am Donatus Kwik, son of a peasant at Natten Haesdonck, in Brabant. My aunt is just dead. I have come in for her money: but there is not enough to please me, so I am going to seek for gold. On my return I shall marry Helena, the notary's daughter, or Trina, the burgomaster's, or the young lady of the Castle. I shall pick up so much gold that I shall be able to buy the whole village!'

Jan, shrugging his shoulders, turned away to his friend Victor, whose eyes were still fixed on the quay, and began to joke him about Lucia's love for him.

Donatus broke in on their conversation by showing them a piece of printed paper.

'Comrades, look here!' he said.

'You are a bore, and somewhat too familiar with your "comrades,"' said Jan, in an angry tone.

'Well, I will say "gentlemen," as you wish it, though I am not at all poor. Come, will you tell me, gentlemen, what this is which I hold in my hand?'

'It's an English five-pound note,' replied Victor.

'Yes, but how much in francs?'

'Rather more than 125 francs.'

'I was afraid that the Jew with whom I changed my money had cheated me with these papers.'

'Have you many of them?' asked Victor, smiling.

Looking askance at the sailors, the peasant whispered into the ears of the two friends,—

'I have four of them, the remnant of my legacy. I could have put these 500 francs out at interest with our village banker, but it is well to be prudent as one can't tell what may happen out there. Supposing we were taken in, and didn't find any gold after all?'

Donatus then would not be the first to die of hunger!'

The boat now reached the ship, on board which the new-comers were quickly welcomed.

Then the *Jonas* weighed anchor, and spread her sails. She was soon moving onward before a fresh breeze.

She fired a farewell salute to the city of Antwerp, which was replied to by the guns of the port. The sailors on the yards waved their caps, the passengers filled the air with their shouts, the quays resounded with the good wishes of the crowd, as the *Jonas* glided over the waters.

Donatus Kwik jumped about like a madman, waving his arms about and crying 'Hurrah! hurrah!' in a voice far louder than that of any other of the passengers, and very like the braying of an ass. As he pushed against everybody, he received some cuffs in the back and not a few kicks in the legs, but of these he took no notice.

Going up to the two friends, who were still gazing at the crowd on the quay, he pushed his head between them, and said rudely,—

'Ha! ha! comrades, are you ill? I meant to say, gentlemen, are you sad?'

'Upon my word!' cried Jan, fiercely, 'if you bother us in this way I will knock you down! Do you hear, Donatus Kwik?'

'But down in the third class there is not a soul who understands me: they are as stupid as calves; they don't understand a word of Flemish,' said Donatus.

'That's not my affair; go away, I tell you.'

The peasant, seeing he was in earnest, went away grumbling.

'How proud these gentry of the town are! As if I shouldn't find as much gold as they, and perhaps more! If my own countrymen won't talk to me I shall have to sew up my mouth. Hurrah for California!'

And turning round like a top, while he waved his arms like a windmill, he jumped into the midst of a group of merry people.

Now the city of Antwerp disappeared from the passengers' sight. The *Jonas* scudded on before the breeze.

'Come, Victor,' said Jan, taking his friend's hand, 'let us go down and look after our provisions.'

'Yes,' replied Victor; 'let us drink to the success of our voyage!'

While they were sitting below talking of their plans and hopes, the *Jonas* was dropping down the Scheldt as far as Callao, where she anchored to await the next day's tide.

The captain, notwithstanding his harsh and severe air, was very amiable towards the passengers; he encouraged them to pass the evening gaily, handing round pipes and tobacco, and wine and spirits. 'Hurrah for our good captain!' was the cry raised as he passed along the deck.

All this time the sailors were exchanging glances with one another, as much as to say that the captain's friendly manners concealed a secret.

He allowed the passengers to amuse themselves up to ten o'clock, then he gave them to understand that each must go to bed in his appointed cabin. Soon all was silent on board.



Towards midnight boats quietly left the ship and made towards the Flemish bank of the Scheldt, returning as quickly with fresh passengers. Then the sailors, by the light of the lanterns, drew some planks from a place where they had been hidden, and began to hammer up berths out of these planks—prepared for the purpose—for the new-comers. The passengers in bed in their cabins were not surprised at the noise, for they had been told that during the night a new kitchen was to be made for their convenience.

In the port of Antwerp, as elsewhere, there are regulations which fix the number of passengers which a vessel may carry, arranged according to her size. A commissioner visits the ships before their departure, counts the passengers, measures the space assigned to each, weighs and examines the provisions, to be certain that the passengers who embark shall want neither space nor food enough. Upon the *Jonas* they had found room enough and provisions more than were necessary, and all was arranged for a hundred men, without counting the sailors.

But whilst the commission was finishing its visit by pronouncing the words, 'All right,' the train from Flanders brought fifty more gold-seekers, all Frenchmen from Lille and Douai, who were guided to Callao by people bribed for the purpose, in order to embark secretly at midnight on board the *Jonas*. The result of this fraud was a net gain of thirty or forty thousand francs for the Company; as they received the fare of fifty passengers who, according to the law, they could not take on board.

The addition of such a number of people would be a cause of great inconvenience, but the captain did not seem to trouble himself about it. He answered a remark of his mate:—

'That will be all right, Nelis. There are provisions enough, and we will decrease the rations if necessary.'

'But the water, captain? There is not half enough for so many people.'

'I know it, Nelis. That takes too much room: we will replenish our stock at the first American port.'

'The passengers will be greatly astonished at the arrival of so many fresh companions.'

'That does not matter in the least if we can only prevent complaints till we are out of the Scheldt. Once in the open sea, I shall know well enough how to stop their mouths. Tell Jacques, the chief cook, to light a fire at once, and to cook beef-steaks for everybody. At their breakfast we will give them a good glass of rum. You will see, Nelis, that they will be glad at the arrival of these new companions. Take care that all is ready to raise the anchor at the first dawn. The vessel ought to be under sail before the passengers have left their berths.'

#### CHAPTER III.—ON THE SCHELDT.

BEFORE most of the passengers had made their appearance on the deck the *Jonas* was already several miles on her way. Some expressed their surprise at the sight of so many new-comers, while others suspected foul play; but the captain gave them to understand that these passengers were really included in the official list, but that they were late, had

missed the train, and therefore had been sent on to overtake the vessel. The good beefsteaks and the rum convinced the most suspicious; and as the new arrivals seemed mostly merry fellows, they all soon began to dance and sing as thoughtlessly as on the previous evening.

Now, however, Donatus Kwik had no desire to share the general joy. The two Antwerpens found him sitting sadly in a corner, his head buried in his hands. Victor, out of pity, asked him what was the matter.

'I am ill, gentlemen,' he replied: 'sick as a horse from the beer of Antwerp, and from that worse gin, which that poisoner of a captain made me drink last night. Oh, my poor head! There are three or four men threshing corn inside it! How I wish I was now in our hay-loft at Natten Haesdonck; for down in that pigsty of a cabin a marmot would scarcely be able to sleep. I've had the night-mare all night: a block of gold as big as a millstone in my stomach. It's all the horrid gin of the captain. I wouldn't give ten sous for my life!'

'It's come of taking too much,' said Jan, laughing; 'you've only yourself to blame.'

Victor tried to comfort the poor man, assuring him that he would soon be better.

'May I know, if you please, with whom I have the honour of speaking?' asked Donatus.

'My name is Victor Roozeman.'

'And that gentleman there?'

'That is my friend, Jan Creps.'

'Well, Mr. Roozeman, I thank you heartily for your kindness. I was rude and stupid yesterday, I confess. Pardon me, gentlemen; it shan't happen again. I can read and write; I have been well brought up, and ought to know how to behave. When I am well again, allow me now and then to exchange a few words with you. It's not pleasant to have no one but myself to talk to. Oh dear! oh dear! how my head burns!'

All this time the *Jonas*, borne along by a fresh breeze, was sailing down the Scheldt. Most of the passengers on the deck were more excited than on the previous day. They had partaken of their first dinner on board: an abundant meal, consisting of roast beef and fresh vegetables for all, and even some roast fowls for the more delicate of the two first classes. After this they had their ration of wine or spirits, under the influence of which some had become quite drunk, and others wild and flighty.

The mate tried to restore some order on the deck, but the passengers only laughed at him. Very angry at this, he went up to the helm, where the captain with a grim smile was watching the merriment among the passengers. To his complaint he replied,—

'Let the noisy folk alone, Nelis. Do you see those clouds rising over the sea? The wind will soon get up, and as soon as the *Jonas* begins to dance there will be an end to all this bluster.'

At this moment Donatus Kwik, pale and haggard, ran up to Jan and Victor, threw himself on his knees before them, lifting up his hands in a supplicatory manner.

'I pray you,' he cried, 'have pity on a poor Fleming! I am going to die—I am poisoned!'

The kind-hearted Victor, thinking this might be





"Have pity on a poor Fleming! I am going to die!"

possible, took his hand and raised him up, inquiring what had happened.

'Ah! good Mr. Roozeman! ah! Mr. Creps! I was not well, you know, as I told you,' groaned the peasant. 'They did not understand me down below. They laughed at my sufferings. Some one went to look for a doctor, and a man came with a large red nose. He poured about a quart of salt water down my throat, and a red powder—Cayenne pepper, I'm

sure. Alas! alas! I'm poisoned: it is all over with me! Help! help!'

'Don't you see, gentlemen, that that fool is sea-sick?' said a German, who passed by at the moment.

The two friends smiled at this remark, and tried to persuade Donatus that his illness would soon pass away; but the poor fellow was in great pain, and putting both hands to his chest hurried down below to hide himself.

(To be continued.)





Charles II.

### THREE PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

#### PICTURE THE SECOND.

**I** AM now going to tell you something of another Charles, whose portrait comes next.

He was the son of King Charles the First, but did not come to the throne for eleven years after his father's death; during which eleven years England was without a king, and was until 1658 ruled by Oliver Cromwell, who was called the Protector.

When Charles the First was put to death in England, his son Charles was proclaimed king in Scotland. He was at the time in Holland, taking refuge, but the next year he went to Scotland to be crowned.

Cromwell, at the head of a large army, went to Scotland to fight the new king. I cannot tell you

now about the doings of the two armies in Scotland; you will find it all beautifully told in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*; but I must go on to tell you that King Charles suddenly marched into England, hoping to raise many friends there; that Cromwell followed him, that they fought a battle at Worcester, and that Charles was beaten and had to fly for his life.

For six weeks he wandered from one hiding-place to another, and had to dress in different disguises that he might not be known. Sometimes, dressed as a poor peasant, we find him cutting fagots for a farmer, sometimes asking food and shelter in a cottage; once as a groom attending a lady passing through a portion of the Parliamentary army; and I dare say you know the famous story of his hiding in an oak-tree, while the soldiers in search of him passed underneath.



In his wanderings he found many faithful friends, both among rich and poor, who hid him and fed him, knowing who he was; and though fifty persons thus knew him and helped him, not one betrayed him.

At last the wanderer got to a place on the sea-coast, where he found a vessel which took him across the water to Normandy. Abroad he was safe, but he was without home or country, and wandered from court to court, poor and uncared-for.

In nine years' time, however, his fortunes changed, and he was called to England to be crowned. A Scottish army had sold his father: a Scottish army now restored the son. General Monk, the commander of the Scots, was the man to whom the king owed his restoration.

Charles the Second landed at Dover in May, 1660; and on his birthday, which was the 29th, he entered London, where there were grand rejoicings.

'It must surely have been our fault,' said King Charles to his friends, 'that we have stayed away so long, since our people seem so glad to see us.'

The people were indeed glad; they were heartily tired of being without a king.

The new king was very different to his father. He was a merry, light-hearted, careless prince, who had not learned the good lessons of adversity; and when he came to the throne, and had money to spend and power to use, he spent the one and used the other in his own selfish amusements and pleasures; not caring much how his kingdom was governed, so long as he might do as he liked and take no trouble.

He had been very badly educated. He was, however, clever in several ways. He liked chemistry for one thing, and ship-building for another. Of music and poetry he knew something; and he was very famous for sharp and witty sayings.

Like his father he was eager for money, but only to spend upon his own amusements. He married for her wealth the Princess Catherine of Portugal.

In 1664 he began a war with Holland; in which war, after the English fleet under the Duke of Albemarle, whom you knew just now as General Monk, had burnt many ships and towns on the Dutch coast, the Dutch ships under De Ruyter, one day returning the visit, sailed up the Thames to Gravesend, up the Medway, and burned three men-of-war; and then sailed at pleasure about the English coast for six weeks. At last peace was made, and in 1668, England, Holland, and Sweden, made a friendly agreement together, called the Triple Alliance, to keep the French king in order.

During the Dutch war two great calamities happened in London, the Great Plague and the Great Fire. A hundred thousand people in six months died in London of the plague. Carts went through the streets to collect the dead, and carry them to pits to be buried. The fire happened in the following year, 1666, and it burnt down thirteen hundred houses in London, and ninety churches, including St. Paul's.

In the first part of the reign of Charles the Second the great Lord Clarendon was Lord Chancellor. After the peace with Holland he was obliged to leave his country and go into exile. After Lord Clarendon had gone the king had for his advisers five men whose names began with C, A, B, A, and L, and they were called the Cabal.

You will read some day of the many famous plots in this reign, some real and some pretended. You will read of Titus Oates, and the wicked stories he invented; and you will read of the Meal-tub Plot, when the papers were found in a meal tub; and the Rye-house Plot, so called because at a farm called the Rye House, on the road to Newmarket, a plan was made for killing the king as he passed by. These stories and plots sprang some of them out of the dread of Popery in the kingdom, some of them out of the displeasure which the king gave by his severe and tyrannical acts; for he had changed very much since his light-hearted youth. These plots and conspiracies cost many lives. The most famous sufferers were Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney. There were two parliaments during this reign: the first lasted seventeen years, at the end of which time the king broke it up in displeasure and called another: the second lasted five years, and then the king dismissed it also, determined never to have a third.

You will also read some day of the religious troubles of this reign; of the loyalty of the Church; of the sufferings of the Nonconformists; of William Penn and the Quakers; of Charles's changeableness in all these matters; of the fears that he was a Roman Catholic at heart, and no true friend to the English Church. You will also read of many famous men, and of how matters went on between this country and others; for I have only told you of the first Dutch war. You will read of Clarendon, Shaftesbury—ah! and John Milton, old and blind, who gave us in this reign his grand poem, *Paradise Lost*; but I must pass over all this to say that in the midst of plots and executions Charles died after a very short illness, having disappointed his country by his reign, and leaving behind him a character of which no one can speak a good word. He has been called 'the falsest, meanest, merriest of mankind,' and his life was spent amongst bad companions and in defiance of religion. Have you never heard of the reply of one of his friends when asked what should some day be written on his tomb?—

'Here lies our sovereign Lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one.'

A sad epitaph for any one: sad indeed for a king.

But we must spend no more time over this King Charles just now. You must read more about him in books and history.

#### LADY SPELLERS OF A PAST DAY.

MR. FOOTE, the celebrated wit, used to tell the following story, which (if he did not invent it from his love of fun) does not speak very well for the spelling powers of the women of a past day. The Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, were amusing themselves by playing at the children's game of 'I love my love with a letter.' Lady Cheere began and said, 'I love my love with an N, because he is a Night (knight). Lady Fielding followed with 'I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustus' (justice). And 'I love my love with an F,' said Lady Hill, 'because he is a "Fizishun"' (physician). H. A. F.



## MARTIN THE BLACKSMITH.

From the Italian of C. Cautie.

IN the middle of the night, Signor Girolamo, a rich and honest merchant of Milan, was returning home from the theatre. As he passed the smithy of a certain blacksmith whom he knew, he was astonished to hear the hammer going, just as if it were day.

'How is it that you work so late, friend Martin?' said he, entering the shop. 'You toil hard all the day; is it possible that you are not able to gain your bread without staying up at night?'

'Signor Girolamo, you are quite right,' said Martin, pulling off his cap. 'In the day I can earn what is enough for me, but you must know that my mate Lazzaro has had his house burnt down, and he and his wife and children are without the necessaries of life. To help them, I rise two hours earlier than usual in the morning, and go to bed two hours later at night, so that at the end of the week I have done the work of exactly two days. The earnings of those two days I give to my unfortunate friend. I have no other way of helping him, and this only gives me a little additional work.'

The Signor was astounded at this goodness on the part of the blacksmith.

'Bravo, Martin!' said he; 'you act most nobly: all the more so, since your mate is not likely to be ever in a position to repay you this debt.'

'As to that,' cried Martin, 'it may be a bad thing for him, if he is never able to repay me, but it will not matter to me if he cannot. I am sure he would do the same, and more, for me were I in his place.'

Signor Girolamo wished him good night, and went away quite moved to think how this poor workman managed with only two hands to help his neighbour, while so many rich people, who could have done it without the least personal discomfort, did nothing of the kind. The next day, therefore, meaning to reward him for his generosity, he came back carrying a hundred crowns, which he presented to him.

'Here,' said he, 'take this. You are a good man, and deserve it. You can buy iron with this money, enlarge your shop, provide better for your family, and put by something for your old age.'

The blacksmith thanked Signor Girolamo warmly, but said,—

'This money I must ask you to excuse me taking. As long as I am able to work, it is not right for me to take money which I have not earned. If I want to lay in a stock of iron, my credit will enable me to do so, for an honest workman who is punctual in his payments can always find some one to give him credit. If, however, you would allow me to make a suggestion, I would beg you to give this silver to my mate Lazzaro. He would thus get out of his difficulties, and resume his work, while I should have a few hours more sleep.'

Signor Girolamo acted on Martin's advice, but at the same time he related to every one in Milan the tale of the blacksmith's generosity, so that for some time every one talked of it. What was the result? All who needed a blacksmith went to Martin instead of to anybody else, so that soon he had a most

flourishing business. Thus, with no other help than his own skill and honesty, he secured for himself and his children a sure and moderate competence.

CARLO VITI.



## PETER NIEUWLAND.

PETER NIEUWLAND, Professor of Mathematics and of Natural Philosophy at Leyden, was born at Dierrmemeer, a village near Amsterdam, in 1764, and when young he gave extraordinary proofs of genius. His parents were good, honest people, and did their best to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

It is said, though we can hardly believe it, that by the time Peter was five years old he had read the whole Bible, and at seven he was master of the contents of most of his father's books, and had made extracts from them of such passages as seemed most worthy of his notice. At this early age he wrote a poem called *Orion*, in praise of the great Creator. He received his first lessons in mathematics in his father's workshop, and soon showed great talents for that science. He speedily outstripped his teacher. At the age of eight years his father carried this young prodigy to Professor *Æné*, who put several questions to him, and received apt and ready answers to them.

Professor M. Van Swinden has attested the quickness of the young pupil. On being asked if he could determine the contents, in cubic inches, of a wooden figure which was placed upon a clock: 'Give me a piece of the same wood,' said the boy; 'I will reduce it to a cubic inch, and then will compare its weight to that of the statue.' The construction of languages next occupied his attention; and he was instructed by Jerome de Bosch, a celebrated man of letters. But the genius of the youth was such that he seemed to know, as it were by intuition, the contents of a volume, and could master a treatise while casting his eyes over its pages. And it was the same with languages; for before he had arrived at the age of eighteen he had translated with fidelity and spirit the most beautiful verses of the Greek and Latin poets upon the state of the soul after death.

In 1789 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics at the University of Amsterdam, and filled that post for six years, devoting his leisure to physics and chemistry; and before he attained his thirtieth year he was called to fill the triple chair of Physics, Mathematics, and Astronomy, at the University of Leyden.

Beloved and honoured, he seemed destined to pass a life of usefulness, but it was otherwise determined by Providence, and Nieuwland breathed his last on the 14th November, 1794, at the age of thirty years and nine months. He wrote several scientific works, a volume of poetry, and a great number of treatises on various subjects.





Peter Nieuwland in his Father's Workshop.





The stolen Blackbird's Nest.



### BLACKBIRDS AND YOUNG.



**A**COUNTRY lad, having taken the nest of some blackbirds containing young ones, made off with it, but was closely pursued by the parents, who tried to peck his face so as to make him give them up. Mr. Jesse relates a similar instance, where a pair of old birds followed a boy into a house, pecking at his head while he was carrying off one of their young ones. People little think of the misery they cause when they rob the birds of their nestlings.

### MAMMON WORSHIP.

#### A STORY OF THE GOLD COUNTRY.

(Continued from page 12.)

**A**S the captain had predicted, the sky was soon covered with clouds, and the wind, though still favourable, increased in force, and the *Jonas* began to dance on the waves which hastened to meet her from the open sea.

The captain went up to the mate and said, 'The end of all this folly has come now, Nelis. There are twenty of them yonder with their heads over the side.'

The songs and merriment, indeed, were soon silenced. Half the passengers were terribly sick, and many of them were ignorant of the cause of this mysterious malady which had so suddenly prostrated them.

Victor was one of the first to be attacked by sea-sickness; Jan, however, did not suffer at all: so he took his friend by the arm, led him to his cabin, and helped him to get to bed.

At last only about twenty passengers remained on the deck, and these were not altogether at their ease. They gazed silently at the waves, which, with a monotonous roll, beat against the sides of the ship.

When at the mouth of the Scheldt the *Jonas* entered the channel, the captain remarked to Nelis, 'It will be some days before these fellows find their legs again. We must use that time to get everything into order. Let the sailors understand that they are to have no dealings with the passengers. My orders are to be strictly obeyed. I will be master in my own ship. We are at sea now!'

#### CHAPTER IV.—AT SEA.

**T**HE sea, indeed, was very rough for four days, growing worse as they went down the channel, where they had to contend with contrary winds. All this time the passengers kept in their cabins, fearing to move, loathing the sight of food, and suffering from all the misery of sea-sickness.

At night, when they left the channel to enter the Atlantic, the wind had fallen and the waves became calmer. While the *Jonas* continued her voyage under a clear and starry sky the passengers felt the influence of this favourable weather. For the first time they enjoyed some sleep, which seemed to give them renewed life.

Next day they appeared one by one upon the deck, and now their faces were almost as cheerful as on the day of their departure. Creps and Roozeman were especially happy. Victor, seeing himself surrounded by a boundless horizon, raised his arms to Heaven, and thanked God for having brought them so far on their way safely.

Many of the passengers, wishing to celebrate their restoration to health by a noisy carouse, had recourse again to the bottle; but the captain now showed himself in his real character, of a stern and rough officer. He read a number of rules to them, which forbade all disorderly cries and crowds on the deck. He told them that disobedience to these rules would be punished with imprisonment in the black hole, with rations of bread and water.

The passengers listened with angry surprise; some clenched their fists, protesting against such rules, which they said deprived them of all pleasure and liberty; but the captain gave them to understand in a few words that the law gave him unlimited power on board his own ship, and that he had even the right to shoot those who rebelled against him. And as some murmured at this explanation, he began to utter such terrible threats that the passengers said he was really in earnest, and submitted to their fate. The sailors were not more civil than their captain. If they saw several friends standing together talking on the deck, a sailor would run up dragging a rope, or some other large article, and cry out, 'Out of the gangway there! Look out for your legs!' Two or three others meanwhile coming as rapidly from the opposite direction, would pour pails of water all over the deck.

A third would call out from the top of a mast, 'Take care below there! Look out, you land-lubbers!' After which simple warning he would let a huge block fall like a thunderbolt on the deck, at the risk of nearly crushing some one.

The captain wished to show the passengers that life at sea was not a pleasant one, and he ordered the sailors to go about their duties as if there was no one on board except the crew.

Towards noon the passengers were summoned on deck. The captain stated that they were to be divided into companies of eight, to dine together out of a large tin dish. He then read a list of the passengers, and each time he had named eight men he called out, 'First mess; second mess; third mess.'

When this arrangement was completed, notwithstanding many murmurs and complaints, the captain told them that henceforth the fresh bread and the few fowls that remained would be reserved for invalids. The passengers must content themselves with the usual daily sea ration, viz. salt meat, peas or beans, biscuit, a small allowance of gin, and a quart of fresh water. Each mess must send one of its members, who were to take their turn, every week to the kitchen, to fetch the dinner for the others.

Immediately after the bell was rung for the victuals to be distributed, men were seen running on all sides with tin plates full of smoking food, and a few minutes after all the passengers were sitting round their messes.

Fate had given very strange messmates to Jan and Victor,—a French magistrate, who had fled from his



country for unknown reasons : a doctor of medicine ; a German banker, who had lost everything at the Homburg gambling-table ; a young gentleman of West Flanders, who had spent the last remnant of his inheritance before starting for California ; a French officer, who boasted that he had killed his superior in a duel. At first sight Victor thought that he had not much to complain of ; and, in fact, as our friends belonged to the second class, they were not mixed up with the poor third-class passengers, who all slept and lived together between the decks.

Victor's sensitive heart was wounded by the coarse and profane conversation of his companions. He looked on in surprise, as they seized the food and eagerly devoured it. If Creps had not warned his friend in time, Victor would not have begun his dinner till scarcely a bean was left in the plate. The doctor drew a bottle of brandy from his pocket, which he half emptied ; the others, lighting their pipes, went on deck, where they found most of the passengers, some lying stretched in the sun, others seated on benches, or walking about.

'What a bad set of fellows we are thrown with !' said Roozeman to his friend.

'Yes,' answered Creps : 'but you don't know all yet. While you were sea-sick I walked about the deck and through the cabins to make a nearer acquaintance with our travelling companions. There are a few honest fellows among them, but the most are rogues who have deserved the gallows, or perhaps have really escaped from it. Many are drunkards, who have left wives and children in misery and taken their last penny to go to California. There are, too, spendthrifts, ruined gamblers, bankrupts, and even convicts, amongst them.'

'A pleasant set of companions !' said Victor, with a sigh. 'If I could only have foreseen it—!'

'You would have stayed at home?'

'No ; but I shouldn't have chosen the *Jonas* for the voyage.'

'Well, as we can't help ourselves we must make the best of it. On our long voyage and in the savage land to which we are going you must expect to see and hear different things than you did with your pious mother and the gentle Lucia Moreels.'

'Certainly, Jan, I must submit to my fate ; but it will cost me something to get used to these rude fellows, whose words and manners sadden my heart.'

As the two friends were talking together and pacing the deck, they saw Donatus Kwik, who was munching a sea-biscuit, grumbling, and making angry gestures.

As the peasant had not noticed them, Roozeman put his hand on his shoulder. Donatus turned round, and with clenched fists assumed the air of a man ready for a fight. When he saw the Antwerpens he became calm at once, and exclaimed, 'Oh, excuse me, gentlemen, I thought it was that Frenchman from down below.'

'Haven't you had your rations, that you are eating biscuits after dinner?' asked Creps.

'Fine rations, indeed !' said Donatus. 'We all eight sat round a tin dish and began to dine. Suddenly, one of those villains from down below came behind me, put his hands over my eyes, and called out something which I did not understand. When he let go

the dish was almost empty. I tried still to get my share, but my companions were too quick for me : there was nothing left. With an empty stomach, I sat looking at them like an owl staring at the sun. But afterwards I paid out that Frenchman with the big moustaches and little eyes. My kicks have given him some blue marks on the legs, which he won't find very pleasant.'

'Fighting already, Donatus ! You must be more peaceable, my friend, or you will have a rough life with those comrades of yours,' said Roozeman.

'Fighting, indeed, sir ! Why, after six of them had set upon me with blows and kicks they threw me out of their brigands' nest down below upon the deck ! I went to the captain to complain, who speaks a sort of sea-Dutch and understands me. But he only swore at me, and said that each must do his best to have his share in the mess. "So much the worse," he added, "for the lazy ones."'

'He was right there ; you must try and follow his advice.'

'Try, gentlemen ! That is not necessary. All my life I have eaten out of a common dish. If it had only to do with eating fast, and swallowing hot beans, I could teach those Frenchmen how to do it. Wait a little. They'll soon see with whom they have to do. None of their blows can hurt me, and I will give them kicks that will take the skin off their shins.'

Victor tried to calm his anger, and in the company of the Antwerpens he forgot his ill-humour. No one in the cabin understood him, and as they perceived that, notwithstanding his coarse appearance, he was a sensible fellow, and grateful for any kindness, they let him remain some time in their company.

While they were walking about together Jan chaffed him about the burgomaster's daughter and the young lady of the castle, one of whom Donatus wished to marry on his return from the gold country. The young peasant looked serious, and had to confess to a more modest attachment. For years he had fixed his choice on one of the daughters of the police constable of Natten Haesdonck, and the girl liked him, but the father, who had some acres of land, had rejected him with contempt because he was too poor, even after his aunt had left him 1600 francs. All he had said about the burgomaster's daughter and the lady of the castle was empty boasting ; Anneken, the constable's daughter, was his only sweetheart. In shame and despair he had left his native village because Anneken's father had shown him to the door when he had ventured to tell the wishes of his heart. The only cause for his journey to the gold land was his desire to lay a large nugget of gold at the constable's feet, and thus bring him to consent to his marriage with his daughter. Anneken had promised to wait, although her father wished to make her take another husband, but she vowed she would marry none other than her poor Donatus Kwik. He spoke with such admiration of Anneken, that Victor was quite pleased to listen to him ; for his own position was like that of Donatus, whose words made him think of Lucia and his mother.

Thus they chatted of the friends they had left behind and of their plans for the future, till night obliged them to seek rest in their cabins.

(To be continued.)





### THE CHURCHYARD PATH.

**H**E leant beside the churchyard gate,  
 A dying man, yet loth to go;  
 A little longer he would wait  
 For strength to face the last dread foe:  
 The shadow on the stones around  
 Fell darker still, and more profound.

A little cottage girl came by,  
 And dropped a curtsy at the gate;  
 He, longing for some human cry,

Spake, 'Little one, you wander late:  
 'Do you not fear the churchyard gloom?'  
 She shook her head, 'Tis my way home.'

And so passed on into the shade  
 A weary child, and nothing more;  
 Nay, a heaven-guided little maid,  
 A troubled spirit to restore.  
 He stood erect, the truth made known,  
 The churchyard path was *his* way Home.

H. A. F.





The Pretender.

### THREE PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

#### PICTURE THE THIRD.

THE last of the three portraits is that of a young prince famous for wonderful adventures. He was a grandson of King James the Second of England, who in 1688 gave up the throne of England, and was succeeded by his daughter Mary and William Prince of Orange. The nation would not have King James's son, because King James, who was a Romanist, had made it so miserable by his cruel persecutions that it determined never again to have a Roman king or queen. I am not now, however, going to tell you anything about that; I am going on to speak of the young Prince in the picture, only saying by the way, that in the reign of King George the First a vain attempt was made on behalf

of King James's son, who is known in history as the Pretender, or the Chevalier de St. George, who wandered from court to court to try to stir up in his cause any country unfriendly to England; and then, with no more to say about him, we will pass on to his son, Prince Charles Edward, who is known as the Young Pretender, the Young Chevalier, and familiarly in ballads as Prince Charlie.

In 1744, France and England being at war, two French ships landed Prince Charles Edward and his friends on the coast of Scotland. When he was ready to land, the Prince sent ashore to the chieftain of that part, who was his friend, to tell him of his arrival; but the chieftain, with several others, went on board the French ship to persuade him not to land just then, as it would be of no use: for though his friends in Scotland had asked the Prince to come, and promised to fight for him, they had said he must



bring with him a good number of troops and a good supply of money and arms, which he had not been able to do. The Prince, however, talked them over, or rather roused their spirit, and they agreed to his landing.

Here is a quaint description of the Prince as he appeared on board the French man-of-war:—

'A tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle; a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat, with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons: he had black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes.'

Prince Charles Edward is also described as fair, with noble features, courteous in manners, strong, and courageous. The young Pretender's standard was unfurled in the Highlands, in August, and the Prince made a speech, saying how much he trusted his brave friends, and thus war began.

Sir John Cope, with an army, was sent from England to fight him, but they did not meet until after the Prince had entered Edinburgh, proclaimed his father king, and set up his court at Holyrood. His father, he said, had appointed him to win back the kingdom and reign for him.

In September the Prince started from Edinburgh to meet the English army: they met at Prestonpans, fought a battle, and the Prince gained the victory. It was a hot battle, fiercely fought on both sides. Very many English were killed, and more than 2000 made prisoners. The Prince's army took much spoil in money and valuables, and the Highlanders looked in wonder at the precious and strange things they found. Watches were among the strange things, and there is an anecdote that a man who found a gold one, which stopped for want of winding, thought it was useless, or 'dead,' as he called it, and sold it for a trifle.

After Prestonpans the young Pretender returned to Holyrood, but in October, 1745, having received supplies from France, he marched out again, believing that he had but to show himself in England to be surrounded by friends. He entered Carlisle in triumph, went to Preston in Lancashire, to Manchester, and to Derby. On the march he shared the hardships of his soldiers, and encouraged them by his good spirits; he never doubted that he should enter London in triumph.

Matters now looked so serious that King George marched out of London at the head of his Guards, ready to fight.

The Pretender's army lost spirit when they found that strong measures were being taken against them, and they obliged the Prince to return to Scotland, which he did with a heavy heart. He won, however, a battle at Falkirk, though it was not such a victory as Prestonpans.

After this, a fine army was sent against him, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and this army fought the Prince at Culloden Moor, and so entirely defeated him that he had to fly for his life.

This ended his adventures as a soldier; the rest of his story is that of a wanderer, going through the strangest and severest hardships and dangers, until he escaped across the sea once more.

There are numberless tales of his adventures as a fugitive; perhaps the most famous is that of his being safely brought through many dangers by the heroic young lady, Flora Mac Donald, who took him as her maid, Betty Burke, dressed in a calico gown, a mantle and hood. While he wore this disguise, a girl once remarked that Betty took 'long strides,' and looked like an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes. It was also noticed that, instead of a courtesy, Betty always made a low bow. Flora Mac Donald was afterwards, for a very short time, imprisoned in the Tower for helping the Prince; but she was soon set at liberty, and honoured by even his enemies for her noble and daring deeds.

Once the Prince had to seek refuge in a cave with seven robbers, who were all, however, Jacobites—as the Pretender's followers are called; and they received him with joy, fed him, clothed him, and begged him to remain with them, saying that not all the mountains of gold which the Government offered for his life should tempt them to betray him.

In spite of all this devotion, however, the Prince might never have got safely out of Scotland but for one act which caused his enemies to suppose him dead, and so slacken their search for him. A young man named Roderick Mackenzie, who was very much like him, was mistaken for him, and attacked by a party of soldiers. He did not undeceive them, and when they had mortally wounded him, exclaimed at their villany in killing their prince. They cut off his head, and sent it to England as the head of the Pretender.

After great trouble the Prince joined his friends, Lochiel and Mac Pherson, on the coast, and they fed him and hid him until two French ships came and took him, and those who chose to go with him, back to France.

So ends the story of adventures which might have been enough for a long life, but which were all crowded into thirteen months of the life of a young man of five-and-twenty.

As you grow up and read many books, you will meet with him often, in song and story; and perhaps as you read them you will say, that of the heroes of my three pictures, Prince Charlie suits you best.

### TAPESTRY.

**T**APESTRY is cloth of woollen or silk brodered over with needlework pictures. There are landscapes, figures of animals, scenes from history, stories of hero bold or agile hunter. Here is a feast, there a tournament; here the parable of the Prodigal Son, and there Diana and her nymphs chasing the stag by moonlight in the forest. Then, men are pictured sowing and reaping, at church, at home, and always true to life; so that we know how our fathers used to live. Their dresses, their arms, their furniture, are all there faithfully expressed.

Before wall papers were invented, and ere it was the custom to smear the rough stone walls with smooth plaster, tapestry was very much used. It was hung on wooden frames, at some distance from the wall; and we often hear of persons hiding themselves behind it.



Tapestry is very old. The curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were of tapestry work. The Jews seem to have learned the art of embroidery from the Egyptians. The Assyrians, a very ancient race, wrote their history in great rolls, each important event being described in needlework pictures. The same is the case in the famous tapestry at Bayeux, which gives an account of William the Conqueror, and his victory at Hastings.

The Greeks, too, embroidered figures on cloth. There was a splendid tent at Delhi covered with needle-pictures; in this work bright jewels and gold wire were used.

Many of the women who lived in convents used to employ part of their time in tapestry work. From their busy and skilful fingers came rich altar-cloths and dresses for the priests; and large sacred pictures to cover the bare inside walls of old churches.

Ladies, too, who lived in cold draughty castles, believed the walls of their rude drawing-rooms would look brighter if hung with tapestry, and so they spent the long winter evenings in working away at needle-pictures; in which they described the great deeds of old. The destruction of Troy is mentioned as having been embroidered for some great nobleman's parlour. In course of time, large collections of tapestry were made, and a nobleman could cover the walls of any chamber with a hunting suit, or a religious suit, or a funny suit. A great cardinal once went to visit Henry IV. of France, and an awkward mistake happened; instead of a suit of sacred pictures, the chamberlain hung up one which made fun of the Pope. I hope they had time to change it before the cardinal arrived, or he would think the king a very rude man thus to insult him.

Besides the uses already mentioned, tapestry had much to do in making the streets of a city gay when a royal visit was expected; in decorating the galleries when there was a tournament; in giving a gay appearance to horses and men.

But how about the fingers of the ladies? it must have been terrible work, that stitch, stitch, stitch!

At length, as the Countess of Wilton observes, in her 'Art of Needlework,' the loom 'gave relief to the busy finger.'

Holland and Belgium seem to have been the first countries where men wove tapestry. Brussels, Antwerp, and Bruges were cities specially celebrated for it; but a town in the north of France, named Arras, appears to have exceeded all others, for 'arras' became the word for the finest tapestry.

A man named Jubinal has written a book on this subject, and he tells us, the Arras tapestry was generally of wool, which is the best of all substances for the purpose, because it keeps its colours longer than anything else. The Italians had manufactories at Venice and elsewhere, and they used silk and gold thread; these are very brilliant for a time, but fade by exposure to the air sooner than the humble wool.

The most famous name in connexion with tapestry is Gobelin. Two brothers of this name went to Paris at the invitation of the French king to teach the art of dyeing scarlet. The rival dyers of Paris laughed at them and called their dye-house 'Gobelins' Folly;' but they had soon to change their minds, and accuse the Gobelins of being in league with the devil!

Their dye-houses, a long time afterwards, were purchased by the wise minister Colbert, and turned into a tapestry manufactory. Here some of the most splendid loom pictures have been woven, pictures which are the wonder of the world!

Tapestry-weaving was introduced into England by a gentleman named Sheldon in the reign of Henry the VIIIth. In an old Warwickshire manor-house maps of various English counties were worked on a large scale. Another tapestry establishment was set up by James I. at Mortlake: here Raphael's cartoons were worked; and some of these may be now seen in the chapel at Belvoir Castle.

The manufacture of tapestry, however, never seems to have prospered greatly in our country; and now wall papers are so pretty and so cheap, it will probably never be much used again, except for very large rooms, like the beautiful Regent's Gallery at Belvoir, where scenes from Don Quixote of the most exquisite beauty attract the admiration of all who see them. G. S. O.



### THE BRAVE COCKATOO.

WE all know that both birds and beasts can be educated by kindness into very faithful companions and friends; they love us, and they can show their love, and it must be a poor sort of human creature who is not gladdened and touched by the devotion of a pet animal.

One Charles Durand, of whose travels and adventures a book has been written, owned a cockatoo, which he carried about with him on his journeys; the bird's name was Billy, and he seems to have been as wise as he was loving. He came to his master with a good character, having been the careful attendant on a sick man, bringing him bunches of grapes to quench his thirst, and refusing himself to eat one till the sufferer had set the example.

But it is of a successful effort of this good cockatoo to save his master's life that I am now writing.

Charles Durand was asleep in his tent, in those hot latitudes where strange wild beasts and dangerous reptiles abound, when he was roused before his usual time of waking by a sharp, shrill cry of the bird, of 'Time to rise! time to rise!' accompanied by a violent flapping of the wings, and then a series of harsh screams in the cockatoo's own natural tone.

So awakened, Charles looked around, wondering what had disturbed his feathered friend. The cause was soon plain—a deadly snake lay coiled up close to his bed, which as he gazed reared itself up, and prepared to spring on the defenceless man.

Just when he thought that all hope was at an end the brave cockatoo sprang from his perch, seized the reptile by the neck, and held him tight till his master could summon help from without.

The snake was then killed, and Billy was raised to a still higher place in his master's esteem.

H. A. F.





The Brave Cockatoo.






Baby's First Christmas.



## BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.


HAT will the darling baby say  
 When he opens his eyes on Christmas Day?  
 What will he say to the Christmas Tree  
 With its beautiful fruit for him and me?  
 Will he dance and caper and crow with glee?  
 Oh, you dear little wonder eyes!  
 I long to see your sweet surprise,  
 For it is not a year,  
 Baby dear,  
 Since God our Father sent you here,  
 And this will your very first Christmas be!

The Christmas Day and the Christmas Tree  
 Are here with their mirth and mystery;  
 Gather the kinder folk young and old,—  
 Shining cup of silver and gold,  
 Toys as many as he can hold.  
 Baby's lap and hands are full.  
 His dimpled fingers toss and pull;  
 From one to another the darling goes,  
 All are his lovers and friends, he knows.  
 But here comes one,  
 And all may run;  
 The pretty treasures fall from his grasp,  
 Her neck he twines with a loving clasp.  
 'Such an odd little darling I never knew!  
 Mother, he only cares for you!'

'Patience, love, for awhile, and then,  
 Baby will play with his toys again,'  
 The mother spake to her little Ned.  
 But to herself she softly said,  
 Daintily stroking the flossy head,  
 'I hear, I hear,  
 My baby dear,  
 Innocent oracle, thou, to me,  
 Through His gifts the Giver I see.  
 My God, Thy love my joy shall be,  
 O'er all, in all, I care for Thee!' L. M. H.

## JOB HEDGE'S VAN.

## I.

OME few years ago, one Christmas, two boys were to go a journey, to pay a visit to the aunt of one of them, who lived in a town sixteen miles from their homes. Maurice Annesley, who was the younger by a year and a half, was the superior in matters requiring foresight and courage. He had bright eyes, was small for his age, and talked much. William Kingscott, his companion, was a big, strong boy, who was good-tempered and rather lazy. It had been mild weather until within three days of the day fixed for the journey, the day on which a two-horse van went weekly to and fro on the road they had to travel, and which they were to meet five miles on their way. But a change took place in the weather. It

became bitterly cold: an early season of frost and snow seemed to have set in, and their parents expressed some fears about the journey. However, the letter had been sent to announce the coming of the boys, and there was no way of sending another message.

It was a fine dry Saturday afternoon when the boys set out; a satchel, which carried a few trifles, was slung at the back of each. Cuffs, mittens, warm socks, and comforters, had been put on by their mothers; their luggage was to be sent on by a cart meeting the van on the following Tuesday. There had been snow the day before they started, though it was not snowing now, and they thought that there seemed a prospect of a thaw. They were warm and merry as they walked on with chattering tongues and smiling faces. They walked fast. Then they stopped to show each other the contents of their pockets: then, after more walking, and running, and shouting, they stopped to unfasten their satchels and take out some cake, walking on as they ate. The air became colder. One of the boys had a silver watch. He pulled it out of his waistcoat pocket; then they hastened more, for they had a good way to walk yet before they would come up with the van. It grew darker with heavy clouds—the boys wearied. It snowed again thicker than it had before. They dragged their comforters tight round their faces and spoke little, but walked faster. In a quarter of an hour, that is, at half-past five o'clock, they would meet the van. They could not hear it, for the road was covered with a thick layer of snow now, making it unlikely that the sound would reach them. They turned a corner, Annesley perfectly well knew the road. This was the worst part of their journey: it was already dusk. But in a few minutes all their troubles would be over, and they would soon see the light of Job Hedge's van, and hear the rattling of its rusty chains. Kingscott said he saw the light. Annesley said he didn't, and he was sure that Kingscott couldn't. They walked a little further, and then Kingscott was proved to be right. Quite brightly Job's little lantern was shining, but the van stood still on the road. It looked odd, too. They ran up and shouted. They reached it, and stood terrified. The van was upset, lying on its side, and no one near.

'Job! Job! Job Hedge!' they shouted.

'Why, there are no horses!' said Annesley.

'Whatever shall we do?' cried Kingscott; and there were tears gathering in his eyes.

Down came the snow, soft, white, and thick; falling on the boys, covering up the van, and the cruel, biting cold, nipped them.

Annesley had crept round on the other side. Kingscott followed. It was true that the horses had been taken out, and the van was deserted; but, strange and terrible as it was, Annesley saw something to do.

'Look here, Kingscott, I'll tell you: we must get in and stay there all night.'

'I wish some one would come on the road.'

'I don't; and they won't, either, such an evening as this.'

They looked in. The van was crowded with packages, large and small.

'Well,' said Kingscott, recovering himself a little, 'I never saw such a heap of things in Job's van before!'



'Of course not,' said Annesley; 'because you never knew how it is at Christmas. Get in! get in, quick.'

'Yes, I am freezing. We must pull about these parcels differently, though. How they have tumbled together, and got upset, and all kinds of ways!'

Annesley went to the lantern, and took it up from the road. Then they looked around, seeking a place to lie down in. The back part, which had been heaviest loaded, had lost the greater part of its freight: the two largest cases strung up behind, with a smaller one tied on, had all broken from their ropes, and lay on the road. One was on end against a milestone; the other had rolled into the road; smaller parcels lay scattered about, with several hampers. These things the boys only saw by degrees. First they wedged the lantern safely between two cases in the van; then Kingscott, who had overcome his fright at the circumstances, was strong enough to do wonders by way of making themselves comfortable for the night. He pulled a large hamper away from the front part, piled up two or three small parcels, and made a space large enough for them to nestle into without disturbing the remaining large cases still left at the back of the van. Annesley had found a horse-cloth in the road, and a piece of matting, to wrap themselves in.

'I wish we had not eaten all our cake,' said Kingscott, settling himself into his place. Annesley did the same. They rolled themselves tightly in the wraps. Then there was a silence. Kingscott presently said, 'How dreadful I feel inside me!—It's a bad death to die of hunger, Maurice. I wonder when Job will come back to his van? Not to-night, of course.'

'He can't do it,' replied the younger. 'There will be two feet of snow on the road pretty soon. He was drunk, I suppose, when this happened. Perhaps he's dead somewhere about here.'

Silence again.

'I say,' said Kingscott, 'how nice it smells here! Like mince pies!'

'Yes.' Presently Annesley jumped up. 'Kingscott, why need we be hungry? Do you know what is all around us?'

'Oh, Maurice! I know. Why yes, of course, we have people's Christmas presents all around us. But we have no right to touch them.'

Just then the lantern caught Annesley's eye. 'Going out soon,' he said, abruptly.

'Shan't find any more candles here, I suppose,' said Kingscott.

'Well, you get out again, it won't hurt you, and look in the box under the driver's seat. No, you can't get at it, perhaps.'

'Yes I can, I expect.' Kingscott scrambled out. He succeeded in reaching the box. He put in his hand and felt there three long greasy things. 'Candles!' he cried with delight, and crawled back again to his place. Annesley caught the light from the expiring candle, and fixed the lantern safely again in its former place. A hamper on its side lay near, partly burst open. They looked; then they smelled at it; then they forgot honesty. Without turning it, they put in their hands and took out something. Then Kingscott was proved to have a true scent. He was right again: there were mince-

pies wrapped in a cloth. They ate several with much relish: indeed they were exceedingly hungry.

'Of course, if we are likely to be starved to death we must take the food,' argued Maurice Annesley, with a full mouth.

'I don't know,' said William Kingscott. 'What's this?' He put in his hand and pulled out something else ready-cooked. It was a tongue. They feasted on it. Their pocket-knives were in great use now. They forgot the cold. 'I feel apples—lots of them,' he began again, with his hand dipped into the hamper. 'Shall we look into another hamper, Maurice?'

'We have got enough here; at least I have. Why, we have everything! Here's a bottle of wine.'

'It is brandy,' said Kingscott. They did not open it, however.

'Who does the hamper belong to, I wonder? Let's turn it over and see,' said Annesley.

'No; I am getting sleepy.'

'I hear a strange sound somewhere near.'

'I don't; and I am not afraid.'

Then they settled themselves as comfortably as they could for the night. In a short time they were asleep. The snow fell fast.

Two or three hours passed, then Kingscott awoke. It was still dark, and very cold; the snow was lying thickly on the ground. He arose a little to drag his share of the rug closer round his shoulders. It was not enough. Then he got up and stared round the van. He felt very uncomfortable and frightened, and also miserably cold. The candle still burned, but was low. After putting another candle in he looked at his watch: it was twelve o'clock. Then he rummaged near for an additional wrap. He got the corner of something woollen; he awoke Annesley, who breathed loudly, he thought; they tugged at it, and succeeded in pulling it from underneath heavy articles, tearing it as they dragged it away. It proved to be another old horse-rug.

'What a prize!' said Annesley.

Then they arranged themselves differently from their former positions.

'How hard you breathe! Why do you make that moaning noise now and then? Never mind, Annesley; don't be afraid.'

'I don't make any noise; it's you. Oh, Kingscott, what shall we say about taking the things out of the hamper?'

They had begun to feel compunctions on that score, and were both getting more nervous at their position.

'When it is day we can walk on,' said Kingscott.

'When it is day—yes!'

Kingscott rose again a little suddenly, and listened. Annesley fidgeted more, and finally rose up, turned his head round, and looked at him. Kingscott jumped up, and peered behind himself. In a moment he cried out; then fell upon his knees, and caught hold of Annesley's feet, who stared likewise behind Kingscott, who pointed. There was the form of a man, dead apparently. Both boys uttered a cry of horror. 'He's dead!' whispered Kingscott. They trembled exceedingly.

'He's not, I feel certain; for I heard him groan.'

'I never saw a corpse; did you?' panted out the other. They took hold of each other, and were





The two boys looked around, seeking a place to lie down in.

silent. 'I wish there was some one here besides us.'

'There, he's only hurt; he groaned again,' said Annesley.

'Yes, he's not dead yet,' said Kingscott.

He went towards the man's body, bravely. It was doubled up, as if in the act of stooping he had fallen forward, and on his side; in his hand he held an end of a rope still, which hung on to a package: his head

seemed to be between two small packages; his arm hung down as if broken. He was rather an old man.

At first the boys were afraid to touch him; then Annesley again found enough courage, and tried to lift the man's head.

'It can't be Job himself, you see,' said Kingscott, as the boys both shrank again from the body, 'because the horses would not be gone.'

'They are in the road still, of course.'





They ate the mince pies with much relish.

'What shall we do? what shall we do? It's awful, to have been with a nearly dead man half the night, and not to have known it; and now there is no one here to help us.'

When a few minutes had passed in these fears, Annesley took courage; got beside the man again, and pushed his own back against the case which had partly fallen on him. He nearly succeeded in thrusting it back, but though he was braver, he was not so

strong as his friend. 'Help me quick, can't you?' he said. The other climbed towards him; both put their backs to the case, and with one great lift it fell from its position, first on its side, then off into the road. The man was freed, and he fell like a log amongst the things. By great effort they then removed the intervening packages, and dragged him to the open space in front where they had been lying. When at length they had got him there,



laid upon their wraps, they lifted his head. 'It is old Job! but I don't believe he's dead. Break the brandy bottle! Now we have a right to do that.' Kingscott broke it; some being spilt. Then they poured a little into their palms, and tried to pour it into the mouth of the man; some going over the whole face. They propped his head up; tried to take off his boots: after hard pulling they succeeded, and rubbed his feet and hands. Again they poured brandy into his mouth, and over his face. They shook him; they shouted, 'Job! Job!'

'He moved, didn't he?'

'Yes, I saw he did.'

'See, his face twitches! Oh, his mouth moves! Oh, he's quite alive!'

The man moaned slightly. The boys started; then smiled through the excitement of this new fact. The man moved again; then moaned louder.

'Let us pour all the brandy down his throat, quickly,' said Kingscott.

'Why, we should kill him,' hastily replied Annesley. 'But we will pour more till he swallows some of it.'

So they began pouring the brandy over his face: some went into his ears; some down his neck; a little down his throat. He moved; his features twitched; he gasped; he swallowed; he opened his eyes; tried to speak, tried to rise, swallowed again, and gasped; then firmly closed his mouth.

'He's had enough—well, more than half is gone,' said Kingscott, holding up the bottle.

He opened his eyes, looked at the boys, and in a whispering voice said, 'Jack, are you come back? Help me—my arm is broken; my throat burns—where, where—my head, O my head! Whoa! whoa!' But his attempts to rise were a complete failure, and the boys could do nothing further. He spoke no more, but he breathed and moaned low; and the boys were satisfied enough to know that he was not dead. They fell asleep, tired out with their exertions and fears.

The morning came; there was just a grey light coming over the earth, when suddenly a shout came upon the boys' ears—

'Father! father! Job Hedge!'

Two men came up with horses. 'Why, there are some young thieves inside! You scamps! Father! where on earth can he be?'

'Please, we were coming by the van, and found it upset, and we had to get in and sleep the night there.'

'And Job Hedge is in there—he's hurt, and we thought he was dead at first, his head was squeezed, and —'

The men got in, after staring at the boys.

'This is a bad business,' said one.

'Ah! He said he must bring away a small parcel which was too valuable to be left on the road all night, and I took on the horses, expecting him to follow. Afterwards, as he didn't, I thought he stayed behind on purpose all night, because he didn't like to leave the things.'

They lifted him up and laid him more comfortably. Then the boys told all that they had done, and also about the hamper, and how they had used the brandy.

'Well, if he's not dead you boys have saved his

life, for sure; but you be bad boys to eat from the hamper. What am I to say when I deliver it to the house where it is to go? I should think you were young rascals if you hadn't done all you could for my father.'

'I don't know what you can say. I wish we hadn't touched it,' replied Kingscott.

'We are not rascals; we were hungry; we can pay for what we have taken. Here, Kingscott, give him our money.' (They each gave a shilling to the man.) 'You are Job Hedge's son Jack, I know.'

'Yes, I be. Well, well, you be proper sons of your fathers; but there'll be a row about that hamper, I s'pose. However, I can't think about that till father's in the doctor's hands. Make haste and help, will ye?' He turned to the other man.

'Our fathers will pay what's owing besides,' said Annesley.

They stood aside whilst the two men went to work lifting in the packages, and making as good a place as they could for the injured man.

'Now get in, boys.'

'We will walk.'

'You can't do that: it is eleven miles or more, and you walked five yesterday, and had a bad night of it last night. Get in; never mind the money. You would have had to pay a shilling each if the van had been going all right, but there's no charge, seeing how things are; and you have paid, too, for the hamper—all you have got, I expect. Which end of the town are you going to?'

'In the street where you stop, at the bottom.'

'Ay.'

The van slowly jogged on, making as gentle a journey as possible for Job's sake. A spring-cart overtook them and was hailed. The old man was lifted into it, and taken off to the doctor's care: the van going on more quickly now. At the bottom of the hilly street it stopped. The boys got out, and walked to the house where they were expected. Their reception was kind, and they heard of great festivities to take place in a day or two. Then the boys began to tell their dismal tale of the road. They gave a full account, not forgetting about the opened hamper, from which they had eaten their supper in the van. They were blamed for touching it, but their story was listened to with great interest. Their exertions for the old man, and their fearful night, excited much sympathy.

'We must find out whose hamper that is, and pay the owners for what you took from it,' said Annesley's aunt, with some anxiety.

At this moment a servant entered to call her mistress out of the room, to speak to a man who had something particular to say. Kingscott and Annesley, having to pass through the passage two minutes afterwards heard him say,—

'The young scamps have eat a good bit, I believe; but you see, ma'am, having opened it to get some brandy for my poor father, for which nobody could blame them, and being hungry, poor boys! no doubt it was tempting like to see the nice things.'

'So then it was our hamper, after all!' said the aunt.

Here was a trouble. Jack Hedge stood in the kitchen entrance with the opened hamper.



'Bring it in, Jack: it is not very heavy,' said the uncle, with an attempt at fun to which the aunt objected.

Jack set it down solemnly. The cords lay loose and straggling on the floor. The boys looked with wonder at it. The aunt came near and looked into it. Jack raised his eyes. 'O ay, mum, I see it's all right. There they be, your own relatives, they lads; or friends here, anyway. Then I will give you the money they gave me, and I s'pose that will do.' This he did, saying as he went away, 'They did all they could for my poor father. I believe he would have died if they had not pulled him away from the cases, and got his head up. Thank'ee, young gentlemen. Father will thank'ee when he's well, I warrant; and he won't like brandy, maybe, quite so well in future.' Then he went away, and the aunt forgave the boys for eating her good things. They spent a merry Christmas, but did not make their return journey until it was milder weather. Old Job had not recovered yet so as to drive his van, but he did drive it again; and, moreover, he was cured of his spirit-drinking.

The incident of the half-dead man rescued by the two lonely boys was frequently talked of in the neighbourhood; and many an account they gave of their road adventure, and of the fearful night which they spent in Job Hedge's van.

#### A BRAVE HEART.

WE all know how differently trouble may be met, bravely or despondently as the case may be; but seldom, we think, has misfortune assailed a braver soul than hers whose story we are going to tell. The wife of a small farmer, or rather labourer—her name is not even handed down to us—in the year 1799 found herself left a widow with fourteen children: the eldest a girl not fourteen years old. Her husband had rented a cottage and a few acres of land in the parish of Hasketon, in the county of Suffolk, and their possessions consisted of two cows and a little furniture. Upon the sudden death of the poor man the parish officer came and offered to take the seven youngest children into the workhouse. This the mother refused: she at once said that she could not part with one of her flock; she would rather die in working for them, or, if needs be, go into the House with them, but a division of the family she never would consent to. The officer shook his head over the obstinacy of the poor distressed creature and left her, thinking that she would soon come to her senses. And so she did, but in another fashion to what he imagined. She visited her landlord, laid her case before him, and begged him to allow her still to remain on his land, promising punctually to pay her rent, and to bring up all her children without parish relief. He must have been a kindly man, for he granted the widow's petition; and he further promised her that she should hold the farm the first year rent-free. Then, as she thankfully departed, Mr. Way (the landlord's name remains on record), called his steward and desired him never to ask this poor woman for rent, thinking that if she kept her large family in daily bread it would be all that she could manage.

But the brave heart had made no empty boast; each year after the first the widow carried the 13*l*. rent to her landlord, derived from the produce of the land; bringing up her children the while in health, if not in luxury. Each day she carried milk, cream, and butter, into Woodbridge, the neighbouring town; selling her goods there and bringing back bread and other necessaries, which, with skim milk and buttermilk, formed the main food of the family. The girl of fourteen took care of all the little tribe the while; and as quickly as possible the children were drafted into the service of neighbouring farmers.

Years went on, and one day Mr. Way received a call from his tenant. She proposed giving up the land she had held so long; all her children were in service and self-supporting, save two, and even these little ones were workers; so their mother had accepted a situation as nurse, a post less trying than her long-held-one of farmer, and one which would enable her to provide for the last left of her flock. The industrious woman gratefully thanked her landlord for his consideration towards her, and departed. She had kept her word all these long years in never applying for parish relief, though only by the greatest industry and self-denial could she have done such a feat.

And here her story ends; a short and meagre one, but still, as all will allow, the story of a brave and strong heart.

H. A. F.

#### HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

**L**ITTLE children, wake and listen,  
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;  
While the stars in heaven glisten,  
Hear the news of your Saviour's birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows,  
Angels brought the message down;  
Still each year through midnight shadows  
It is heard in every town.

What is this that they are telling,  
Singing in the quiet street,  
While their voices high are swelling?  
What sweet words do they repeat?

Words to bring us greater gladness,  
Though our hearts from care are free;  
Words to chase away our sadness,  
However sad our lot may be.

Christ has left His throne of glory,  
And a lowly cradle found;  
Well might angels tell the story,—  
Well may we their words resound.

Little children, wake and listen,  
Songs are ringing through the earth;  
While the stars in heaven glisten,  
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!





A Happy Christmas.





Donatus Kwik at Dinner.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 19.)*

## CHAPTER V.—THE LION'S DEN.



HE *Jonas* continued her voyage under favourable winds. The food, although for the most part only salt meat and beans, was distributed in sufficient quantity to appease the hungry passengers. The splendid weather and the quick voyage filled all hearts with courage and hope.

A cloud, however, threatened the peace of the ship.

There were in the third class more than a hundred passengers; among whom were sixty Frenchmen, and at least thirty Germans from the banks of the Rhine. Already a sort of rivalry had arisen between the two nations, and there had even been a fight between the two parties, in which a German had received a cut in the arm. The captain, seeing here a good chance for showing his power, ordered both the aggressor and the wounded man to be thrown into a dark and damp place at the bottom of the hold, which was called 'The Lion's Den.' The friends of the condemned wished to oppose the execution of this sentence; but the captain said that he would give all those who dared to resist him over to the authorities of the first port which they approached, and that in any case he would disembark them there. Those who did not wish to lose their passage-money, or to interrupt their journey to California therefore, had nothing to do but to submit as best they could.

This event made a deep impression on all. All the passengers felt that the captain was a man who did not hesitate to carry his threats into execution. His ordinary behaviour, too, tended much to increase his authority. He usually stood upon the poop, quite alone, with a hard and stern look on his face. When a passenger addressed him, or complained of anything, he only answered in a short and sharp tone, and would not enter into any conversation.

Roozeman and Creps walked up and down the deck almost the whole day, and spoke of their past lives, of their friends at home, or chatted of the gold which they were going to find, of the marvels which they were about to see in California, and above all of their joyous return to their own country.

As to their messmates, they now saw that they had judged them rather too hastily. The German banker proved to be a well-educated man, who hated both rude manners and silly jokes; the young gentleman had become quiet, and seemed sad; the others were boisterous, indeed, but no one was obliged to listen to their senseless remarks. The strangest of their companions was the man who called himself a doctor of medicine. From morning to night he drank spirits. The few bottles of brandy which he privately possessed were soon emptied, but he had found a new way of procuring every day a supply of strong drink. He went over the decks and through the cabins, and used all sorts of stra-

tagems to persuade one or other of the passengers to give him their ration of gin.

It was this doctor who had given Donatus Kwik a pint of salt water with cayenne pepper in it, as a remedy for sea-sickness. The peasant had given him the nick-name of Dr. Gin-nose.

Long and weary days had followed each other. Many of the passengers had lost their cheerfulness, would sit for hours doing nothing on the deck, busy only with their own thoughts. Many were tortured by remorse for an ill-spent life; others were bitterly repenting evil conduct and hasty resolutions.

On the sixteenth day of the voyage the passengers were sitting at their mess-tables. For the last forty-eight hours the weather had been wet, and the sun hidden behind a thick curtain of fog, but now the sky began to brighten, and some one announced with joy that the Peak of Teneriffe was to be seen, though the steersman said that it was still twenty-five miles distant.

Our friends went on deck and gazed towards the horizon, where the Canary Islands seemed to float on the surface of the ocean at the foot of the gigantic peak, whose summit, covered with eternal snow, pierces the clouds and seems to reach the heavens.

While the two Antwerpens were admiring this magnificent sight they heard a great noise behind them of people fighting. They saw Donatus Kwik running out of the cabin, pursued by three or four men, uttering curses upon him as they dealt him violent blows. One of them especially was furious, striking Donatus on the head with his fist. He was a robust man, with long red moustaches and very little eyes.

Kwik, though he called for help, defended himself vigorously, and rushing at his foes, kicked at their legs to the right and left, causing them to utter loud cries of pain.

Victor ran to the poor fellow's help, placing himself between him and his assailants. The Frenchman with the red moustaches dealt the young man a blow in the chest when he asked him to listen to reason. Then Victor seized the Frenchman and threw him on the ground; but as he clung on to him, both rolled down on the deck. Creps now ran up, pushing away two or three men who wished to keep him back. Donatus raved like a madman, and soon the whole deck was in confusion. But the stern captain appeared, and stopped the fray by a sign of his hand, and by the words, 'Be quiet!'

Then began complaints from both sides. The Frenchman with the red moustaches said it was impossible to eat at the same mess with the furious Fleming.

'Scarcely have we our spoons in our hands,' said he, 'than he swallows the meat and beans all burning hot, and when we ask him to leave something for the others he only laughs at us and eats faster than ever. And at the least word, too, he kicks at us like a madman. Look, captain! look at the marks on my legs.'

And with this he bared his leg and showed the blood flowing down it.

Donatus exclaimed that they had forced him to eat so quickly in order not to die of hunger; that he would soon teach this Frenchman that a Fleming was



not to be insulted with impunity. His threats were so noisy and violent that the captain put an end to the dispute with these words,—

‘Here, sailors! Put this mad fellow into the lions’ den for three days.’

This order struck Donatus with terror. Perhaps he thought that there really were lions in the hold of the ship: he gazed at the captain as if he had not rightly understood him; but when he felt himself seized by the sailors he began to sob aloud, and fell on his knees before the captain with outstretched hands and eyes filled with tears. The two friends tried to obtain a reversal of this severe sentence.

Roozeman cried that it would be a shameful injustice, and he tried to make the captain understand how from the first day the poor fellow had been bullied and tormented. Creps, on the other hand, made light of the whole affair, and asked for Donatus’s pardon in a polite and sensible manner; making out that he was a stupid lout, and hardly responsible for his actions.

Whether it was his words which took effect on his heart, or Kwik’s humble attitude, the captain was appeased, and said to the sailors, ‘Let him go.’

The peasant, seeing he was released, went up to Victor, took his hand, kissed it, and said with tears, ‘Mr. Roozeman, I thank you a thousand times for your kindness; for you I would throw myself into the fire!’

But the captain ordered him into the cabin, changed his mess, gave him Germans for companions, and said severely, as he left him, ‘Take care that I never hear of you again, or you will repent it.’

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE EQUATOR.

THE *Jonas* had now been five weeks at sea, and was rapidly approaching the Equator, where the rays of the sun have such burning power. The passengers began to get disgusted with the constant salt meat, all the other provisions being exhausted. There were poor fellows among them who would have gone round the deck on their knees for a cigar or a pipe of tobacco. The quart of water which was daily distributed to each was not enough for most of them, owing to the great heat and the diet of only salt food and dry biscuits. At last they arrived beneath the Equator. Here the *Jonas* was stopped by one of those long calms which seafaring men fear almost more than a violent tempest. The sea was smooth and glittering as a mirror, not a breath of wind stirred its surface. The sun blazed like a globe of fire in a deep blue sky, scorching everything on which his rays fell, so that the decks had constantly to be watered with sea water to prevent the wood from cracking and the pitch from melting. The sky was like lead, all the sails hung motionless from the masts, and the ship remained like a dead carcase in the midst of the vast ocean, which appeared to all on board like a boundless desert.

The passengers sauntered about in despair; stifled, breathless, they had lost all courage under this terrific heat, and sought in vain on the deck and in the hold for some cool spot to rest in: but the atmosphere was equally burning and suffocating everywhere. The lack of water made their fate still more painful. Many,

tortured by thirst, exhausted their rations before the sun’s rays fell directly on their heads, and thus passed the rest of the day struggling in misery against thirst.

If they thus suffered on the first day of the calm, what would their condition be if they had to remain stationary for several weeks in the midst of this furnace and in this terrible atmosphere?

On the second day there was no wind, and the heat appeared doubled. Fearing lest this prolonged calm might exhaust their stock of water, which must be made to last till they reached the shores of America, the captain announced that the safety of all forced him to issue a cruel decree. Henceforth each passenger would only receive a pint of water daily. This order was received with bitter murmurs, but the captain made them understand that this calm might last a month, and that the water must be spared to save all the passengers and crew from the danger of perishing. To convince them he related how, on the very spot where the *Jonas* now lay, a Portuguese ship had once been found, which was supposed to be abandoned. When she was boarded, nearly a hundred corpses were found in her. They learned from the log-book that the passengers had seized upon the stock of water by force, and used it recklessly. The entry was made in the book six weeks before, and it was plain that those hundred men had all died of thirst—a horrible death, caused by their own folly. The captain added that he would take care to guard the *Jonas* from such a misfortune, and that he would shoot the first man who dared to touch a water-barrel.

Victor Roozeman bore his fate with courage, but he thought more than ever of his dear ones at home. He remembered, too, the beautiful walks round Antwerp under the shady trees on the banks of the Scheldt, where the purest air was breathed, so different from this stifling furnace. His mind wandered away to his mother’s little garden, where, after his day’s work, he used to sit so quietly till she called him in to supper. Jan did not say much; he found their position extremely disagreeable, but then they were not the first who had had to endure a similar fate for a fortnight. To-day or to-morrow, perhaps, the wind would rise, and then there would be an end to their misery. These thoughts, however, did not prevent Jan from frequently exclaiming that he would give five years of his life for a pail of cold water from his father’s pump.

The most contented in appearance was Donatus Kwik. He carried his ration of water in a bottle hung round his neck by a string, and he used it so carefully that twice at the end of a day he had been able to refresh Victor and Jan by giving them a drink from his bottle.

Questioned how he was able thus to resist the power of thirst, he explained it in a way which proved that he had great power of will.

‘Donatus may be a fool, but when his life is at stake he becomes cunning as a fox. I will tell you how I manage it. In the morning I get my ration of water, don’t I? You think I begin to drink it in a hurry like the others! No. I put the key of my trunk in my mouth, and keep biting it, which makes my stomach think it is drinking, till I can bear the





The Sister.

thirst no longer, when I take in very little water ; then I begin gnawing the key again. I drink no gin, I don't smoke. At dinner I eat no meat, for it is salt, and I take as little food as possible. Thus I am half hungry, half thirsty, but it is easier to bear the half of each evil than the whole of one.'

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE SISTER.

**O**H ! faithful, loving, sister-heart,  
So early called to do a mother's part,  
To train the boy in things divine,  
A blessed, if an anxious, task is thine.

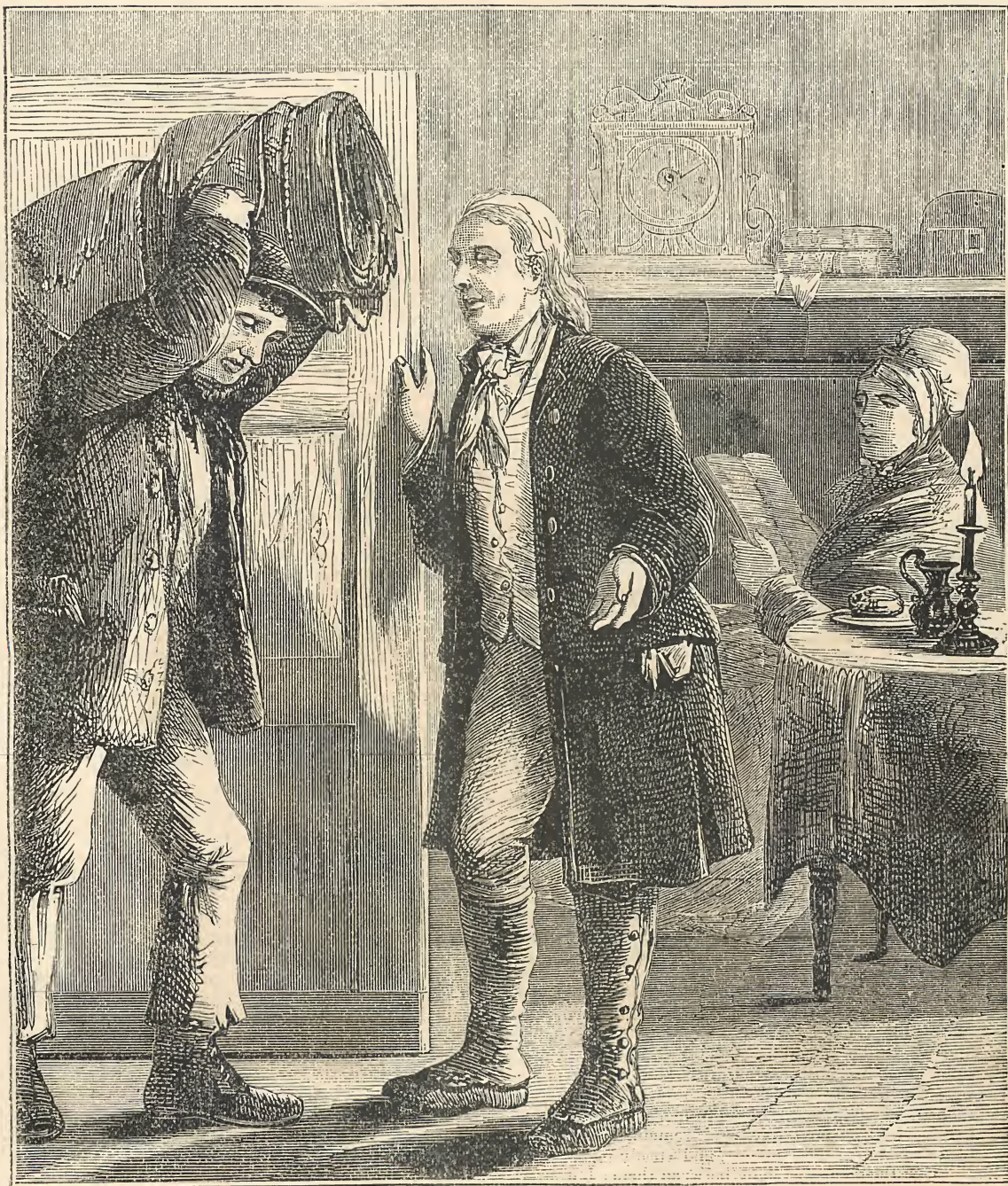
Thou, in thy simple, childlike way,  
Wilt teach a mother's lessons day by day ;  
To love the good, to hate the ill,  
Each common daily duty to fulfil.

Thou wilt be precious to thy brother,  
Your sense of loss will bind you to each other ;  
And haply, in the coming years,  
He will repay thy childhood's cares and fears.

Your guardian angels smile to see  
The little brother praying at your knee ;  
And He, the children's Friend above,  
Gazes upon you both with pitying love.

Λ\*.





John Smith returning the stolen Hides.

#### THE KIND-HEARTED TANNER.

**W**ILLIAM SAVERY, a worthy Quaker, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was John Smith, a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspapers:—

Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money more likely to bring him peace of mind!

This singular advertisement attracted much atten-



tion; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, he was sorry for what he had done.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up he said, 'I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?'

'Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee,' he replied: 'then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee.'

As soon as they were gone out his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said, —'Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee.'

He turned his back towards her, and did not speak.

After leaning against the fire-place a few moments he said, in a choked voice: 'It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down-hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief.'

'Let it be the last, my friend,' replied William Savery. 'The secret still lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee.'

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to master his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, 'Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me.' John entered his service the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

'LET it be one of your chief objects in life to gain a sincere friend. Friendly sympathy increases every joy and lessens every pain.'

#### WAS ÆSOP SO VERY UGLY?



HE celebrated Æsop was the author of those short moral stories which go by the name of *Fables*. He lived about 600 years before Christ. Where he was born is uncertain. It has been the fashion to describe him as a very ugly man, with a flat nose, hunch back, blubber lips, bandy legs, crooked body, and a coalheaver's complexion. This flattering portrait is now thought to be an untrue one. None of the old writers say one word about Æsop's hideous looks. The first writer who mentions them is Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, who lived about A.D. 1350. It is now thought by some that Planudes invented many of the fables, and put them in the mouth of a monster for the sake of contrasting his sharp wit with his ill-favoured body.

The learned Dr. Bentley says he wishes he could make the painters change their pencil, for he is sure Æsop was no deformed person, and he believes he was most likely a handsome man. His reasons are these:—

1. Æsop certainly was a slave. Now slave-traders commonly bought up the most beautiful boys and girls they could light upon, because such would yield the greatest profit. Moreover, Æsop's fellow-slave was a woman named Rhodopis, whose beauty has passed into a proverb. Whence, argues the learned Doctor, we must needs believe Æsop himself to have been a comely person.

2. In all the two thousand years between Æsop and Planudes there is not a single author who has left the least hint that Æsop was ugly.

3. When he dined with Solon and other wise men there was plenty of 'chaff,' but nobody twitted Æsop about his 'ugly mug,' which surely would have been the case had he been so very hideous.

4. Besides, Æsop was a great favourite of Cræsus, who used him as an ambassador. Would a magnificent king have chosen a hump-backed, blubber-lipped, flat-nose, for such a purpose—one whose presence would have thrown certain ridicule on his mission? Plutarch assures us that Æsop was an elegant courtier, and one who rebuked Solon for his clownish behaviour to Cræsus.

5. Once more. Phædrus assures us 'the Athenians raised a great statue of Æsop;' but, as Dr. Bentley argues, had Æsop been so unfortunate in his outward appearance, it would have been far kinder to have left no record in perpetual brass or marble of his ugliness.

So far as respects Æsop's appearance. Now as to his *Fables*. The same learned Doctor is of opinion that Æsop did not leave a single fable behind him in writing. His drolleries, we are told by Aristophanes, were learned at convivial parties, not read out of books. It seems that Socrates the philosopher was the first who attempted to catch Æsop's floating witticisms, and embalm them in verse. 'I wrote,' said he, 'those that I knew.' A prose collection of the Æsopic *Fables* was afterwards made by Deme-



trius Phalerus. Several other Greek versions were attempted, the best of which seems to have been one by Babruis, now lost. Bentley thinks the version of Babruis was equal, if not superior, to that of Phædrus, who published his book in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.

The fables in the Greek language now extant, and going by the name of Æsop's, consist of two groups. The more ancient collection contains 136 fables; they are certainly not all Æsop's own compositions, for they mention holy monks, and a verse out of the book of Job is quoted entire. A story too is told of Demades, who lived two hundred years after Æsop, and some of the lines in metre are clearly taken from the edition of Babruis, who wrote in choliambic verse. The more modern group consists of 144 fables. These, Dr. Bentley thinks, were drawn by the monk Planudes, who, by his use of modern language and so forth, betrays himself to the discerning student. But Planudes catches the lash of Bentley chiefly on account of his outrageous biography of Æsop. The angry critic waxes uncourteous, and calls Planudes 'that idiot of a monk,' whose book 'cannot be matched in any language for ignorance and nonsense.'

That Æsop was a slave was admitted by all, and there is no doubt he had a ready wit, whether joined to contemptible bodily presence or not. Being the weakest slave he was once allowed to choose his own burden. He selected the pannier of bread, which was twice as heavy as anything else. A roar of laughter greeted Æsop's choice. But the sage had the laugh on his side very soon, for a meal or two lightened the basket most effectually.

The wife of his master, Xanthus, quarrelled with her husband and left him, to his great sorrow. In these untoward circumstances Xanthus asked Æsop what he had better do. The ready-witted slave contrived a trick to restore matters to their proper state. He went about the town buying victuals, and gave out everywhere that his master was going to be married. These rumours had the desired effect, and before the day was out the wife came posting home to forbid the banns.

Another story, which makes the witty slave play the deliverer to his master, is evidently borrowed from a kingly source. The King of Ethiopia's problem to Amasis, king of Egypt, about drinking up the sea, is used by Planudes for Æsop's benefit in this fashion. One day Xanthus got tipsy, and in a drunken swagger undertook to drink up the sea by such a time, or to forfeit all he had. When the poor man became sober he was in great distress about his foolish wager, but Æsop was equal to the occasion. His master, in pursuance of his engagement, went to the shore, and filled a bumper with sea-water. 'I am ready now,' said he to his antagonist, 'to drink up the sea, but I did not bargain to drink one drop of the rivers that run into it: you must be good enough therefore to stop them.' This clever objection put an end to the business, and brought more credit of wisdom to Xanthus than he deserved.

One day a fearful prodigy happened. The ring on which the town-seal hung was snatched up by an eagle. What did this portend? All the leading citizens of Samos put their heads together, but no light was shed upon the matter. Xanthus wished

Æsop to be consulted, and the slave engaged to give the townsfolk a satisfactory answer by a certain day. When the day came the senate despised Æsop (as Planudes will have it) for his deformity; but he reminded them they needed not a handsome man now, but a wise head. 'Moreover,' said he, 'it is not for your honour to be advised by a slave, and therefore, before I give you my opinion, I think I ought to receive my liberty.' This was done, and then he declared the omen to portend a message from Cræsus, demanding tribute or declaring war. This did happen soon afterwards, and the whilom slave, who had read the sign right, became prime minister, and saved his city by means of an adroit diplomacy with Cræsus.

The story of Æsop's death is undoubtedly true. The sage, hoping to enjoy the society of wise and earnest men, went to Delphi, but he was disgusted with the frivolous conversation of those who lived in that sacred seat of learning. With great indiscretion he expressed his opinion of the Delphians, and they, in revenge, contrived his ruin, by stealthily introducing a golden cup into his baggage just before his departure. He was followed, accused of sacrilege, and eventually thrown headlong from a rock, vainly protesting his innocence, and truly foretelling the woes which would punish their injustice and cruelty.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

## HOW A SOLDIER ESCAPED.



GERMAN cavalry soldier and his horse were captured in the fight at La Bourget, and taken off with other prisoners. Three days after the fight they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting near the window, thinking how he might escape, while his noisy captors sat round the fireplace drinking their wine. Suddenly he hears in the streets the neighing of a

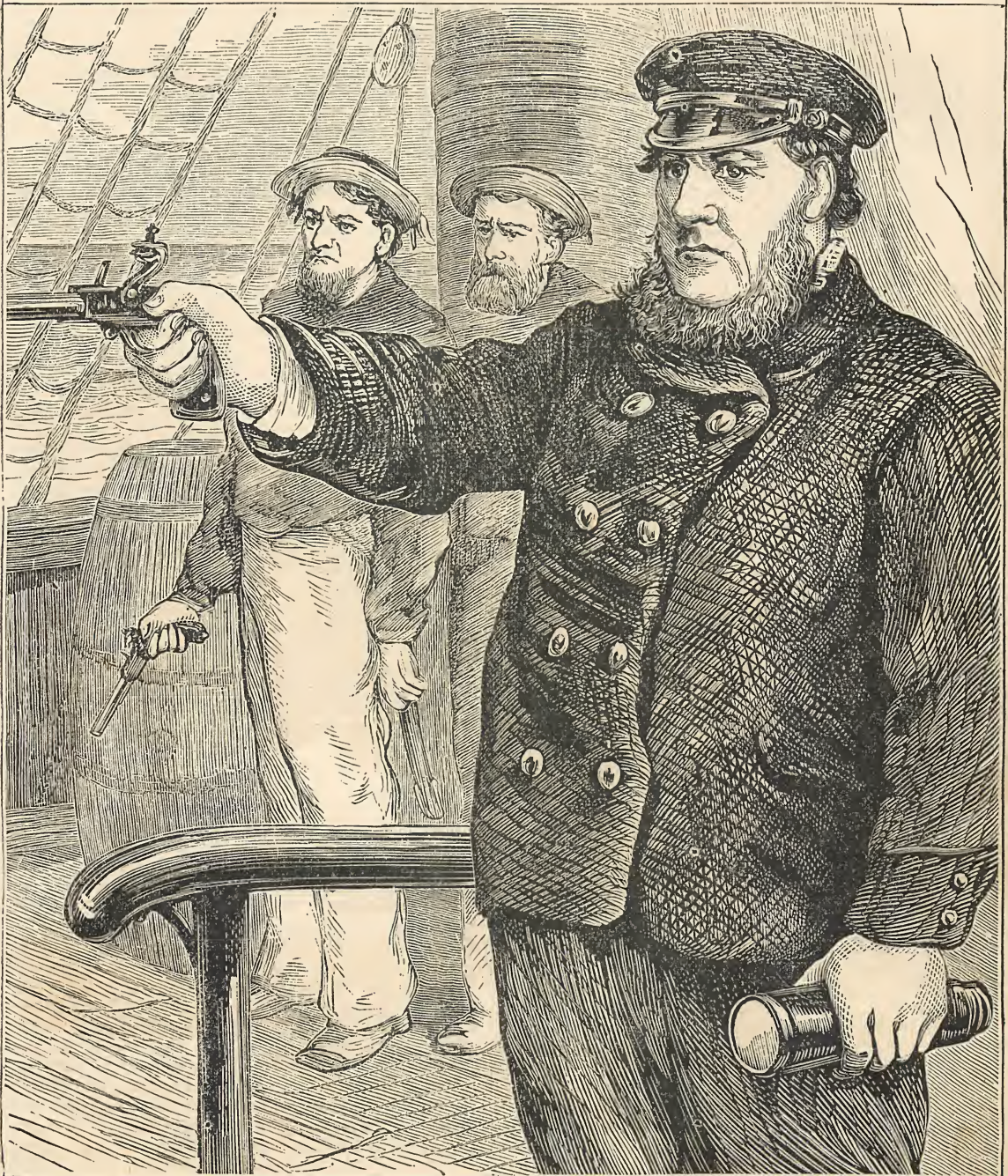
horse. He guesses that it is his brave steed, that had broken loose from a shed where she had been placed, and is in search of her master. One of the broken panes of the window had been mended with paper. Boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the opening, calling cautiously and coaxingly, 'Lizzie, Lizzie!' A joyous neigh is the reply, and Lizzie is close to the window. Then with a sudden dash he breaks open the crazy case, and before the tipplers know what is the matter he is outside, and on the bare back of his faithful mare. It seemed as if the mare knew that the life of her master was at stake; for she started off like a whirlwind; and yet she is not urged on by spur or bridle; for the captors have taken the boots of the rider, and the bridle is hanging by the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets fly past their ears, but do not harm them. The Huzzar does not know the way, but Lizzie remembers it; and, after thirty-five hours, both arrive at the outposts of La Bourget, happy to be again among their comrades. — *Our Dumb Animals.*





How a Soldier escaped.





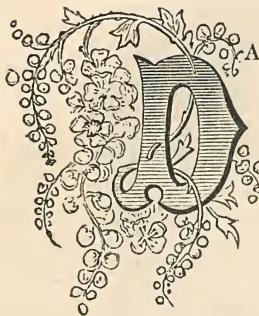
“Water you shan’t have!”



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 36.)

## CHAP. VII.—THE SHARKS.



AYS passed away, and still not a cloud was seen on the horizon; the sun continued as scorching and the air as sultry as ever.

One morning many passengers remained lying in their berths, complaining that they had scarcely strength to move.

The news rapidly spread throughout the ship that a disease had broken out between decks. Some said it was the cholera, others typhus, others yellow fever. All trembled and turned pale, for one of those maladies alone is enough to kill off a whole ship's crew in a very short time, especially when a hundred persons are huddled together in close quarters beneath a burning sky.

The passengers were still shuddering from these terrible tidings when Donatus Kwik, who was leaning over the gunwale amusing himself by throwing things into the sea, uttered a loud cry, as if he had seen something very extraordinary.

'A whale! two whales!' he exclaimed, running towards Roozeman; 'they have a mouth as big as an oven, and teeth at least a hundred, which they grind and crack together like a threshing-machine! I threw them an old shoe just now, they swallowed it like an almond.'

During so long and dreary a voyage the least incident is a distraction. All, therefore, whose attention had been aroused by Kwik's exclamation hastened to the ship's side and gazed into the sea, calm and transparent as glass. They saw, indeed, not two, but six or eight fish of extraordinary size. Whatever was thrown to them, wood, iron, or pieces of rope, these monsters jumped up for, hustling against each other, and swallowed in an instant.

The doctor passed along half-drunk, as usual. Glancing into the water, he said, laughing,—

'Ah! ah! there are the mourners for funerals! A bad sign, gentlemen: the epidemic will claim its victims. Those fish can smell a hundred leagues off that a man is going to die at sea, and they are gnashing their teeth and flapping their tails with joy because they expect a good meal here. Look well down their huge mouths, so that you may know the way, for it's a road many of you will have to take ere long. As for me, I am too much wanted here; those iron-eaters won't have me yet.'

After this cruel mockery he went off.

The horrible thought that the bodies of those who succumbed to the disease would be cast into the sea and devoured by these hungry sharks quenched the last spark of courage in the hearts of most of the passengers.

Next morning the doctor was found dead in his cabin, with two bottles of brandy by his side. As so many passengers were ill the doctor had got hold of

more than twenty-five rations of gin, and his end was owing to his drinking so much of the fiery spirit.

When Donatus met his two friends he exclaimed, 'Well! poor Dr. Gin-nose is dead! I forgive him for the cayenne pepper he made me swallow. He didn't think that the sharks had come for him!'

In so crowded a vessel, where an epidemic had already broken out, and in such an atmosphere, it was necessary that the remains of the doctor should rapidly be removed.

Suddenly the bell tolled slowly as for a funeral; all the passengers who were not in bed were summoned on deck, and ranged on one side of the ship. Then four sailors came up with the corpse, walking slowly and solemnly towards the place where the passengers were standing. The poor doctor was sewn up in his blanket as in a sack, and a quantity of coal was put in to make it sink to the bottom. When the sailors had made every arrangement for committing the body to the deep, the captain took off his cap and began to repeat the customary prayers. The passengers also uncovered; most of them shuddered at the idea of the terrible road to eternity they were about to witness, and which they in their turn might so shortly be obliged to take.

The prayers were soon over. On a sign from the captain the sailors lowered the plank on which the body rested to the surface of the sea, turned it over, and thus threw the corpse into the deep. Most of the spectators were looking over the side into the sea, but all drew back with a shriek of horror at the terrible sight of the hungry sharks disputing with each other for their prey.

Before the day was over five more victims of the epidemic which raged between decks were cast into the sea. Terror filled all hearts; some ran restlessly about the deck, as if seeking some refuge out of the pestilential circle in which they were imprisoned; others wandered about like madmen. Many deplored that mad thirst for gold which had led them to the fatal voyage.

Towards evening a terrible agony fell upon Victor. While he was sitting on a bench beside his friend and Kwik, talking sadly of happy Belgium, of the beautiful Antwerp, and the dear ones they had left there, while Jan was still trying to inspire him with confidence and hope, Jan's voice suddenly changed in an alarming manner. A death-like paleness came over his face, his eyes were glassy, and his limbs stiffened. These were all signs of the disease. Jan Creps, the kind-hearted fellow, the faithful friend, was about to die; perhaps before the sun shone again the monsters of the deep would have devoured his remains!

Such a thought filled Roozeman with despair; he addressed a thousand consoling words to his friend, words which he did not believe himself. Donatus, holding one of his hands, tried to relieve his pain.

Jan tried to struggle against the malady, and make his friends think he was not so ill as he appeared to be; but soon his strength failed him, and with a sigh he sank into his friend's arms, crying,—

'Water! water! water! My life for a draught of water! Water alone can cure me!'

On hearing these words Victor jumped up and ran to the captain, falling at his feet. He prayed, he offered a handful of bank-notes, all that he had, for a



pint of water. But the captain remained as stern and silent as if he did not even see the poor young fellow who was begging for the life of his friend.

Victor repeated his supplications to the mate, but with the same ill success. Then he rushed towards a water barrel, and laid his hands upon it. Three or four sailors threatened him with their knives, and as even the cold steel at his breast did not cause him to retire, they fell upon him and flung him back some distance off on the deck.

Fearing now that there was no hope for his friend, poor Roozeman sank down in despair, when a sailor offered him half-a-pint of water in exchange for his gold watch. Gladly did Victor sacrifice the treasured present of his mother to prolong his friend's life—if only for an hour! He ran to Creps and put the bottle to his lips, pouring the refreshing draught into his mouth.

The sick man's strength seemed soon to return; he begged his friend to help him to his bed, as he felt exhausted and longed for rest.

All night Victor was in a state of terrible anxiety. Seated with Donatus by his suffering friend's bedside, he heard nothing but the melancholy cry, 'Water! water! water!' without being able to do anything to satisfy it; for he could not have obtained a drop of water in exchange for a whole fortune.

There came, too, a terrible moment, when Jan in delirium no longer cried for water, but threw himself about, howling like a madman, all his limbs writhing, so that it seemed as if he would die in a fit of convulsions. Suddenly he started up, and said in a hollow voice, and with bitter irony,—

'To California! You will go to California? Poor madman! What are you going to seek there? Gold? Isn't there gold enough in your own country for him who will earn it by industry and intelligence? Happiness? Ah, fool! happiness does not dwell so far off: it is where our cradle lay; in our father's house, in our mother's eyes, amid our friends at home. The demon of gold has tempted you; you longed to be rich without working for it; to break the law which God has graven in our hearts. He will punish you! Instead of gold you will find misery, shame, death! death, and a horrible tomb in the ocean's depths!'

Then he fell back in his bed, and was silent.

Victor felt utterly crushed by these terrible words, which were only the echo of his own thoughts.

Kwik sat at the foot of the bed, and muttered, 'Ah, stupid animal that you are! this will teach you to go to California! You will be eaten by sharks! You have richly deserved it, stupid fool that you are!'

Later on in the night the burning fever seemed to have left the sick man. He breathed more freely, and appeared to sleep.

Donatus had fallen asleep, his head on his knees, and dreamed aloud of his native village. Roozeman, who continued to watch, was much touched by the poor peasant's words:—

'Ah, Blesken, my dear cow! won't you eat that tender grass? You are dainty, are you? Perhaps you are thirsty; it is so hot, isn't it? Come to the brook, there is pure water, clear as crystal, and so fresh! so fresh, it is like velvet going down your throat.

Bles, Bles, there's Annelsen yonder; she is looking at us with her little black eyes, making signs and laughing. The fair comes next week, Bles. Anneken! dear Anneken! next week, isn't it? Didn't you hear, Bles, with what a sweet voice she called to me, "Yes, Donatus, next week?" What happiness! Bles, I shall go mad with joy!'

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE MEETING.

WHEN the sun rose in a sky as blue as ever, Jan still lived, but eight more corpses were found in the third-class cabins.

The loss of so many companions, the sight of those horrible funerals and of hungry sharks swimming round the ship, filled the passengers with utter despair as well as grim anger. Threats against the captain were heard between decks, and men might here and there be seen opening their knives as if they were preparing for a death-struggle.

The distribution of the daily ration of water calmed for a few moments the storm which raged in the passengers' breasts. But towards noon, when the sun had changed the deck of the *Jonas* into an unbearable furnace, they would urge each other on to a violent enterprise, exclaiming, 'Water, water, or death!'

Neither Victor nor Donatus were present; they were in their sick friend's cabin. His delirium had now left him, and he listened to their consoling words with pleasure.

The captain stood on the poop, anxiously watching all the movements of the passengers. When he saw that matters were taking a serious turn he made signs to the sailors, and giving each of them a six-barrelled revolver, he posted them round the spot where the water-barrels stood. Then, holding his pistol in his hand, he called out in a loud voice to the passengers, 'Stand back, mad fellows that you are! Do you wish the *Jonas* to share the fate of the Portuguese ship? You are crying out for water or death. Water you shan't have, but death you shall if any of you dare to approach two paces nearer to us.'

The passengers retreated, but they still murmured and cast fierce looks at the captain, but the sight of the sailors with their revolvers and cutlasses, cooled their wrath, and made them hesitate.

However, the most desperate fellows among them had gathered round the bows, where they excited one another, and consulted as to how they could best attack the captain. There were three or four who had already drawn the handspikes from the capstan, and it seemed as if the deck of the *Jonas* must soon be the scene of a frightful massacre.

At that moment a strange cry escaped from the lips of an old sailor. Trembling he pointed with his finger over the wide ocean, and exclaimed,—

'Captain, look! look yonder to the south-west!'

'Don't turn away your eyes from those mad fellows!' the captain said to his men.

Rapidly he turned his telescope towards the horizon. Then, uttering an exclamation of joy, he waved his hat in the air, and cried aloud,—

'Hurrah, hurrah! deliverance! God sends us water! water and wind!'

At this announcement such a strange fierce smile passed over the faces of most of the passengers, that





they looked as if they had been smitten with sudden insanity: but the knives disappeared, the handspikes fell upon the deck; they wept, danced, embraced the sailors, who had now approached them, and pointed out to them a little black cloud which had risen on the horizon, and which was rapidly increasing in size. At the certainty of this unhopèd-for deliverance many of them threw themselves on their knees, and raised their hands in gratitude to Heaven.

(To be continued.)



#### THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

IN the last great Irish rebellion the rebels, after a hot skirmish, took, among other prisoners, a little drummer. Flushed from the conflict the leader ordered the boy to beat the rataplan for them, but the brave little drummer refused to 'play for rebels.' Enraged at the refusal the leader snatched the drumsticks from the boy, saying,—

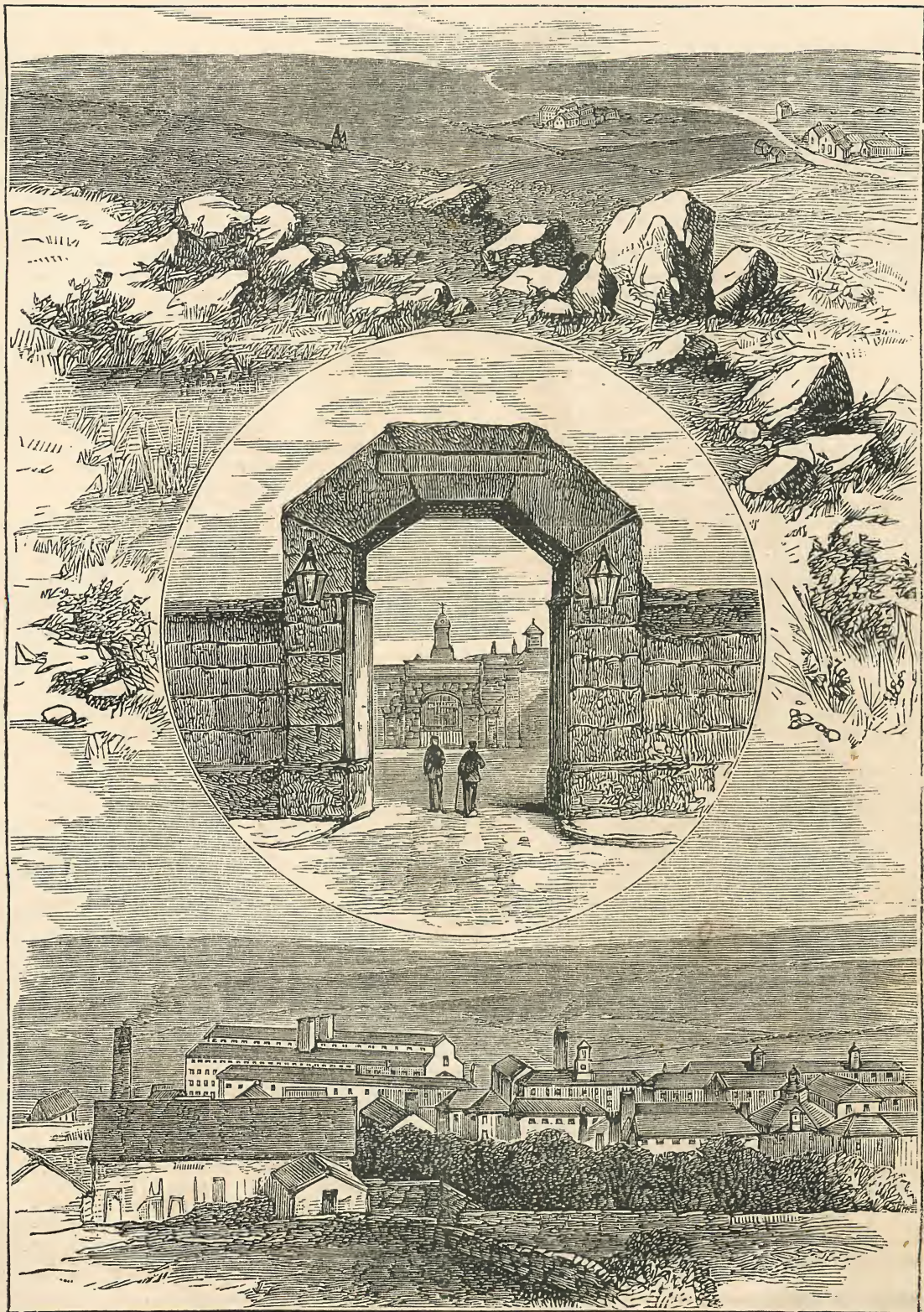
'I will play it myself, then!'

'No,' said the loyal-hearted child, '*the King's drum shall never be beaten by rebels*;' and with one fierce stamp he broke in the parchment.

I do not even know the boy's name, but his loyal speech should never be forgotten.

A\*.





Dartmoor Prison.





## A PEEP INTO DARTMOOR PRISON.

HAVING seen all that was worth seeing in the town of Plymouth, where we had been staying, we were in search of fresh fields for our holiday curiosity. Some one spoke of Dartmoor, its wild scenery, and the convict establishment with its many strange sights, and soon inspired us with a wish to see the place.

We resolved to travel from Plymouth to Tavistock by rail. This in itself is a most interesting journey, for the traveller passes through a country which is certainly amongst the most beautiful in England. One moment the train plunges into a rocky cutting; the next it is skimming along a lofty viaduct, and soon again it winds around the side of a bare hill, and a wide expanse of country opens to the view.

In due course we reached Tavistock, and thence set out in a vehicle for the hills beyond. On asking the distance to the Prison we received the strange reply that it was ten miles going and seven coming back. It seemed, however, that this curious difference was not due to any elastic power in the road itself, but to the fact that the extreme steepness would only allow of a very slow pace on the outward journey. The statement was not proved correct in our case; the road was so steep that we had to walk a great part of it both in going and returning.

After driving a few miles through deep Devonshire lanes we arrived at the bare hills. No hedges marked the boundary of the road here, but merely blocks of stones set up at short intervals and a shallow ditch. The hills around were thickly covered with pieces of stone, varying in size from huge masses to mere pebbles. In some cases the largest blocks were piled one upon another in the most fantastic manner. Behind us lay the country, spread out like a map. Near at hand a low-lying cloud of smoke marked the whereabouts of Tavistock. Farther off the waters of the Tamar and Plym gleamed from amid the green around. In the distant background the hills of Cornwall closed in the view. Before us the road seemed to have no end. No sooner did we surmount one range of hills, and think that it was not possible to go higher, than another and higher one rose before us, with the white road winding round its summit. We looked eagerly for any signs which might tell of the end of our journey, but we saw none; nor in our way over the hills did we meet a single traveller.

Suddenly, as we gazed forward over the brown expanse, there came into view a man dressed in a neat uniform of blue. Leaning over a low wall and holding in his hands a rifle, he was evidently watching some object at a distance. His occupation was soon made clear to us, for in a few moments we could see a band of men clothed in clay-coloured garments, working at a small patch of cultivated ground. More warders in blue circulated amongst them, and outposts, all on the alert, were stationed at convenient points. A little farther on we passed on the road a band of convicts drawing a cart laden with stone.

Meeting these face to face, we could observe their countenances: a few, indeed, cast their eyes to the ground, as though they felt their position; but the faces of others wore an indifferent smile, and in many cases a ferocious scowl, which, but for the presence of the warders, would have filled us with some alarm.

Soon afterwards a turn in the road brought the prison itself into sight. It lies upon the side of a hill, and in size does not seem to exceed that of an ordinary county jail. Leaving our cards at the gate for official inspection, we first went on into the adjoining village. Prisoners were at work on all sides; some were busied in building a school: painters, carpenters, bricklayers, and labourers were there, all doing their work with care, and seeming to be interested in it. Armed warders were present, of course, on all sides. We saw a prisoner wheeling a barrow some distance along the road; behind him walked an attendant. Another convict was engaged, apart from the others, upon a roof. Near him, seated upon a somewhat dangerous eminence, was the usual warder. Attempts at escape, though fraught with danger, and rarely successful, are by no means uncommon.

Having seen our vehicle and horse safely housed, we returned to penetrate the mysteries of the prison-house. In company with several other visitors we started upon the round of inspection, under the guidance of a warder, who jingled a bunch of huge keys.

First we entered an oblong building of granite. Viewed from the outside its appearance was gloomy enough. Not so within. The door opened into a wide, stone-paved corridor, extending the entire length of the building. Glass entered largely into the construction of the roof, and gave a light and almost cheerful look to the place. On either side of the corridor rose three tiers of cells, the upper ones being reached by light iron galleries and stairs. We entered a cell; it appeared to be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. Neatly rolled up was the prisoner's hammock, and upon a small shelf lay his plate, pot, and knife. That they may fill up the time between their return from labour and the hour for retiring to rest, books are supplied to the prisoners. In this cell we found Otto's *German Grammar*, and a small marker therein showed that the prisoner-scholar was acquainting himself with the comparison of adjectives.

Adjoining this building was one of greater age, but similarly arranged. The cells, however, were somewhat smaller, and their walls were of iron. The convicts prefer these on account of their greater warmth.

We entered the Protestant Chapel, and wondered why it should have been thought desirable to make the prisoners so uncomfortable during service. The seats are low benches, very narrow, and so close to each other that the knees of one row of prisoners must surely touch the backs of those in front. Some of the party expressed surprise at the presence of a baptismal font. Visions of babies and sympathetic thoughts for the born prisoners filled our mind. These were, however, dispelled by the announcement that the persons baptized were 'those of riper years.' At the end of the chapel was a square recess, in which an armed guard is seated during service, and up and



down the sides, elevated above the rest, are strange seats, bearing a general resemblance to mushrooms, on which warders balance themselves.

We next passed to the Roman Catholic Chapel, a similar building, and were shown the spot whereon, in a dismal corner, the Claimant's mighty frame reposed during service. He himself, we were told, was engaged, amid peaceful seclusion, in the working a sewing-machine.

We next visited the kitchen. On the way thither we were ushered into a small room glittering with rows of steel adornments. These proved to be handcuffs of every description, fetters, chains to which bands of prisoners are secured whilst travelling, and other instruments of like nature. On leaving this interesting collection we sniffed a pleasant odour. The kitchen was near at hand. On entering it the convicts engaged therein, at a word from the cook, withdrew to a corner. For here, as in the bakery, the labour is done by prisoners under the direction of an expert. The official who held this office in the kitchen came forward and opened to us the wonders of the place. Several boilers were seething with cocoa. Around were tables covered with vegetables, scales, and other kitchen requisites. The diet appeared to be ample, and no doubt would seem luxurious in the eyes of many starving inhabitants of our great cities.

Leaving the cook and his assistants to return to their labours, we passed on to the bakehouse. Here we were met by the portly chief of the department, and speedily overwhelmed with particulars as to the number of loaves baked in a year, month, day, and so on.

With the bakery ended our tour of inspection, for certain portions of the establishment are not shown to the casual visitor.

We were not sorry to come out from the dull prison buildings into the village, where happy children were playing with all the merriment of freedom, and to be bowling rapidly back again to Tavistock.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

### OUR COCKATOO.



FEW of those who have only seen the Cockatoos in Zoological Gardens, sitting up in state on their perches, ruffling their splendid feathers, and screaming at a stranger's approach, have any idea what clever, amusing birds they are, and how friendly they can be made by kindness. Those from China and the Straits are the most beautiful and the best tempered; they are quite white, except for a deep orange crest and an orange glow over the feathers, which is caused by the underside being of that colour, while it fades into a soft lemon under the wings.

We had a pet cockatoo of this kind, which lived with us in India for fourteen years, and during that time always took his place amongst us as one of the family. A plate was regularly set for him at table, and he used to eat his meals in a most orderly way. On one occasion, though, when a friend was dining with us, I remember seeing 'Cockatoo' step across

the table, and take him gently by the nose! This was intended as a compliment, and the gentleman, who fortunately understood cockatoos, tried to appreciate it.

When 'Cockatoo' first saw one of my sisters as a little baby, he went into peals of laughter, though afterwards he now and then stopped to amuse her by shaking his crest and chuckling at the same time.

He always accompanied us on any journey, and used to travel on the palkee, outside or in, as he pleased, and on one occasion in returning from Mahabuleshwur he was honoured by a palkee to himself. On arriving at the house the bearers stopped, the door was thrown back, and out stepped 'Cockatoo,' with a majestic air, quite up to supporting his position. He did not, however, always behave with such discretion whilst out visiting.

He was really a most intelligent bird, and seemed to understand all that was said to him, particularly anything about himself, and once we discovered him listening at the door, having heard his name mentioned inside. On being caught, he drew back, and we fancied that he looked as ashamed as a human being could do in such a case.

There was one trick he was especially fond of, and this was pecking up all the wood in the wood-basket into tiny chips. We often tried to prevent him, but to no purpose. The sly fellow managed to make himself a hole in the back of the basket, through which he crept, and quietly chipped away, quite hidden amongst the wood; when, however, the servant came for wood, 'Cockatoo' spread his wings, put up his crest, and appeared in full glory, nearly frightening the poor man out of his senses with his screams.

'Cockatoo' of course considered himself as chief among our pets, and I once remember an amusing scene of his haranguing four turkey-cocks. He was standing before them on his perch, accompanying his address with appropriate gesticulation. At each pause his auditors loudly applauded, and after bowing and smiling, 'Cockatoo' would graciously continue.

He always looked upon the couch as sacred from the intrusion of any pets but himself, and I remember one day seeing him seated on the high end, half asleep, and every now and then falling forwards with a great lunge. In one of these half-waking moments he saw at the other end of the couch a little dog, lying fast asleep. There was no more sleep for 'Cockatoo.' For one moment he stood irresolute, bristling with indignation; the next his mind was made up. Carefully, silently, he let himself down to the ground; then, with the greatest care to tread softly, he walked underneath the couch. On reaching the other end he leaped on the couch, his feathers spread, and his face full of fury; he uttered a piercing shriek, and the dog was off the couch in a moment, and 'Cockatoo' returned, with an important air, to his nap at the other end.

It would be wearisome to relate all the anecdotes preserved amongst us respecting our cockatoo friend. He died in extreme old age, deeply regretted. We have his crest carefully preserved in sandal-wood, and his memory will live in our family for many a year.

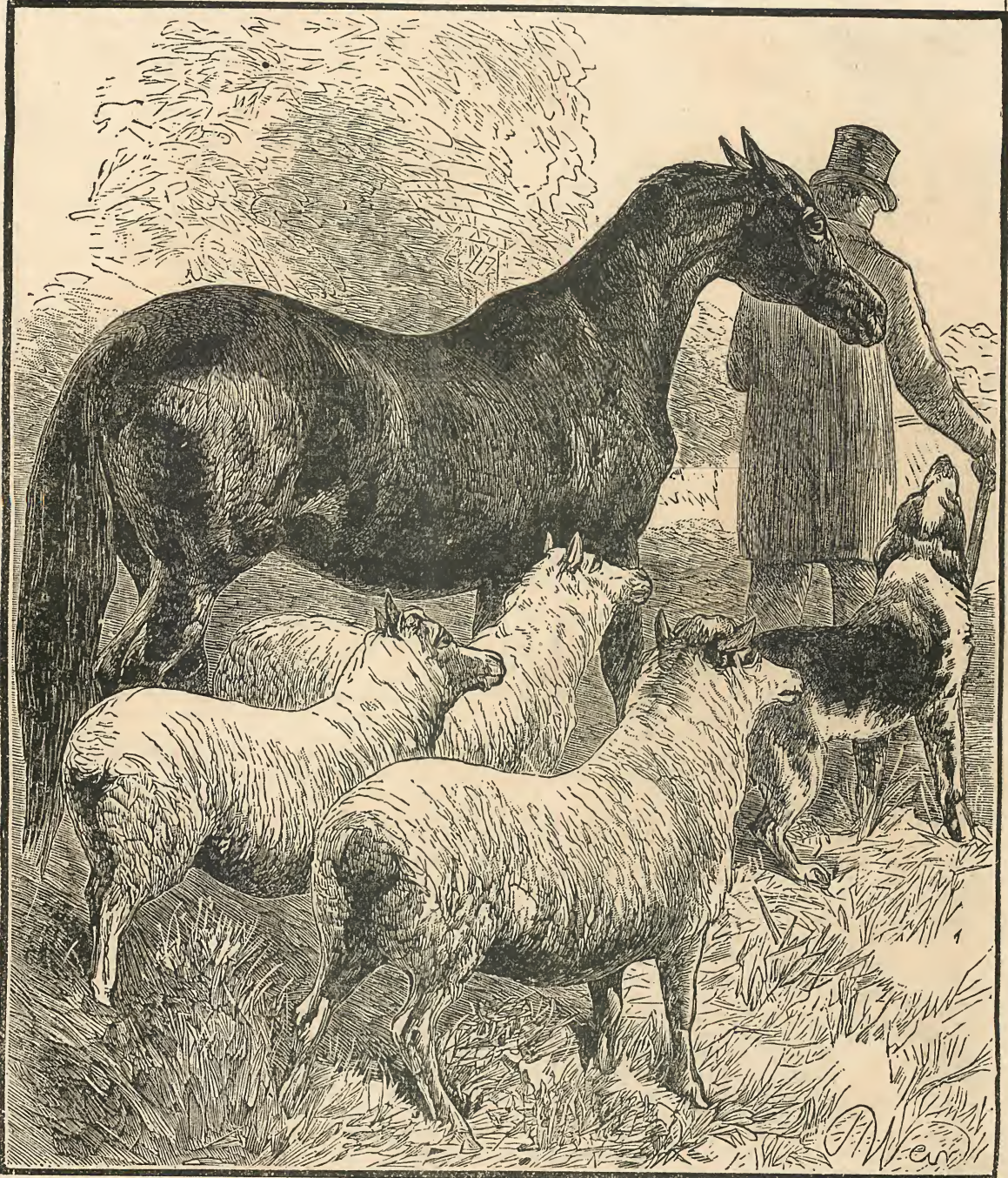
J. C. F.





Our Cockatoo.





An Affectionate Colt.





### AN AFFECTIONATE COLT.

WE are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 129, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December 1793, a three-year old colt, a dog, and three sheep, who were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour-window, which looked into the field, was open, the colt had been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and leap back to his pasture.

### MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 44.)

THE happy news quickly spread to the remotest parts of the ship. Even the sick were roused to new life, and implored the aid of their friends to be led up on the deck. It would rain, they said. To be wet, to feel the fresh water from above stream down upon their limbs, to breathe a moist air, oh, what joy! what happiness!

Jan was carried on to the deck by Victor and Donatus. Tears of hope and joy ran down his cheeks as he fixed his eyes upon the black cloud which, like a messenger from the Lord, was about to bring to these poor, faint creatures, health and relief.

With eager eyes did the passengers still scan the horizon. Their hearts were beating, their nerves quivering; they had forgotten everything, even their thirst, as they gazed at the horizon. At first they could only see a little black cloud, but now this appeared to be drawing to its bosom all the mists of the air, and now it had grown so large that, like a dark wall, it covered the whole of the southern sky.

The captain gave orders that every preparation should be made for collecting the rain water. All disposable sails were stretched upon the deck, barrels, pails, and basins, were placed at corners where the water was likely to flow.

Scarcely were these preparations finished before that portion of the sky which hitherto had remained clear was filled with a thick fog. Then lightning flashed from the huge black cloud, the thunder rolled and rattled, the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and torrents of water fell splashing down upon the *Jonas's* deck.

What joy! How the poor passengers could drink now, wash themselves, and feel the cool water like a healing balm drip over their parched bodies!

Jan, poor sick, exhausted Jan, now embraced his two friends, exclaiming, 'God be praised! I feel revived! I shall not die!' The storm lasted for two hours. The thunder roared terribly. The constant flashes wrapped the *Jonas* in a dazzling mass of fire; the contending whirlwinds made the ship reel and shiver, almost threatening to sink her; but all this was nothing now that they had water, and felt a cool moist air once more in the lungs. The most timid laughed and clapped their hands in the midst of the

storm. When at last the tempest abated, the wind still continued to blow steadily, and, fortunately, in a direction favourable to the voyage of the gold-seekers.

The captain ordered every inch of canvas to be spread, and the *Jonas* now darted forward amid the sound of the joyful hurrahs of all the passengers.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE ship, as if desirous to make up for lost time, sailed so quickly that in a few days it was in sight of Brazil. The sick passengers recovered rapidly.

The sufferings they had endured were forgotten. Already had the passengers begun to sigh again for the gold of California. Now they talked gaily of the mines, of the treasures which they would amass there, and of all that they would do on their return to their native land.

Creps, though still weak, had quite recovered. Doubtless he was ignorant of the severe judgment which, during his delirium, he had pronounced against the voyage; for his renewed life had doubled his courage, and he looked with unlimited confidence upon the future which was opening out before him. His friend Roomezan shared these feelings, and he already saw himself in the mines, finding there gold nuggets in abundance; or he had returned to his native land, and was standing beside Lucia at the altar, and hearing the voice of the clergyman pronounce 'Be united in the name of the Lord.'

Donatus Kwik spent hours walking upon the deck in company with the two friends, amusing them by his funny remarks and odd manner. At other times he lounged between decks chattering with everybody, in a jargon of French, English, and German, of which only a word here and there could be understood.

The *Jonas* had another severe trial to undergo, and death once more stood between her passengers and the promised land of gold: this time so threatening was the danger, that all on board fell on their knees, and, with hands stretched out to Heaven, implored God's help and mercy. When rounding Cape Horn they were assailed by long and terrific storms; one night they saw through the darkness that they were surrounded by immense icebergs, and the sailors themselves, giving up all hopes of safety, wished to lower the boats and abandon the ship at this dreadful crisis. But the Lord had pity on these poor frightened creatures, and the captain, by his coolness, was able with marvellous skill to avoid the icebergs; thus the gold-seekers again escaped from the tomb which yawned before them. At last they reached the Pacific Ocean, between Valparaiso and Tahiti.

Nearly five months had elapsed since the day they left Antwerp; another forty days of fair weather and they would set foot on the shore of the wonderful land, the one object of their desires, and the reward of all the hardships they had suffered: all hearts beat with excitement, all eyes glistened with hope and impatience.

During this latter part of the voyage only one incident disturbed the peace which reigned on board the *Jonas*. Very early one morning Donatus Kwik ran howling upon the deck crying for help. To those who inquired what was the matter he replied,—



'The captain! quick! quick! my money has been stolen! Cheat! rogue! I am robbed! Oh! my poor money, my poor money!'

When the captain understood what had made Donatus so desperate, he took up the matter very seriously. According to the peasant's story, some one had, during the night, broken the lock of his travelling-bag and stolen from it four English bank-notes.

All the third-class passengers were summoned on deck and minutely searched by the sailors. Then all their boxes and trunks were opened and examined, but no trace was found of the missing bank-notes.

Poor Kwik cried like a child, tore his hair, and filled the air with his complaints. His friends, Creps and Roozeman, tried to comfort him with the assurance that he would find his notes at last; and when this seemed to have no effect upon him, they told him that, once in California, he would not need any money, nor know what to do with it, for immediately on their arrival the agents of the Company would provide them with good food, comfortable lodgings, and, in fact, all that they required.

It was nevertheless quite impossible to draw Kwik from his state of dejection. Roozeman, whom old Captain Moreels had not allowed to start without any money, took a bank-note from his pocket-book and offered it to the poor fellow. Donatus gratefully accepted the gift, and appeared a little consoled by it; nevertheless, from that day forward he led a doleful life on board the ship. Whenever he was down below or on deck, he played the part of spy on everybody; he slunk off to listen to the most private conversations; followed all the movements of the passengers' hands, and it was plain that he never looked at any one without the thought in his mind that the thief might be before him. The passengers, irritated by this suspicion, ill-treated him, and pushed him out of their way; he defended himself by kicks to the right and left, but the odds were so great against him that he scarcely ever appeared on deck without a black eye or a bruised nose. It was the Frenchman with the red moustaches who persecuted him the most. Donatus had taken it into his head that his first enemy was also the robber of his notes, and the Frenchman could read this suspicion in his eyes. One day, after he had struck the poor fellow in the face, Victor ran up to defend his fellow-countryman; Creps had also intervened, so a violent struggle took place on the deck.

The captain, after hearing explanations from both sides, ordered the Frenchman to prison for two days. Henceforth the red moustache cherished a furious hatred against Kwik, and incited his companions to plague and annoy him in every possible way.

The winds were still favourable to the *Jonas*. At last, when the captain announced that they were close to the Gulf of San Francisco, a fever of excitement took possession of all the passengers.

One cloudy afternoon our two friends were sitting with Donatus Kwik in the second-class cabin, talking, as usual, about the approaching termination of their long journey, and their landing on the gold country, and the grand and generous projects they would carry out when they once more returned to their native land. Suddenly their conversation was

interrupted by a joyful hurrah which burst from the deck. They hastened up. There they heard the triumphant cry of,—

'Land! land! California! San Francisco! Hurrah!'

The fog had dispersed, and the shores of California lay open to their astonished gaze—the two sides of a strait, which they were told was the 'Golden Gate,' or the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. To the north and south they beheld an immense chain of mountains, extending far away into the misty horizon. In front of these the Monte Diavolo raised its summit, crowned with gigantic cedars.

As mute with delight they were gazing at the lighthouse which marked the end of their voyage, the *Jonas* reached the Golden Gate and entered the Bay of San Francisco, studded with numerous islands, and large enough to contain all the fleets of the world. They cast anchor amid hundreds of vessels of all sizes, and of all nations, and the passengers, almost crying with joy and full of enthusiasm, rushed in crowds to the side of the ship which was nearest the shore.

#### CHAPTER X.—SAN FRANCISCO.

SEVERAL boats came and went from the *Jonas* to the shore to land the passengers.

Sixty of them were actually on the quay, with their boxes and trunks, waiting for the directors or agents of the Californian Company, whom they expected to remove their luggage, and to take them to the huts or wooden houses which had been prepared for the shareholders.

All this time our two friends and Kwik were staring at the strange-looking people standing by or passing near them. It was not the Mexicans with their brilliant costumes who most attracted their attention, nor the Chinese with their long coats and pig-tails, nor the mulattoes with their broad chestnut-coloured faces, nor even the half-savage natives of California. What was most strange to them was the appearance of the Europeans, who probably, like themselves, had left their native land in search of gold. Most of these were dirty and ragged, with hair and beard neglected and in disorder! But miserable as was their dress, all carried a revolver or a long knife in their belts, and walked with head erect, casting proud looks to the right and left. Persons might be seen, too, walking about, whose dress and manner told of an easy position and a distinguished education, yet who seemed on a footing of perfect equality with those whose faces wore the impress of vice and wretchedness. They saw men whom we would take for beggars or thieves shake hands with one who had the air of a nobleman, or brutally push away, pistol to hand, those who had merely touched them as they passed.

'What a repulsive look all those people have!' sighed Roozeman. 'I should never have taken them for anything else than a band of brigands. How dirty and savage they are!'

'My head feels quite giddy,' said Kwik. 'Here, they say, one has nothing to do to get gold but to pick it up; it seems to me it would be better for those men to pick up new trousers and new shoes. I begin to fear we shall have to repent of our voyage. Oh! if I only had my five hundred francs!'

(To be continued.)





‘ANXIOUS MOMENTS’—A PICTURE WITHOUT WORDS.





The Owl.

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### I.

**T**HESE solemn-looking birds are Owls. The great white one in the middle is the Snowy Owl, and as you are never likely to see one alive, unless it may be in Zoological Gardens, you are lucky in having so good a picture to show you what he is like. Your only chance of seeing one flying about would be to go as far north as you possibly could in these British Islands. When you had passed England, and Scotland, and the Orkney Isles, you would come at last

to the Shetlands, and there, if you were very fortunate, you might see one. But you will find it a much shorter journey to go to the Zoological Gardens, and if you look in the right place you will see a sleepy bird, like a large white muff, who will hardly take the trouble to open his great yellow eyes to look at you. Some creatures which live far north have received the wonderful gift of being able to change their colour according to the season, so that in summer, when anything white would be seen, a long way off, they are dark; and in winter, when anything dark



would be seen a long way off, they are white. Hares and some sorts of grouse have this gift, but not the Snowy Owl; the only change of plumage he knows is that, like us men and women, the older he grows the whiter he gets. These great birds, like all arctic animals, eat a great deal when they can get it, and they always keep a good look-out for rabbits, lambs, and game of all kinds; so perhaps it is as well they are not more common than they are. They are even said to go fishing, which I think very likely, for once, when I was sailing in the Gulf of Newfoundland, about eight or ten miles from shore, very early in the morning, a great Snowy Owl came and perched on the ship, and when he had rested himself flew off again.

That great dark owl with fierce eyes, sitting behind the others, is the Eagle Owl. Like most members of the Owl family he has 'ears,' that is, long tufts of feathers growing on either side of his head, which make him look wiser than he really is. Although he does not mind cold—it would be strange if he did, in his warm greatcoat of soft feathers—he lives in almost any part of Europe where he can find a solitary spot to suit him. I have often seen him in Spain, where they call him 'The Grand Duke.' You will find noble specimens in the Zoological Gardens; they sit dozing all day in their dark corners, but if disturbed they will open their glorious orange eyes, and that is a sight worth seeing.

God has planted in all the lower animals a love for their young, which lasts just so long as the young are dependent upon their parents for food and protection. You may have noticed how wonderfully fond pussy is of her kittens at first, purring over them till you would think her throat must ache; yet in six weeks or two months she will growl and swear if they come near her. What an instance of God's care for even the dumb animals this withdrawal of parental affection is! One can hardly imagine pussy's anxiety and wretchedness if, as family after family left her, she loved each one of them as a mother loves her grown-up boys and girls. A story is told of a pair of Eagle Owls which shows how tenderly they love their little ones. It so happened that a young bird managed to fall out of the nest, and was picked up by a farmer, who took it home and put it under a hen-coop. The next morning, to his surprise, he found a fine young partridge lying dead before the coop, and while he was wondering how it got there, it struck him that perhaps the parents of his prisoner had brought it. This proved to be the case, and for fourteen nights did these birds bring something nice for their little one to eat, in the shape of a fresh grouse or a bit of rotten lamb.

The little fellow meditating in the right-hand corner of the picture is the Common White, or Barn Owl, who, if not exactly the prettiest, is at all events one of the most useful of birds. He is quite the cat of the air, and but for him we should be overrun with rats and mice almost as badly as the Emperor of Morocco was before Dick Whittington's cat came to his assistance. But I am sorry to say, that on account of his noiseless, gliding flight, and his trick of indulging now and then in strange unearthly screams, he is often looked upon as a bird of ill omen, and ignorant country people, who don't know any better, shoot

him, not suspecting that they are destroying one of their best friends. Once a farmer shot an owl which he thought had been destroying his young pigeons, but the destruction went on worse than before, and at last he discovered that the real thieves were a number of rats which infested the dove-cot, and that the poor owl was innocent of the crime for which he had been too hastily condemned and executed!

H. H.

## TALES ABOUT PAINTERS.

From the Italian of Gozzi.



PAINTERS are generally strange, odd beings. You have only to read their lives to see this. Guido Reno, a celebrated artist, was a desperate gambler. At last he determined to reform, and he began to save his money, meaning to invest it in the purchase of land. One day, however, the old temptation proved too strong for him, and he went and lost it all at the card-table. He was never known to be so jovial and light-hearted as on that day. He proved to his friends that he had acted most wisely: for, in the first place, he declared that it was most difficult to find safe investments; then he might have got mixed up in quarrels with rogues; and altogether he would have been in a constant state of anxiety if he had kept his money.

Tintoretto, another painter, was in the habit of wearing a long gown out of doors. When it was bad weather he used to get it covered with mud, for he never thought of holding it up. His wife was much annoyed about this, so one day she gave him a lesson on the art of managing this gown. When she had shown him how he was to hold it up she said, 'Now, remember, you are to hold it up in front when you go up a hill, and behind when you go down one.' Instead of which, Tintoretto, in his desire to do what his wife wanted him to do, did just the reverse, holding it very high in front when he came down the hills, and very high up behind when he went up them. The consequence was, he made himself more muddy on that day than on any other.

Another painter was still more eccentric. He would paint diligently for one day, and then refuse to touch his canvas for a fortnight. He was a portrait painter, and excelled so greatly in his art, that he would have had more commissions than any other painter in his city, had it not been for this whim, and for another even more curious. According to the mood he himself was in, he would expect his sitters to be grave or gay. Now as he was scarcely for two days in the same mood, it often chanced that he began a portrait when he was in a cheerful frame of mind, and painted it with a blithe, smiling expression. The next day, when he should have continued his work, he would be depressed and melancholy, and so he would insist upon beginning all over again. He never completed a single portrait without having made a dozen different attempts. In short, he was the most changeable man



that ever was. To-day he would receive his visitors with gracious politeness, to-morrow he would be ready to throw his brushes at their heads.

Now one day, at a friendly gathering, the conversation happened to turn upon him. There was present a vulgar, but merry fellow, named Pippo, who was noted as a player of practical jokes. Having listened for some time to the tales of the painter's caprices, Pippo suddenly said, 'I feel inclined, gentlemen, to pay this artist off in his own coin. I will do so without the least scruple if some of you will dress me up for two or three hours like a grand lord.'

'That we certainly will!' cried his friends, only too pleased at the idea.

Accordingly everything needful was lent to Pippo, and he was soon ready to carry out his plan. He first sent a friend to the painter to inform him that a strange lord, of high rank and fortune, had just arrived in Florence, and that he was willing to pay an immense sum for a portrait painted by so distinguished an artist. The sum named was so large that the painter lent a willing ear to the tale, more especially as he was given to understand that the lord had come to Florence for no other purpose than to have his portrait painted by him. The bargain was made, and an early day was fixed for the first sitting.

On the appointed day Pippo came to the house, attended by a large number of liveried servants, and clothed in the apparel of a duke. The painter received him with much deference. Pippo greeted him courteously and paid him many huge compliments. Pippo seated himself, and pulled out a watch set with brilliants, in order, as he pretended, to see at what time the picture was begun; though he did this only still further to impress the painter with his wealth. Then the work began. The painter thought he had an easy task before him, for Pippo had a full face, and such broad features that any one could have drawn a good likeness of him in ten minutes.

His mouth was large, his lips were thick, his eyes small, and his nose the most extraordinary nose you ever beheld. But the task was not quite as easy as the artist thought. Pippo, by dint of much practice, had got great control over the muscles of his nose; so that, upon giving it a slight touch, the point would turn to the right or left, and remain thus as though it were deformed. Having turned the point of his nose well to the right-hand side Pippo had arranged himself in the way that suited the painter, and soon the rough sketch was nearly done. Slyly, then, Pippo gave his nose a push to the left, and now, when the painter looked up, he saw that he had not got the nose in the portrait like that on the man.

'I have made a mistake,' he said to himself, and soon he had corrected what he thought to be an error of his own. But what was his surprise, after gazing at his work with a satisfied air, to find that his nose was still wrong! The stranger's crooked nose now slanted again to the right. Silently the painter rubbed out the tiresome feature, and still thinking he must be in fault tried again to produce it on canvas.

But it was all in vain. The painter began to get bewildered; no matter which way he painted the nose in the picture, it always differed from the flesh-and-blood nose which he was copying. For two

hours he painted noses and washed out noses. Then at last, losing all patience, he threw his brush down, and knocked over the easel, and cried,—

'Those noses that are never two minutes the same must go somewhere else to get painted: I will have nothing to do with them.'

'And those painters who are never in the same humour two days running,' retorted Pippo, 'ought to have no other kind of noses but these to paint.'

And so saying he got up and went out, to tell every one of this laughable adventure.

CARLO VITI.

## HEROISM.

ON the 31st of March, 1876, John Chiddy, a quarryman employed on the Great Western Railway at Corsham, near Bath, saw that a large stone had fallen upon the metals along which the 'Flying Dutchman,' then in sight, was rushing at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Without a thought of the risk he ran, Chiddy rushed to the spot and lifted the stone off the line, and a terrible catastrophe was thus averted; but the poor man lost his life in the act. The buffer of the engine caught him, and he was killed in an instant. He left a widow and seven children, and his case being a peculiarly hard one, some gentlemen in Bristol took it up. The Company when applied to denied their liability, and the passengers whose lives were saved by Chiddy's heroic conduct subscribed only a few pounds. A public appeal was then made, resulting in the raising of between four and five hundred pounds. With part of this a neat six-roomed cottage has been built near the scene of the occurrence, and this, with half an acre of garden-ground, was publicly presented to the widow.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

NINE ladies of fashion, great lords of renown,  
You'll never tempt me with your life in the town.

To think how you squander your beautiful Junes,  
Chained down to hot pavements and crowded saloons!

Your curtains of damask, though costly and fair,  
Do but make a lad tender, and keep out the air;  
Your carpets have travelled from Yezd or Tokat,  
But are not so sweet as an honest rush mat.

I pity you much, Miss; your cheeks are so pale;  
But suppers at midnight will tell their own tale:  
The pleasures you aim at are purchased too dear,  
Would you buy your joys cheaply, come out to me here.

I'm a nursling of Nature, and fed by her sweets,  
She shows me the way to her choicest retreats;  
Through mosses and heather I follow the rill,  
And I daintily feast at the top of the hill.

Come here, heavy-eyed one; pale beauty, up hither;  
In the close air of fashion your graces must wither.  
Come, wash in this fountain, its virtues are rare  
For the pallor of sickness, the wrinkles of care!

G. S. O.





"Come, wash in this Fountain."





The Gambling Quarrel.





## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 51.)

YOU look at everything on the dark side,' said Jan, laughing; 'it stands to reason that all who come to California are not rich at once. These people are probably travellers just arrived, like ourselves. They have not had time or opportunity yet to go to the gold mines; not being, as we are, shareholders of a company which provides for their maintenance, they suffer no little misery and distress. Observe, nevertheless, how the hope or certainty of soon becoming rich swells their hearts, and makes them proud. This is the fulfilment of that dream which the noblest hearts in Europe so ardently desire, fraternity and equality among all men and all nations, without any distinction of blood or rank.'

'Yes, but fraternity with all those pistols and long knives inspires me with very little confidence,' replied Donatus. 'If those fellows with their tangled beards who stare at us so strangely are my brethren—well, I should prefer not to meet any of those members of my family alone in a wood!'

'You don't understand,' answered Jan; 'the arms in those men's belts are signs of liberty and independence. Have you not heard that in the United States of America no one goes out without a revolver? But that is a powerful and civilised nation, which gives the best example of liberty and independence to the whole world. You will experience it.'

Just then a tolerably well-dressed gentleman, with a proud and noble countenance, approached Creps, and offered to carry their luggage to the town. The Flemings gazed at him with wonder, and Jan answered in English that they did not at the moment require his services, as they were expecting people from the town to take charge of their luggage. Roozeman asked him very politely how it was that such a gentleman as he appeared to be was obliged to resort to such hard work as that to earn a few shillings.

'A few shillings!' repeated the other, smiling. 'It isn't such a bad employment as you think. I earn eight and sometimes twelve dollars a-day by it.'

'What does he say?' cried Kwik, who during the voyage had picked up a little English. 'Twelve dollars! sixty francs a-day! Oh, what a charming country! To carry baggage one does not require much wit. Now I fear nothing. At Natten-Haesdaeck I had to work like a horse, and I scarcely earned two dollars a-month, with my board and lodging.'

And he laughed and clapped his hands, as if the certainty of escaping such misery had made him mad with joy.

The Englishman, who thought he was making fun of him, put his hand to his knife, and cast a threatening look at the amazed Donatus as he turned away.

'A very touchy brother that,' murmured the frightened Kwik between his teeth. 'A little more

and he would have stuck me like a pig. Say what you like, gentlemen, all these fellows here are like a band of brigands, who are trying to pick a quarrel with you in order to rob or murder you.'

Thus saying, he took up his bag, pressing it tightly to him, as if he feared lest it should be stolen.

'Since you lost your bank-notes you see robbers everywhere,' said Jan. 'That gentleman did not understand you, he thought you were laughing at him: no wonder that he was annoyed.'

He was interrupted by a great noise, and by the complaints of the passengers who, like himself, were waiting beside their luggage. They had been informed that neither directors nor agents of the California Company had yet arrived at San Francisco. The *Jonas* was the second of the Company's vessels which had appeared in the bay, and, doubtless, that containing the directors and instruments of labour had been detained by contrary winds. Next day it would probably be sighted. Besides this, no one knew anything about the 'California Company,' and all that the passengers could do now was to act upon the American proverb, 'Help yourself.'

Night was coming on; they must therefore seek a lodging, or, at all events, some shelter.

Two men ran up together to carry Victor's trunk, which was rather large. Both had their hands on it; one pushed the other away violently, and with coarse language. One drew his knife and threatened to stab the other, but he jumped on him like a furious tiger, tore away his knife from him, throwing it a long distance off, and then struck him on the face with such force that the blood streamed from his nose and mouth, and revolver in hand, he cried that he would blow out his brains if he came a step nearer.

'Odd sort of brothers!' murmured Donatus, pale with fright.

'He is a tiresome fellow,' said the victor in French, as he put the box on his shoulder; 'one of these days I shall be obliged to put a ball in his head. Where do you gentlemen wish to go?'

'But I say, where is my trunk?' cried Creps suddenly; 'it was here beside me just now.'

'Ah! you speak Flemish do you?' asked the porter. 'From your accent you are from Antwerp. I am a Brusseller.'

'But my trunk! my trunk!' repeated Creps, anxiously; 'where can it be?'

'Probably it is stolen,' replied the Brusseller.

'What am I to do, then?'

'Nothing. You'll never hear of it again.'

'Run to the burgomaster! to the police!' cried Donatus.

'There are no police here,' observed the Brusseller. 'Every one is free here to do what he likes. All the worse for those who are not strong enough, or sly enough.'

'And if the mad fellow just now had stabbed you with his knife, would there have been no justice to avenge the murder?'

'None. Justice would have plenty to do if it existed here. At the least word, blood flows between the best friends: the thirst for gold makes the heart cruel and pitiless. I was a mild, gentle fellow, when I came to California, and seven months' work in the mines here have taught me that a sheep, in order to



live among wolves, must become a wolf himself. In Belgium I did not like to shoot a rabbit, now I would kill ten men with my revolver without being more moved than when I brush off the gnats which are trying to sting me.'

Victor and Donatus shuddered when they heard these words. Jan went some distance off, looking everywhere for some trace of his trunk.

'Useless trouble, comrade,' said the Brusseller. 'You won't see it again. Make haste, or you will have to pay me double, for you make me waste my time. I can earn four dollars more before night.'

'So you say,' said Creps, 'that no justice exists in the country?'

'That is to say,' replied the porter, 'that no one meddles with fights or murders; but if a thief is taken in the act, those who are present — you or I, for example — sometimes take him and hang him on the nearest tree, without any trial or sentence. This is what is called Lynch law here. You will soon become acquainted with this strange sort of justice. But walk a little quicker, please; and take care of the mud, of which there is always plenty in San Francisco after rain.'

'Well, plainly enough, all my lamentations won't bring me back my trunk!' sighed Creps. 'It's a good thing that I put my bank-notes in my pocket.'

'Don't talk in that way for people to hear you,' said the Brusseller.

'Why not?'

'Don't you understand? If I, for example, was desirous to possess your bank-notes, what is to prevent me from stabbing you to the heart with my knife, and then taking your bank-notes?'

'You!' cried the three friends at once.

'No, I am not so far gone as that, thank God! I am only giving you good advice. But you have not told me yet where you mean to pass the night. There are hotels of all prices. To sleep one night beneath a roof one pays ten, five, three, or two dollars a-head: even for one dollar you can sleep on the ground under a sail. Well, which will you choose?'

'Five francs to sleep on the ground under a sail!' exclaimed the Flemings.

'Are you rich? Have you much money?' inquired the Brusseller.

'Much money? No, certainly not! but enough to sleep for one night in a tolerable bed.'

'Very well; I see you are inclined to follow my advice. The best thing you can do is to give three dollars a-head. The inns are all very full at San Francisco, but I know one rather out of the way, where four or five beds are to be had.'

On the way Kwik asked their porter, —

'Tell me, comrade: you have, you say, been some months in the mines, have you found much gold?'

'Oh, yes! a great deal.'

How is it, then, that you carry luggage like some poor unfortunate fellow, instead of living on your income?'

'Because I have no longer any gold.'

'You have been robbed?'

'No.'

'You have lost it?'

'Yes: lost it gambling. I was too eager; I wished to double my treasures, and fortune took all from me.'

I must soon return to the mines, and then I shall be wiser. Here is your hotel, gentlemen. Open your purse: two dollars for my trouble.'

'What!' cried Jan, amazed. 'Ten francs for carrying this trunk some three hundred yards? You are joking, surely?'

'Two dollars, I tell you!'

'And if I refuse to be thus imposed upon?'

'I shall force you to pay me, even if I resort to my knife.'

'I laugh at your knife!' cried Jan.

'You are wrong, comrade; if you were not my fellow-countryman you would repent those rash words. Come, no dangerous quarrelling. Two dollars!'

Roosman, who feared that his companion would pick a serious quarrel with this ferocious person, did not hesitate to pay him the price he demanded.

'Let this teach you to bargain beforehand for the price of everything,' said the Brusseller, very seriously, as they entered the hotel; and added, 'Good evening, gentlemen; if you want me, you will find me on the quay. For a dollar an hour I am at your service.'

The hotel servants took the trunk, and led the travellers to a wide room upstairs, where there were four beds.

'Will you sup, gentlemen?' asked a waiter.

Notwithstanding their amazement at all they had seen and heard, our friends determined to have a good supper, and even to indulge in a bottle of wine, that they might forget the everlasting salt meat of the ship. They were served immediately they entered the dining-room. The table was a very long one; at one end were four or five people playing at draughts. Two others were seated near the Flemings, and were talking in French about the gold mines, and of the varied success they had had during the past season.

Donatus Kwik, on entering the room, had observed something which filled him with joyful surprise. Even when his plate of smoking roast beef was placed before him he did not turn away his eyes from the other end of the table, where he saw gold — real Californian gold. Hitherto, with his natural mistrust, he had feared that he and all his companions on board the *Jonas* had been made the victims of a clever and well-planned fraud. Now he could believe in the gold, for it sparkled before his eyes. He followed the movements of the gamblers at the other end of the table; saw how, amid passionate expressions, they weighed out the gold powder in some small scales, placing it in little heaps of an ounce each.

He was somewhat alarmed to observe on the table beside these heaps of gold several revolvers and knives. Still the fortune he had dreamed of was a reality, and not a delusion. This conviction filled his heart with courage and confidence; besides, the men who handled the gold as if it were a substance without any value, did not look any richer than the beggars they had seen on the quay, for they were quite as dirty and ragged. The bold air and rude pride of these fellows was now explained to him: in tatters as they were, they had their pockets full of gold; that is why they were so proud, and demanded ten francs for carrying a trunk about a hundred yards.

Roosman and Creps also glanced eagerly now and then at the gamblers and at the glittering gold before





"A horrid Wasp got into the Room."

them. But they ate and drank with a good appetite. And they now talked gaily of their future journey to the mines, and of the wealth which they would bring back on their triumphant return to Belgium, and especially of what they would next day write to their relations and friends announcing their arrival in the gold country. They would not say much about the sufferings they had endured, nor about the savage life of the inhabitants of San Francisco, for they did not wish to alarm them; on the contrary, in order to cheer their friends, they would paint everything in the brightest colours.

At this moment a great noise arose 'st the other end of the table—two gamblers had got up a quarrel. They struck their fists on the table, and threatened each other with menacing fury. Suddenly, one of them put the disputed heap of gold into his pocket;

but the other, roaring like a lion, sprang upon him, threw him down on his back and, with one knee upon his chest, cried that he would strangle him if he did not give up the gold.

'Give it up! give it up!' he cried.

(To be continued.)

#### A BAD EXCUSE.

**M**OTHER, it isn't my fault, indeed, that I don't know my lesson: so many things happened to hinder me,' said little Rose Allen, who had wasted a whole hour trying to learn a column of spelling. 'First, baby came in, and would have my book; and then the wind blew about your flowers so that I had to collect them and shut the window; and then a





The Mammoth.



horrid wasp got into the room, and it buzzed and buzzed and teased me so I really could not learn. So it is not my fault I don't know my lesson; is it, mother?' the little girl asked.

Rosy was often charged with idleness by her mother and governess, but this time she really thought that they could not blame her; baby, and the wind, and the wasp were such real excuses. But Mrs. Allen asked rather an awkward question,—

'Why did you not stay in the schoolroom, Rosy, where I left you?'

'I wanted to see the carriages drive by the front of the house,' said Rosy, hanging her head.

'That would not help you to learn your spelling,' answered her mother. 'And I suppose you opened the window for that purpose?'

'Yes,' said Rosy, again.

'And so baby came in, and the wind, and the wasp, all three of them having a better right to be in this room than you,' said Mrs. Allen. 'Come here, Rosy, and listen to me. When people go willingly into temptation they must not be surprised if they fall. You left the quiet schoolroom, which you had all to yourself, and came to this room, which does not belong to you, and so all kinds of hindrances visit you. I do not think you have really one good excuse for not knowing your lesson.'

Rosy hung her head. It was all too true.

'It is no use saying one wishes to do right, and then going to the very place where one will be tempted to do wrong. And it is no use doing things by halves either, trying to learn a difficult lesson and to amuse oneself all the while.'

In the dull schoolroom, with her face turned away from the window, Rosy learnt her spelling in ten minutes, coming joyfully to her mother to repeat it, and afterwards enjoying a good run in the garden in company with baby, the wind, and the wasp.

H. A. F.

### THE MAMMOTH.



N the Stone Age,\* thousands of years ago, this island of Britain, now the tranquil home of industry, was covered with woods that were the haunts of wild beasts such as are now found in tropical regions. The lion and the cave-tiger, more terrible than that of Bengal, preyed on the herds of elk and reindeer; and the huge Mammoth browsed on the young shoots of the lofty trees.

This gigantic creature, though, like the modern elephant, a herbivorous animal, must, from its formidable aspect, have carried terror to the hearts of the feeble human beings who crouched for shelter in caverns and holes in the rocks, as it came crashing through the pine-forests, making the earth tremble beneath its ponderous tread; perhaps seizing in its trunk and bending to the ground the very tree in which some trembling fugitive had taken refuge. For the Mammoth exceeded in size the largest elephant of

the present day, being from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, and was covered with wool and long hair, was armed with immense semicircular tusks, and its mighty neck bristled with a thick mane.

These animals appear to have existed in great numbers throughout Europe and Northern Asia. Indeed there is an island off Siberia entirely composed of mammoth bones, sand, and ice: and the trade in mammoth ivory has been carried on by the Siberians for centuries. From finding the tusks and bones in the ground, the natives concluded they belonged to a huge animal that lived underground, and so called it the Mammoth, which is said to mean, in the Siberian language, 'Earth-beast.' It is to the circumstance of the Mammoth being an inhabitant of cold climates that we owe our knowledge of its appearance; for whilst the bones only are found of other extinct animals, entire carcasses of the Mammoth, with the skin and hair on, have been discovered in the frozen soil of Siberia.

In 1799 the melting of the ice at the mouth of the river Lena partially exposed a shapeless mass, which, as the ice that enveloped it disappeared, proved to be the frozen body of a mammoth. It lay there for several years, during which time it was much mutilated by the Yakouts cutting off the flesh to feed their dogs with, and by being eaten by the polar bears. At length the skeleton, and what remained of the skin, which was so heavy that it required ten men to carry it, were removed to the Museum of the Academy of St. Petersburg. The skin was clothed with reddish wool and long hair, portions of which are now in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London.

The discovery in the cavern of La Madeleine, in France, of a portion of mammoth-tusk, on which a drawing of the animal itself was rudely scratched, proves that it existed when men were on the earth. From its thick woolly covering it could endure the rigours of an Arctic winter.

The mammoth whose body was found in Siberia was probably overwhelmed in a sudden snowstorm, and thus preserved through long ages, till the melting of the ice in which it was embedded revealed to wondering eyes the perfect figure of one of the hugest creatures of the antediluvian world.

A. R.

### SPOT.

HE had a brown mark over each eye, so he received the name of 'Spot.' The dog was a stray creature, and almost begged himself into a home with a gentleman in a county town. He was not quite happy, however, till a baby came to the house, and then he took supreme command of the little thing and its nurse, walking out with it, and forbidding all strangers to approach the darling.

Very little notice did Spot take of grown-up people in these busy days, so it was a surprise to baby's mother when one day the dog came up to her, looked in her face, shook her dress, and gently tried to lead her to the door. Baby's battledore lay on the ground in the passage: mother thought that it distressed the dog, so she picked it up and put it on the table; but no! Spot was still anxious, still

\* A period of indefinite duration, when the use of metal was unknown, and all weapons and tools were made of stone or flint.



wanted something more. The mistress now rang for the maid, and desired her to follow Spot and see what he was after.

Though the thought of baby being in trouble never occurred to her, yet the mother felt in a little while that she must see, too, what had excited Spot, and out she went after maid and dog.

Spot was trotting seriously along towards the Town Hall. At the foot of the steps leading to that building he paused, but finding his friends were close behind he pressed on, up the seventy-five stone steps leading to the great room. At the entrance to that he waited again till the mother was at hand; then, taking her dress once more in his mouth, he led her in to find her own baby, eighteen months old and just able to walk alone, toddling about by himself. Nurse had not missed the little wanderer, but Spot had, and was seriously uneasy.

The mother said that Spot wept for joy when he saw the baby safe in her arms; at any rate, he was greatly delighted; and baby's parents never regretted that they had taken in and kindly treated this clever and careful dog.

H. A. F.

### CROSSING THE LINE.

From an old Sea Journal of 1824.

By a Midshipman in the old East India Company's Service.

**MAY 30.** Lat.  $3^{\circ} 4' 3''$  N. Long.  $26^{\circ} 8' 30''$  W. This evening the ceremony of Neptune's hailing the ship took place in the following manner.

At 8 p.m., observing a great light forward, I heard a man on the fore-castle hail the poop by saying, 'There's a small boat on the lee bow, sir;' upon which the captain ordered the helmsman to luff. In a few moments a man on the bowsprit, in the character of Neptune, hailed the ship as follows:—

'Ship ahoy!'

*Captain.* 'Holloa!'

*Neptune.* 'What ship's that?'

*Capt.* 'East India Company's ship *Orwell*.'

*Nep.* 'Who commands her?'

*Capt.* 'Captain F——.'

*Nep.* 'I hope you are all well, sir?'

*Capt.* 'All well, I thank you, Neptune.'

*Nep.* 'Have you any of my children on board?'

*Capt.* 'Yes: rather an unusual number. I hope you will treat them well.'

*Nep.* 'Are they all well?'

*Capt.* 'All well, I thank you, and their beards very stiff.'

*Nep.* 'Will you allow me to come to see you to-morrow?'

*Capt.* 'Yes, if you please.'

*Nep.* 'Good night, sir.'

As Neptune went over the bows the captain asked if he would take any refreshment; but no answer was given. Immediately the light passed us, which was a tar-tub and oakum. As it went by the ship's side I hastened on to one of the quarter-deck guns to get a full view of it, but was compelled to make a hasty retreat, as they began to throw water at us from the long boat. However, I saw it very distinctly from the poop. The fifes on the fore-castle then playing

'Rule Britannia,' and the boatswain piping all hands to splice the main-brace (which is giving each a glass of grog), made a very pretty finish of the evening's ceremony.

*May 31st.* Lat.  $1^{\circ} 54'$  N. Long.  $28^{\circ} 9'$  W. At breakfast-time every one's thoughts seemed to be on being shaved. After preparing our dress we awaited the event with patience. The large cutter in the meantime was got into the lee waist, and filled with water. Several men half clad, and their skin painted in dark spots, were called constables. Their station was to prevent persons going up or down the hatchways, and he who would go in defiance of them was likely to get a good beating. At a quarter-past ten I heard by the music that the procession was going to the cuddy door, where I believe the captain gave them spirits. In a few minutes a constable called Mr. K.'s name. It was then time to think seriously of my chin, as I was next on the list. Mr. K. had scarcely got up the hatchway when my name was called. I gave the constable my handkerchief to be blindfolded with; when that was done I was led up the main hatchway, and when abreast of the gangway the engine was played in my face; but I took care to keep mouth and eyes shut. I was then led to the barber's shop (the boat), and seated on a plank. Neptune's doctor then inquired after my health. With the force of the water from the engine the handkerchief was washed on one side, so that I could distinctly see what was going forward under my nose. I took care to be guarded in giving answers how I opened my mouth, and was fortunate in not getting the tar-brush between my teeth, although it was twice attempted. However, I had a patch of tar on my chin, but Neptune's barber thought proper to let me pass without feeling his tremendous razor. I was then soused 'head and heels' backwards in water, and left to make the best of my way out of the boat, when I fancied I had gone through the ceremony; but I no sooner set my feet on deck than the Bear seized me with a fond hug with one arm, while the other scrubbed the tar off my face with a coarse canvas and sand. After having a few buckets of water dashed in my face I was allowed to escape. I immediately took a bucket, and was as busy as the rest in keeping my messmates cool while in the Bear's clutches.

Several of the seamen against whom Neptune had a spite suffered very much in the operation. On one side was the barber with the tar-brush and razor, at the same time asking various questions; on the other was the barber's assistant, with a pair of large blacksmith's tongs, going through the motions of curling his hair, which was sometimes pulled so hard that it forced tears from his eyes. When the barber had finished his operations with the razor the man was plunged backwards, and passed under all the boat's thwart, which were under water. Several had their faces torn with the *teeth* of the razor, which were like those of a saw. After all were shaved the captain ordered them on the quarter-deck, and gave them more grog; they then danced for a few minutes, till all hands were piped to dinner, when they gave three cheers and went below.





Crossing the Line.





Jan reading Donatus' Letter.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from p. 60.)*

HE quarrel continued, and as the only answer he received was a coarse insult, he seized from off the table a long knife, and with horrible threats held it at the breast of his prostrate foe. Pale with terror in the prospect of a murder the Flemings had sprung up. Kwik, when he saw the point of the knife at the bosom of the unhappy gambler, was seized with compassion; a cry escaped him, and he hastened to the help of the victim. His hand was already on the would-be murderer, when two or three of those present seized him and threw him back with such violence that he reeled from one end of the room to the other, falling at last at the feet of his friends.

The two Antwerpers, indignant at such cruelty, advanced towards the gamblers, as if to call them to account for their conduct; but at the sight of a couple of revolvers and three daggers directed towards them they stopped in terror, and one of the strangers said to them in good English,—

‘Sit still, gentlemen; respect the law of California. What goes on here does not concern you; it is our business.’

The man on the ground, seeing that he must yield to the superior strength of his adversary, promised to give up the gold. When he had placed it on the table, with a gloomy air he wished his comrades ‘Good evening,’ put his dagger into his belt, and was about to leave the house, when an insult, addressed to him in the form of a farewell, made him retrace his steps. He aimed a violent thrust with his knife at his foe; two pistol-shots sounded, and two balls pierced the door of the room. But the fugitive had disappeared, and those who had pursued him returned, murmuring at their want of success.

The waiters, hearing the pistol-shots, had entered the room. They at once attended to the wounded man. He had a terrible gash across the left arm. He howled and stamped with fury whilst his wound was being dressed; he swore that that very evening he would find out the cowardly assassin, and lodge a ball in his head. Then he paid his bill, and hastened out with his companions.

The Flemings looked at each other with horror and amazement.

‘It is nothing, gentlemen!’ said one of the waiters. ‘Does this astonish you? You only arrived in San Francisco this afternoon, I think? Sit down; shall I fetch you another bottle of wine?’

But the friends were too shocked to stay any longer in the room, and resolved to go to bed at once.

The waiter showed them to the door of their room, handed them a candle, and wished them ‘Good night.’

Kwik went in first; but scarcely had he glanced round than he retreated with a suppressed cry, and pointing out to his companions something which terrified him.

Upon one of the four beds a huge man was stretched.

His face was almost entirely covered by a disordered beard; his clothes were coarse and in rags; they saw the end of a revolver under his pillow, and in his sleep he put his hand to a long knife which he had in his belt.

The Antwerpers laughed at Kwik’s fear, trying to convince him that this person was, like themselves, a guest of the house.

‘Speak low, Mr. Creps!’ whispered Donatus. ‘Perhaps you are right; still it may be dangerous to awake that ugly giant. Oh, what a country! Three dollars to have one’s throat cut in a brigand’s den! Oh! that I was only in our hay-loft at Natten-Haesdonck!’

The others agreed that it would be best not to awake the stranger, so they spoke in a whisper.

Suddenly an angry expression was heard, and a hollow voice exclaimed in English,—‘Be quiet there! Put out the candle!’

Trembling with fright, Kwik extinguished the candle, and stammered,—

‘Oh! get into your beds, and talk no more!’

Victor and Jan took his advice. Creps was soon asleep; Roozeman was alarmed and out of heart at the savage life, at the rudeness and coarseness of the inhabitants, and he remained awake a long time, thinking of the events of the evening. As to Donatus, he dreamed all night of assassins with long tangled beards, huge knives, and six-barrelled revolvers.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE LETTER.

KWIK was the first to awake in the morning, but he had scarcely opened his eyes when an anxious sigh escaped him, and he put his head back under the blanket as if he had seen a phantom.

The bearded man was standing in the middle of the room, his piercing glance fixed upon the poor fellow, just as he awoke from his heavy slumbers. Trembling with fright, Donatus secretly grasped Creps’s hand, who was snoring beside him, and shook it so that he began to rub his eyes and grumble while he gazed with amazement at the stranger, who was washing his hands, and said in English, smiling,—

‘Good morning, gentlemen; have you slept well?’

‘Tolerably, thank you, sir,’ replied Jan.

‘You must be terribly tired,’ replied the man, as he continued to wash himself and comb his thick beard. ‘I thought that you were probably strolling players.’

Donatus, who had now raised his head, stared at the man with mistrust and amazement.

‘Strolling players!’ exclaimed Creps, who had got out of bed: ‘we are gold-seekers, like most of the population of San Francisco.’

‘You see, gentlemen, that young fellow there, who seems to be afraid of me, has been talking, singing, crying, flinging his arms about all night, like a comedian learning a part. I jumped out of bed, ran to his aid, for I thought one of you must be killing him.’

Jan burst out laughing, and told the stranger the scene they had witnessed the previous evening.

‘You are new-comers here,’ said the other; ‘I can well understand that you are afraid at the sight of blood, but that won’t last. While waiting here, I advise you to talk as little as possible with strangers, to



be short in your words and careful in your actions, neither meddling with nor offering assistance to anybody.'

While they were dressing, Jan continued his friendly talk with the big man. He was by no means so repulsive in countenance nor so ragged as the Flemings had taken him to be by candle-light. On the contrary he appeared to be an honest and well-educated young man. He turned to Jan and remarked,—

'The sky is blue, it will be fine to-day. It is Sunday, too.'

'Sunday! ah, so it is!' exclaimed Donatus. 'I should like to go to church and pray: we have many reasons for doing so. Mr. Creps, ask that gentleman where the church is.'

Shrugging his shoulders, the stranger replied with a bitter smile: 'In California there is no other God than the god of gold; his temples are the gambling-houses that you have seen, and will see—no religion but the worship of self and thirst for gain.'

Saying these words he lighted a cigar, then he offered his case to the friends and insisted on their each taking one; then, wishing them 'Good day,' he left the room.

The friends all agreed that their first impression about this gentleman had been quite wrong, and that he was by no means so formidable as Donatus especially had thought.

As this was the day they had fixed for writing letters, they asked the waiter, after breakfast, for paper and ink, and then retiring to their room set to work. There was no table. Roozeman and Creps had to stand and write against the wall. Kwik sat on the ground before Victor's trunk, on which he placed his paper.

Creps had finished first. After waiting some time, and amusing himself by watching Kwik, he said to Roozeman,—

'Come, Victor, make haste and finish! it is quite possible to write a volume about our voyage, but in that case it would take you till to-morrow morning.'

'I have done,' said Victor; 'but I have had a trouble to arrange my words so that my mother shall not guess all the misery we have had to endure.'

When Donatus had at last finished his letter he approached the two friends, holding his paper in his hands, and exclaimed in a triumphant tone: 'When Anneken's father receives this he will believe that I must already be terribly rich to dare to write thus to him.'

'Let me see,' said Jan, taking the letter. 'It is rather long.'

'So it ought to be; I have been toiling at it for a quarter of a day.'

Creps tried to decipher the letter, and read aloud,—

'Estimable father of Anneken,—This is to acquaint you that I have arrived in California, happy and in good health, and hope this finds you the same. In a few days I go to the gold well, to take a corn-sack full of it; and if you will keep your Anneken for me till my return I will make you as rich as the Scheldt is deep at Natten-Haesdonck. You know that Anneken does not hate me, and that, poor child! she has been half distracted since you showed me the door. You have not a grain

of compassion for your daughter or for the unfortunate Donatus; but if you dare to give Anneken to another whilst I am in the gold country, I will have you turned out of your post as *garde-champêtre*, and to your great grief you will see me married to the young lady of the castle that you might have lived in yourself had you wished. You have your choice now; consider it well. Give my compliments to all friends.

'I have the honour to be

'DONATUS KWIK,

'Gold-seeker in a great hotel in San Francisco, California.'

All laughed heartily at this threatening letter, and Roozeman tried to persuade the peasant that it would be better to soften the terms a little. Donatus would not change a word, and his reason was that the *garde-champêtre* was an obstinate man, from whom nothing could ever be got by gentleness.

While Jan and Victor were addressing their letters Kwik exclaimed,—

'Oh, gentlemen, I have something on my mind. I am eating and sleeping here without troubling myself who is to pay. Everything here costs enough to ruin a man. Ten francs to carry a box for five minutes! Perhaps they will ask us a hundred francs for those hard morsels of cow-flesh they served us yesterday under all sorts of odd names.'

'Do not be unhappy about that; we will pay for everything.'

'You are very kind, and I thank you: but I am not a leech. This afternoon I shall look out for another inn, and if I have to sleep under a sail I must do so. It seems that economy is more necessary in this gold country than in Belgium; and I think—excuse me for saying it—you'd do best too, gentlemen, to seek more modest quarters. If you don't, you too may be obliged to carry travellers' trunks on your heads.'

The Antwerpens acknowledged that Donatus was right, so they called the waiter and asked for their bill. In a few minutes it was handed to Creps; it was no less than 140 francs for beds and supper, but Victor and Jan were each able to pay the sum demanded, and they even resolved to stay another night at the hotel, ruinous as it was. They had 1300 francs in bank-notes still left. They had slept very badly last night, but were now in a house where the people were honest and civil. It might be very different elsewhere. Donatus should remain with them till the morrow, when they must seriously ponder what course to pursue until the arrival of the directors of the 'Californian Company.'

(To be continued.)

### THREE GOOD THINGS.

HE has finished his Latin and Greek,  
She has put by her book and her sum;  
Tiny, hearing a sigh of relief,  
Shouts that even her lessons are done.  
What comes next to the wise little folk  
Who have studied so deeply to-day?  
Why, surely, all over the world  
Work always is followed by play!





She seizes the dear little babe,  
 Tiny joins in the laughter and fun ;  
 He crouches behind the arm-chair  
 To dart now on this or that one.  
 There is shouting, and singing, and mirth,  
 As the afternoon hours drift away ;  
 These children have worked all the morn,  
 Who would grudge them their innocent play ?

What small hands have found ready to do,  
 They have done with their uttermost might ;  
 No task was so hard, or so long,  
 These brave little spirits to fright.  
 They have worked, they have played ; now at last  
 Each creeps to its snug little nest,  
 And better than labour or play,  
 God grants them, His little ones, rest.

H. A. F.





### THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.

ONE day, a long time ago, an olive-browed, gipsy-looking youth, might be seen walking along the crowded Toledo, a great thoroughfare in the gay city of Naples. By his general appearance you would have guessed he was a travelling tinker, and you were made sure of the fact when you noticed the well-blackened bit of ironmongery which he swung to and fro in his hand.

There was something, however, in the young tinker which seemed to savour of a soul above kettle-mending, useful as that art is. He looked sad and disappointed, and held the old pan as if he would gladly have thrown it away. Soon the gathering anger broke forth: 'Plague take these pots and pans!' said he; 'but my time is up in a year, and then we'll see. Ah! here is what suits me!' So



saying, the tinker stopped at the window of a shop where paint-brushes and colours were sold. A picture or two showed the passers-by what delightful effects could be produced when those paint-brushes fell into clever artist hands.

'Ah!' sighed the gipsy; 'how long will it be ere I can paint like that? Those trees, they are real. That water, I could drink it. Those mountains yonder, behind which the sun is setting, I have seen them. I cannot think I shall ever be a painter good enough for a picture like that. But the prize is worth labour. Cheer up, Antonio!' So saying, the tinker moved on, singing a blithe Italian air, and wondering how soon Hope could make the desert Future look green.

A year passed away, during which Antonio continued to work for his master. All his spare time, however, was spent in drawing and painting. Now and then he would go and stand near a certain house where an artist named Colantonio dwelt. Sometimes Antonio would see a maiden come and look out of a window, and then his heart would beat more quickly, and he would feel a flush upon his face; or she would come out, leaning upon her father's arm: but though Antonio knew them both, and longed to join them in their walk, he dared not. Never more was he to enter into that house—not one word was he to speak to the artist or to his daughter until he could call himself an artist, and a good one, too. It was a hard condition, but Antonio felt there was some justice in it. It did not seem proper that a mender of ugly old pots should mate with one who lived all the days of her life among things of beauty. It was not generous or lover-like to drag down Theresa to a grimy workshop from a saloon full of elegance. So Antonio put a brave heart upon it, and resolved to rise to fame in the road pointed out to him. Many times he might have spoken to Theresa, had he chosen; many times was he tempted to do so: but he was too honourable to break a promise or disobey a father. He went home on one occasion, after he had seen her looking more sweet than ever, to dream of her on a high precipice, and of himself hewing out steps in the rock on which she stood. He counted, and the steps were nine. 'Must it then be nine years ere I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore? Nine years! What a time! But, wait a bit: perhaps the steps mean months! No—that won't do! Nine months, indeed! I've been six months already trying to draw my mother, and she laughs at my pictures, and says I make her squint like the old apple-woman in our street: and my horses, she says, could not walk if they were alive. I fear I shall never be an artist. But what cannot a man do? I have a cousin at Bologna, and he has done some service to a painter there. I'll go to Bologna. Pietro will take care of mother, and I'll send her half my earnings. My time is out next week, and then I'll go and see Theresa no more until I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore.'

Bologna is some way from Naples, but what will not a steadfast purpose do? In a short time after Antonio was delivered from the pots he stood in the streets of that learned city. His cousin, who was a silk manufacturer, received him most kindly, and

promised to introduce him to Lippo Dalmasio, the great Madonna painter. Michele, the silk-spinner, had saved Lippo's life or limbs in a street row, and Lippo had never forgotten his preserver. When, therefore, Michele took Antonio to Lippo's studio, the great artist readily promised to find out Antonio's powers, and to encourage them if they seemed worth encouraging. When Antonio returned to his cousin's house in the evening his face was radiant with joy. Lippo had given him something to copy, and he had done the task well—so well that Lippo had praised him. Lippo was a painter of religious subjects, and had got the name of Lippo del Madonne from his many pictures of the Virgin Mary. One of his pictures may yet be seen in the church of St. Procolo, and a great painter named Guido Reni, who lived long after him, used to say no man in his time could draw so holy a face as that.

Under the kind and patient Lippo our honest and painstaking gipsy friend made progress—slow at first, of course, but no less sure. His dream of the nine steps was rather a slight thing to build upon; but Antonio lived in a superstitious age, and, moreover, he was not going back to Naples to be defeated. He would not return until he could fairly astonish Colantonio; and his mother and Pietro could come to Bologna and live with him. Very frugal and quiet was Antonio. Gay and spirited are the citizens of Bologna, and noisy in their merriment. Pure is the mountain air, and bright are those Italian skies. But Antonio's heart was in Naples, and his time was spent in prayer and work. Daily he rose higher in Lippo's esteem, and at length, nine years having come to an end, he bade his good cousin and his dear master farewell, and went southward by Florence and Rome.

One day, soon after, an artist unknown by name craved permission to present a picture to the Queen of Naples. Nobody knew who he was, or whence he came. He called himself Antonio de Solario, and was our old friend the tinker. It requires some management to present anything to a crowned head, for 'divinity doth hedge a king'; but Antonio was not one to be easily daunted. And his picture was worthy of any monarch's acceptance. It represented the Holy Child Jesus crowned by angels. Used as the Italians are to beautiful pictures, the Queen was breathless with pleasure when Antonio's lovely work appeared. 'What a wonderful picture!' said she. 'What expression in those heads! How rich the colours! What a charm in every part!' Antonio bowed low at such praise, and again he bowed when the Queen requested him to paint a portrait of herself. This was success, indeed. The portrait was painted, and exhibited to the public of Naples, together with the sacred picture of the Coronation.

Old Colantonio, in common with all his brother-artists, went to gaze and criticise. Antonio, ten years older than he was, and disguised, stood utterly unknown close to the old artist and his daughter, when they came to inspect the pictures. Colantonio looked very old and broken in health. Theresa's face was still as good and kind as it used to be. She reminded Antonio of one of those saints Lippo was so fond of painting. Of course Antonio said to himself, 'I wonder whether she remembers me? I



should have known her, I think, had I met her anywhere.' While he was looking at her face she suddenly looked at him, and their eyes met. Perhaps there was something in the unknown artist which reminded her of the gipsy Antonio, who disappeared so long ago, for she started and looked confused.

'And where did you study?' asked Colantonio; 'and with whom?'

'With Lippo Dalmasio at Bologna,' answered Antonio; 'and I sometimes call myself Il Zingaro, or the Gipsy.'

Again Theresa looked searchingly at the unknown artist, and wondered, 'Can it be he?'

'But what is your real name?' asked the old artist. 'You don't mean to go down to posterity as Il Zingaro, do you?'

'My real name,' said the painter, looking fixedly at Theresa, 'is Antonio de Solario. I left Naples ten years ago, because an artist named Colantonio . . . (here Colantonio looked in amazement at Antonio, who now faced him with his honest, fearless eye) 'because an artist named Colantonio would not let me love his daughter unless I could paint as well as he. For ten long years has Antonio been working. Has he succeeded, Colantonio, or not?'

The astonishment of Colantonio and the happiness of Theresa formed a picture worth painting. The old man embraced Antonio, and vowed he had made him the happiest man alive. Long had he regretted sending Antonio away, for he found it had preyed on his daughter's spirits: and often had he made inquiries among his painter friends, in Sienna, Umbria, Padua, Venice, and elsewhere, about the missing youth, but nothing had come of it; and now, when he was drooping, and thought he had doomed his daughter to live and die unprotected, her faithful Antonio appeared to throw his manly arm about her, and be her protector; and a worthy one, too!

Great was the rejoicing that night in the old artist's house, and seldom was a marriage more blest than that which soon after united Il Zingaro to Theresa Colantonio. The high reputation he had achieved was well sustained by steadfast toil, and many altar-pieces and wall-paintings remained after him, to speak of the talent of one who raised himself, by determined industry, from the mending of pots and saucepans, to a place of honour among great men.

G. S. O.

### TOO CLEVER.

A GENTLEMAN went to see a panorama in London which pictured Spithead with its shipping. The main incident in the picture was the capsizing of a ship's boat, the sailors struggling in the water. He was looking attentively at it, altogether forgetting his great Newfoundland dog, which had followed him into the show, when suddenly the animal made a dash at the picture, with a view of saving the lives of some of the painted sailors. A testimony, no doubt, to the faithfulness of the drawing, but hardly one which the proprietor of the panorama would like. For once poor old Plunger was 'too clever.'

H. A. F.

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

GOING to the dogs!' is a common saying, and is derived from the fact that horses which have become past work find their way to kennels where hounds are kept, to be slaughtered and boiled down for kennel soup. In early times a motley pack was often kept in an enclosure sunk in the ground, like the bear-pit in the Zoological Gardens, into which everything that was vile and refuse was thrown. This gave rise to the German saying, 'He is too bad even to be thrown to the dogs;' while the English proverb applies to people who are careless of their affairs and ways of life, and so are on the way to a miserable end.

In London the proverb might well be altered to 'Going to the cats,' for that is the chief use to which horseflesh is put there. I have been told, with what truth I cannot say, that if a man has custom enough to cut up fourteen pounds of cats' meat daily for the supply of regular customers, that the profit on it will enable him to keep a pony and cart for his business, provided he has the money to buy them in the first instance.

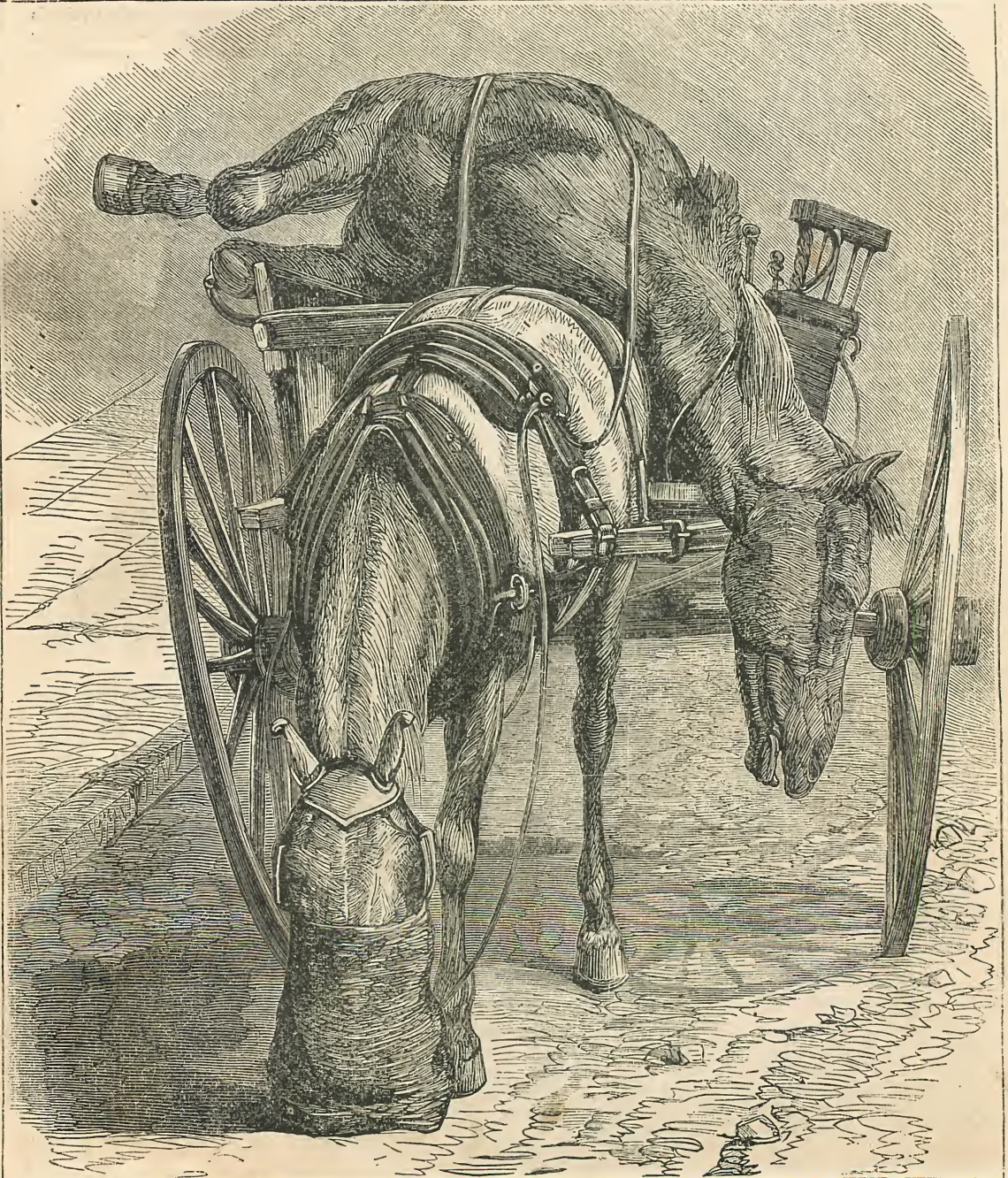
One morning in the Marylebone Road, I was struck by the perfect unconcern with which the pony in a cart laden with a dead horse was feeding out of its nosebag, in happy unconsciousness that he would some day share the fate of his burden. But horses are not always indifferent, and there have been instances of their so far mourning for a dead comrade as to refuse food, and pine till they died. Almost every part of the dead horse may be made use of. The meat is not unwholesome even as human food, as has been proved in time of war, and many half-civilized nations consider it a delicacy.

Our Saxon forefathers used to sacrifice young horses to some of their gods. The flesh of a colt was a chief dish at their feasts. The bones are used as charcoal by sugar-refiners, in their natural state by turners; the sinews by organ-builders; the hair of the mane and tail is used for pillows, mattresses, &c., for the bows of violins, fishing-lines, snares to catch birds, and many other purposes; while glue is made from the hoofs and leather from the skin.

Much as we regret the death of an old favourite, it is better that he should go to the dogs and cats, or to the glue-pot, than that he should be worn out by harder fare, harder work, and harder masters, when he is less able to cope with them. Yet many a kind and honest man may, with his family, be much benefited by the labour of an animal which is past the work of its younger days. He should not, however, be sold to any chance customer, but to some poor neighbour, so that the former owner may keep his eye upon him.

More than once have I been told by cab-drivers, when speaking of the gallant but broken-down animals in their shafts: 'Of course we are glad to get hold of such a horse, but he ought never to have been sold by his master. If a gentleman is rich enough to keep a horse, the few pounds that it would cost to save a faithful servant from bad days cannot hurt him.'





The Living and the Dead.





Dog carrying his Master's Glove.





### A DOG'S ATTACHMENT.

R. DIBDIN relates this story:—A gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey once a-month. His stay was short and his departure and return regular. His dog, which was of an excellent disposition, always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached, which he knew to an hour. When he knew his master

was on the road he tried to get out, and the moment he obtained his freedom away he ran, and to a certainty met his master on the way. He frolicked about him until he got a glove, with which he returned home, as it were, to announce his arrival. The old gentleman, after a short illness, died. The dog was disconsolate. One day a stranger, having ribbed stockings like his master, came to the house; the dog rubbed delightedly against his legs, but finding out his mistake, retired to a corner of the room, laid down, and died.

### MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 67.)

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

THE three Flemings walked about all the next day through the streets of San Francisco, gazing into the shops and stores, and wondering at the motley crowd of strange figures in the midst of whom they lived. Although at that period more than 50,000 men of all nations of the earth elbowed each other there, San Francisco only consisted of one-storied wooden houses, together with a few tents and canvas sheds, which extended like suburbs into the country.

In the evening, on their way back to the hotel, they passed a gambling-house with the sign 'The Verandah.' A brilliant light shone from it into the street.

'Why should we not go in?' asked Creps.

'Yes, why should we not see what is going on there?' asked Donatus.

'Into a gambling-house!' murmured Victor, hesitating.

'Come, come! we needn't gamble. We can get off with a dollar. We mustn't leave San Francisco without seeing what a gambling-house is like.'

Victor let himself be persuaded, and followed his friends into the gambling-house, where they sat down on a bench in a corner. They were in a large hall splendidly lighted, but filled with tobacco-smoke and crowded with men. Some few looked like honest men, but most were ruffians in appearance. There was a deafening noise of voices, too, heard above that of the band; which, however, only consisted of one man, a flageolet at his mouth, a drum at his back, brass cymbals in his hands, and a stick with bells upon his head, but he made more noise than a whole orchestra of musicians.

At the end of the room was the wide gambling-table, behind which sat the banker with his numerous assistants. The game they were playing was a Mexican one called 'Monte,' which was very fashionable at San Francisco. Heaps of gold dust were placed before the banker, as well as nuggets of gold, bundles of bank-notes, and gold coins.

The gamblers stood round the table. Some in a few hours lost all the gold they had won in the diggings, others were marvellously favoured by fortune. One, who had begun to play by staking only five dollars, had already gained 20,000 in less than an hour.

'This is a true gold mine for him who has luck,' said Donatus: 'who knows if I were to venture that I might not have a chance? Two dollars will not make much difference one way or the other.'

'Do not play, I beg you,' said Victor, in terror.

'Only two dollars: if I lose them I stop at once.'

'A few dollars will make no difference to us,' remarked Creps. 'I should like to try my hand at this game, too.'

Victor remained seated, watching his friends, who approached the table.

When half-an-hour after they returned, Jan was laughing with an air of triumph, while Donatus grumbled that he had lost seven dollars out of the twenty-five which Victor had given him on board the *Jonas*. Creps had been luckier; at one moment he had actually had more than 3000 francs, but fortune being at last declared against him, he had on the advice of an American left the table with still about 500 francs in his pocket.

Jan now bought wine for his friends with the money he had won. While they were drinking he urged Roozeman to risk a couple of dollars, just to see whether fortune would favour him or no. He laughed at his friend's horror of gambling. Victor, vexed at this, suddenly got up and said, 'Well, if you wish it, I will play: but on this condition—I shall take out ten dollars only, and when I have lost that money I insist that we all return to our hotel without staying here a minute longer.'

'Yes; but if you win?'

'I shall lose.'

'You can't be certain of it.'

'But, Jan, why try to keep me here?' said Roozeman, sadly. 'This gambling-house terrifies me; whether I win or not, if you refuse to follow me to the hotel I shall go alone.'

'Come, don't be angry; we will accept your condition.'

The three friends approached the table. Matters went as they often do; Fortune declared herself in favour of him who at heart hoped to lose. Roozeman won several times, and as he laid more and more on the table to get rid of the money, pieces of gold and bank-notes were heaped up before him in a surprising manner. This wealth at last blinded him, and he continued to play as if he did not know what he was doing.

As to his friends, Creps continued to lose, but Donatus had a good heap of dollars before him. Fortune was favouring Victor in such an extraordinary manner that the banker grumbled as he threw handfuls of gold and bank-notes to him. All surrounded the lucky fellow, and envious eyes were cast on the riches he had won. Victor was too absorbed in the



game to observe them ; he had almost forgotten that his friends were at his side. Suddenly he heard Creps utter a cry of rage.

'I have lost all, I have not a single dollar left !' he muttered. 'Quick, Victor, lend me a couple of hundred francs !'

But Roozeman, horror struck at his friend's wild look, put the bank-notes and gold which he had won into his pocket, and said to Jan,—

'No, no ! let us flee from this house. Don't play any more. I am off.'

Saying these words, he rushed to the door of the room, his friends followed grumbling, and they left the gambling-house altogether.

There was a strange hesitation then among the gamblers. It seemed as if the disappearance of the lucky young man had cooled the ardour of most of them. Many left the place.

The Flemings, meanwhile, passed through the dark streets. It was very late, and they met scarcely anybody. Roozeman, it was thought, could not have made less than 40,000 francs, and Donatus had still about 800. Notwithstanding Creps' loss there was no reason then to be dissatisfied with the evening's results. Roozeman himself began to rejoice in his ill-gotten treasure, for gold had seared his conscience ; but yet he declared that he should look upon his gains as belonging to a common stock.

'It is true,' said Jan, 'that when the directors of the Company arrive at San Francisco we shall not want for anything, but meanwhile we can live comfortably and remain at our hotel. Besides, this money will enable us to hasten our return to our native country.'

'Forty thousand eight hundred francs !' murmured Donatus : 'that makes thirteen thousand six hundred francs each ! Well, if it goes on like this I don't see why I shouldn't buy either the Castle at Natten-Haesdonck or a large house in the town.'

He skipped about and was beginning to sing with glee, when a blow from behind threw him down. With the sudden thought that he was to be robbed of his money, he put his hand into his pocket and rapidly slipped his money into his boot.

Both his friends had been attacked at the same time. Victor was held down to the ground by three or four men while two others rifled his pockets. He had succeeded in getting his arms free from them, and had seized hold of one of the thieves, when a dagger penetrated his side and he was obliged to let go his hold.

But just then voices were heard, proceeding from a side-street. At the sound the brigands all disappeared in the darkness.

Jan hastened to Victor, and helped him to rise, but when he felt the warm blood on his hand he cried,—

'Oh, Victor ! are you wounded ?'

'Slightly ; it will be nothing,' was the reply.

'Where ? where ?'

'In the side, with a dagger ; don't be anxious.'

Creps, terrified, wished to knock at the first house to seek for help, but Victor said he had quite enough strength, and insisted on going directly to the hotel.

Supported by his friends, they reached the hotel.

Jan made his wounded friend sit down, and begged that a surgeon should instantly be sent for.

A waiter said that a surgeon lived a few yards from thence, and that he would call him.

Though the blood was flowing from Victor's wound, yet he laughed and tried to make his friends understand that they need not be alarmed, as his wound was not dangerous.

The surgeon now arrived, and began to dress the wound. Then, when he had helped his patient to dress again, he held out his hand towards Jan, saying,—

'There, gentlemen, the matter is plain enough. One night visit—an ounce of gold—sixteen dollars, please.'

'Sixteen dollars ! Very well. But tell us, at least, what we have to fear or hope.'

'There's nothing to fear. Half-an-inch higher up and the young gentleman would now have been in the other world ; but as it is, there's nothing serious in the wound. An ounce of gold—sixteen dollars. I have no time to lose, and I wish to go to bed.'

Roozeman searched his pockets. The brigands had taken everything—gold and bank-notes. Jan, in confusion, besought the surgeon to give them a little time, only out of pity for their misfortune.

'Pity !' replied he, laughing. 'Where do you come from ? Pity in California ! What a joke ! Come, come, make haste ! If I am not paid in ten minutes I shall ask double !'

'But we have nothing ; we have been robbed of all.'

'You have probably a watch ; let me see it, I will take it as a pledge.'

Creps felt for his watch ; but that had also disappeared.

Donatus had listened silently to this conversation, and was trying to understand the sense of the English words as much as possible. When he saw the surgeon stamp with rage, while the hotel-keeper declared that he would no longer lodge people without money, but would turn them out of doors, Donatus came forward and said—

'I have money. I pay.'

He stooped down, took a handful of gold out of his boot, and handed the surgeon the sixteen dollars. The hotel-keeper was suddenly most amiable and polite.

'Ah, Donatus !' said Jan ; 'why did you leave us so long in difficulty ? Didn't you understand what was going on ?'

'Certainly,' he replied, with a cunning smile ; 'but I am beginning to understand that one can't get on in California without paying people back in their own coin. If the surgeon had gone without his money, we should now possess the sixteen dollars we have just lost.'

Now came the waiter and asked for the five dollars he had been promised for going to fetch the surgeon. Creps reluctantly had to ask Donatus to advance this sum.

He did so with a grumble.

'Come along, let us go to bed,' said Jan. 'Notwithstanding all our misfortunes we have still reason to consider ourselves lucky. The wound of our dear friend Victor is not dangerous, thank God. We have seen enough of the evil of gambling, and let us resolve never to enter one of these houses again.'

(To be continued.)





### THE CHILD FRIEND.

From the German of Grimm.

**C**HILDREN love to hear of children !  
 I will tell of a little child  
 Who dwelt alone with his mother,  
 By the edge of a forest wild.  
 One summer eve, from the forest,  
 Late, late down the grassy track,  
 The child came back with loitering step,  
 And looks oft glancing back.

'O mother!' he said, 'in the forest  
 I have met with a little child ;  
 All day he played with me—all day  
 He talked and sweetly smiled.  
 At last he left me alone, but then  
 He gave me this rosebud red,  
 And said he would come to me again  
 When all its leaves were spread.

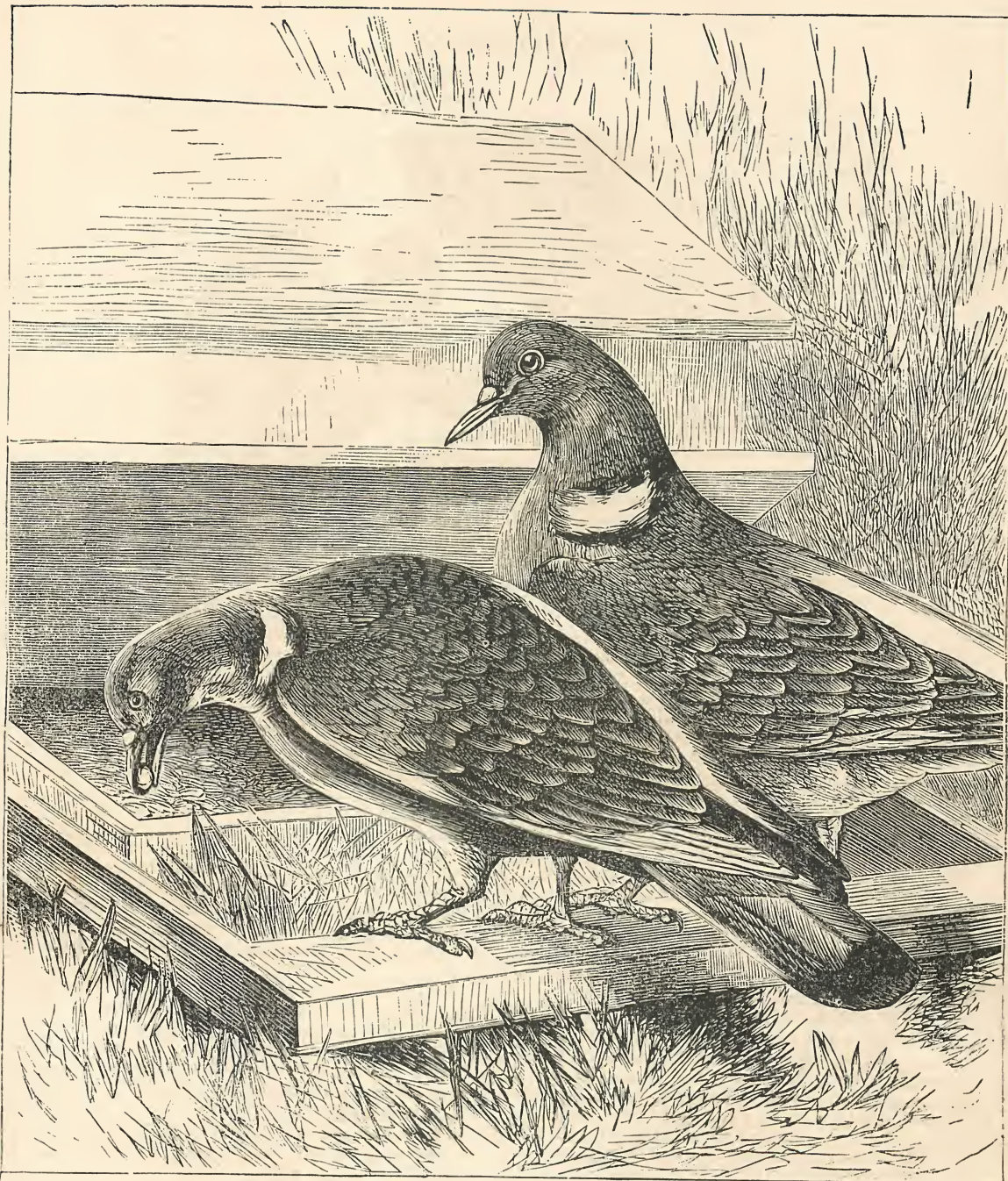
I will put my rosebud in a glass,  
 I will watch it night and day.

Dear little friend, wilt thou come again ?  
 Wilt thou come by my side to play ?  
 I will seek for strawberries, the best  
 Of all shall be for thee ;  
 I will show thee the egg in the linnet's nest,  
 None knoweth of but me.'

At morn beside the window-sill  
 Awoke a bird's clear song,  
 But all within the house was still,  
 The child was sleeping long.  
 The mother went to its little room :  
 With all its leaves outspread,  
 She saw a rose in fullest bloom,  
 And in the little bed  
 A child that did not breathe or stir,  
 A little happy child,  
 Who had met his little friend again,  
 And in the meeting smiled.

DORA GREENWELL.





#### WOOD-PIGEONS.

ONE who loves our feathered friends writes to describe a curious instance of their instinct :

We have on our back lawn two of the usual feeding-boxes for pheasants, which can only be opened by the bird perching on them and pulling down the lid by his own weight. This has hitherto saved the contents from the thefts of any lesser bird than a hen pheasant, or of rats, mice, or other vermin.

This being the case, I was much surprised one evening about five o'clock, when, on crossing the lawn not far from one of the boxes which stands on the short mown grass, and which seems preferred by the pheasants to its companion placed in the rougher grass of the hayfield, I heard the 'click' of its shutting on the bird leaving it, and looking round, I caught sight of blue-grey plumage, which certainly was not



a pheasant's, but, being short-sighted, I could not be certain of the bird. In a few days more I noticed the same thing from my bedroom window, and I remarked on it to my sister, who was sure that the thief was one of a pair of wood-pigeons who have built for years in an evergreen oak on the lawn. Still, how they had discovered 'the trick of the box,' or how, when discovered, they had overcome the difficulty of their inferiority in weight to a pheasant, remained a mystery, till it was solved by our old keeper. 'I saw one of them fly down and beckon to the other, and then the two of them perched on the box together, and so they opened it.'

### THREE FRIENDS.

From the German, by James F. Cobb.



MADE one evening in the spring of the year 1789 three youths were walking together through the cloisters of one of the Colleges at Paris. Next day they were about to leave the establishment, at which they had completed their studies, and each to enter the profession which he had chosen. Arm-in-arm in that warm friendship and community of feeling which had united them for a long period, they walked together for the last time through the dark avenues of the garden, and they spoke together of that of which their hearts were full.

'As I have already told you,' said Bresson (such was the name of one of the lads), 'I will be a lawyer. The time has come when one must fight with all the power of one's conviction, and all the strength of one's words, against the tyranny and obstinacy of one party, as well as against the boldness and licentiousness of the other. And this I will do, even at the sacrifice of my life.'

'And I,' cried the youngest of the three, Lavalette, 'I shall be a soldier. I must have a sword to fight for my country with. With the glittering weapon I will not only speak, but I will act, too, in these great and solemn times.'

'But I,' said the third of the friends, Baudus, 'I am faithful to the clerical profession, which I have chosen from free inclination and full conviction. You know I am by birth a native of Cologne, and came here two years ago to complete my studies in this celebrated establishment: but now there is nothing more to detain me in this wild and excited Paris. Tomorrow I shall return to my beloved German fatherland, to become there, as I hope, a faithful servant of my God.'

After his friend had finished these words, Bresson stopped still. He gazed thoughtfully at the faithful companions whom he loved so much, and said to them, 'Our paths in life henceforth part wide asunder, but a voice in my breast says to me, "We shall meet again!" But whether this happen or not, we will ever remain true and firm in our friendship.'

Then, as if taking a solemn pledge, the three youths placed their right hands in each other, holding them

tightly clasped together. 'Yes,' cried Lavalette, enthusiastically, 'we will be brothers, and remain so. Whoever of us falls into danger or distress, let him turn consoled to the others; he can and will, then, if it be humanly speaking possible, be certain of help and deliverance.'

'Amen!' said Baudus, from his deepest soul: 'so be it!' Once more a hearty shake of the hand and a warm kiss, with which the lads again sealed their alliance. Then they went into the house together, to lie down for their last night's rest there; and next morning their ways led them far apart from each other, but in their hearts they preserved their friendship and the promise of fidelity they had given each other.

The same year in which the three lads had said their farewell the storms of the Revolution had burst upon France. Higher and higher rose the waves of wild commotion, till at last the weak and good-natured king, Louis XVI., and his wife, Marie Antoinette, had to suffer for the sins of their fathers on the scaffold. Lavalette had entered the National Guard, and soon rose to the rank of officer. As such, he had marched into the field and taken part in the battles which were then fought against Austria. In the engagement at Jemmappes he was severely wounded, and returned in 1792 to Paris, to await his recovery in the capital. He arrived there just at the time when the unhappy King, the prisoner of his own people, was languishing in a dungeon, and awaiting the sentence of his bloodthirsty enemies. Bresson was a member of the National Assembly. With undaunted courage he had opposed himself to the wild revolutionary leaders, and contended against them with all the power of his eloquent speech. He, too, it was, who with firmness and decision had demanded in the Assembly that the King should be set at liberty. But the party of the royal sufferer knew well that to speak such words then meant nothing more nor less than voluntarily laying one's own head on the block, and sacrificing one's life. Bresson was accused of being an enemy to the Republic and a traitor to his country, and after a short and sham trial condemned to the guillotine.

With painful emotion Lavalette heard of the sad fate of his friend. He must do what he had once promised, and endeavour by any means to save him. He succeeded in bribing the gaoler. He had put on over his own uniform one just like it. Bresson, into whose cell he had obtained admittance, had to put this on, and whilst another of the numerous prisoners who were condemned to death was introduced into Bresson's cell, the two friends arm-in-arm walked together out of the prison.

They soon reached the gates of Paris. Here a trustworthy friend of Bresson's was already awaiting him, who led him away under another disguise, till he at last reached a family to whom he was related among the Vosges mountains, where, in deep retirement and solitude, he was secure from all pursuit. A deep horror at the deeds of cruelty with which his countrymen had stained themselves filled his soul. This horror prevented him from any longer serving his country, even when afterwards he could do so without danger. As long as the members of



the royal family lived in banishment, this faithful friend of his country considered that he, too, was an exile. He remained in his retirement and solitude, where he devoted himself only to science, while his country was still abandoned to the fury of revolution.

At last Napoleon Bonaparte subdued these wild spirits and seized the reins of government in France in his strong arm. He ascended the throne and placed the imperial crown on his head. Now he wished to fulfil the great and darling wish of the French nation, which they had indulged for centuries, viz. to extend their frontiers to the river Rhine, and beyond it. His army entered the Rhine provinces. Without any important resistance they were conquered and incorporated with the French Empire. The shameful way in which the French behaved in the conquered countries has not to this day been forgotten there. The town of Mainz, especially, had at that period (the summer of 1804), to suffer from the haughty tyranny of the French domination. Its citizens were burdened with taxes, its lads and men, without any distinction of age or rank, were forced to serve under the Emperor's standards. The inhabitants of Mainz groaned, and secretly consulted over means and ways by which they could cast off this hated yoke from them. But nothing remained hidden from the sharp eyes of the French police. Every conspiracy was discovered before it broke out, and a court-martial was almost constantly occupied in condemning Germans, who were accused or suspected of being connected with plots. The Emperor gave the president of this tribunal full power over life and death, and lately he had appointed his adjutant, Colonel Lavalette, to this important post.

One day the court-martial had just been summoned. The fate of many citizens of Mainz, who were accused of conspiring against the French Emperor, had to be decided. Lavalette was looking through the documents which lay before him, when he saw in the list of accused the name—'*Baudus, a German priest!*' He at once ordered the prisoner to be brought before him. This was done, and in a few minutes the accused stood before his judge. Yes, it was his friend—his dear and beloved friend, to whom he had once sworn love and fidelity! But now he would have to judge him, and perhaps condemn him to death. With anxious sorrow Lavalette gazed at the unfortunate priest, who stood with calm dignity before his judge. Then, suddenly, Baudus recognised his beloved friend, and with a suppressed cry, '*Lavalette!*' rushed up to him, while a deep crimson suffused his pale face. The other members of the tribunal gazed at one another in amazement; but Lavalette had already recovered his composure, and his cold and severe features taught the prisoner that here, in this place, the friend was not standing before the friend, but the accused before his judge.

'Baudus,' now began Colonel Lavalette, 'do you confess that you are guilty of taking part in a conspiracy against our most gracious Emperor and master?'

Baudus was silent for a moment. A painful smile quivered round his mouth. But then he said, in a firm voice, 'Yes, I confess I am guilty.'

At these words there was quite an excitement

among the assembled judges. Never before had an accused declared himself to be guilty. And this was just the case when an acquittal was so probable, as Baudus was only suspected, and no proofs were at hand of his being involved in the plot. Lavalette, too, started, and turned pale at the open confession of the priest. Then he said in a severe, sad tone, as he turned towards the judges, 'In this case, then, there remains nothing for us but to pass sentence of death.' The judges silently acknowledged their consent, and at a sign from the president Baudus was led away and taken back to his cell, while a fresh accused was brought before the tribunal to be heard and sentenced. But just before the hearing of this new case began, an official handed to the Colonel a letter from the Emperor. Lavalette opened and read it. Joy was at once depicted on his features after he had perused a few lines; then he said, Gentlemen, the sitting is over for to-day; his Majesty the Emperor is coming at once to Mainz. We have only just time to make the necessary arrangements for his reception.'

In the afternoon of that day the Emperor Napoleon, amid the roar of a thousand cannons, entered the German town of Mainz. Evening was already coming on when Lavalette, making use of a spare moment, entered the cell in which Baudus was imprisoned. The priest gazed in amazement when he saw him enter, and his lips whispered the words, 'You here?' in a tone of estrangement.

'Yes,' said Lavalette, sadly; 'but it is not the judge, but the friend who now comes to you. Oh, Baudus, my dear friend, why did you voluntarily confess your guilt? for it never could have been proved against you.'

Baudus replied calmly, 'I have never knowingly or willingly uttered a falsehood; why, then, should I have done so on this occasion? You see me ready to give up my life, and to stand before the judgment-seat of the righteous and holy God. Here is my hand. I do not chide you: you only did your duty when you sentenced me.'

'No, no: you shall not die!' exclaimed Lavalette; 'this your friend and brother, who well remembers the sacred moment when we two and Bresson swore eternal fidelity to each other through trouble and to death, says to you.'

Baudus pressed his friend's hand and said, 'If I could live with you, and for you, I would willingly remain longer upon earth to repay you for this your love and kindness.'

'Yes, you shall live with me, and for me!' exclaimed Lavalette, with all the warmth of an enthusiastic friendship. 'Give me your word upon it, that you will not refuse if I, on one condition, obtain your pardon from the Emperor.'

Baudus looked searchingly into his friend's eyes, then he said, 'Well, let it be as you say. I will consent to your condition without knowing what it is, for I know that Lavalette could never impose anything dishonourable upon me.'

(Concluded in our next.)







"Yes, I confess I am guilty."





Donatus fully armed as he stood before his friends.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 75.)

## CHAP. XIII.—THE WEAPONS.



HEN Creps awoke next morning, he seized his friend's hand and anxiously asked him how he was, for Victor's paleness, caused by loss of blood, alarmed him.

Victor answered gaily that he hoped to be well in a few days, and to confirm his words he leaped out of bed; but this rapid movement caused a cry of pain to escape from him.

'Oh, Victor, surely you are hiding your sufferings so as not to alarm me! This misfortune which has befallen you has taken away all my courage. If I had received the wound I should not care so much; but you! that breaks my heart. Oh that we had only stayed in Belgium, in that land of liberty, of justice, and security!'

'Do not trouble yourself, Jan,' answered Roozeman; 'in jumping out of bed I have moved the bandages, thereby causing myself a little pain.'

'This morning another doctor shall carefully examine the wound,' murmured Creps.

'It is altogether useless; and, besides, we have not the money to pay the surgeon.'

'But Kwik has some,' said Jan; and in saying so he turned his eyes towards Donatus' bed. 'Why the bed's empty!' he exclaimed.

'He got up early and dressed quietly so as not to awake us,' replied Victor. 'When I asked him where he was going, he said, To look for the end of his ear!'

Creps suggested that as Donatus had now got some money he did not care to pay to support them, and had, therefore, quietly taken himself off. Roozeman was indignant at the accusation; he asserted that though Kwik might be coarse and stupid sometimes, that he was grateful and good-hearted.

'We shall see,' said Jan; 'but remember, that every one for himself is the law of California, and that we breathe in this horrible sentiment with the air.'

Victor still defended poor Kwik, and then they talked long and sadly over their future prospects. As they were thus chatting, Donatus himself opened the door.

The Antwerpens were struck with amazement at his appearance as he stood before them, a red sash round his waist, through which were passed a dagger a foot and a half long and two revolvers. He carried under his arm two other daggers of the same length, and two red woollen sashes; he held his head erect, and tried to give himself a martial appearance.

'Where do you come from? What does all this mean?' exclaimed Creps.

'It means,' replied Donatus, drawing out his long knife from his belt, 'it means, that the first man who threatens me I will stick as if he were a sucking-pig. I met the Red Moustache of the *Jonas* in the street, and I took care to hustle him; but he pretended not to recognise me, otherwise my cold steel would have entered his skin as into a white cheese.'

'But where did you get these arms from?'

'Why, I bought them, of course! They only cost a trifle of 375 francs. For that I could have purchased the whole stock of a gunmaker at Mechlin.'

'What a waste of money!' said Creps, reproachfully; 'just at the time when poor Roozeman is wounded and needs all our help.'

'Oh! but I have not forgotten that,' Donatus interrupted: 'but to eat is not the chief affair in this country as it is with us. The first thing that is necessary is a revolver. This long knife is enough for me; the revolvers and the other knives I have bought for you. Take them and praise my foresight: you will get more profit out of them than from a good dinner and a soft bed. I have thought of everything. Here are the belts to put the pistols in. Now, at all events, we can go about the streets in the midst of these rascals, with head erect and ready to defend our lives, our ears, and our purses.'

'Have you no more money?' asked Victor, anxiously. 'We owe nine dollars for our lodging here.'

'I have thought of all that,' said Kwik, with a cunning smile; 'poor Donatus isn't so stupid as he looks. No! no! I've done a good stroke of business this morning. Mine's a long story; listen while I tell it you. I dreamed all night,' he continued, 'about men armed with revolvers and knives; and in my dreams I howled with rage because I had not arms to defend myself with, for I do not see why we should allow ourselves to be slaughtered like sheep by these Californian murderers. So I decided that we should be properly armed. One revolver is wanting, because I had not enough money. I am not so imprudent as you think me; before leaving the hotel I gave the landlord nine dollars for our lodging for to-night, and another 300 francs to pay for Mr. Victor during the next week.'

'Thank you! thank you, Donatus! you have a good heart!' cried Creps. And he held out his hand to him, deeply touched by his kindness.

'Let me go on,' said Kwik. 'In California one has to be cautious, and act quickly too. I went to look for the Brusseler. I promised him two dollars to go with me and give me his advice. I learned a heap of useful things from him. He has San Francisco and California at his fingers' ends. I asked him what we had best do, so as not to die of hunger? In the harbour there's little stirring now, and most of our fellow-passengers of the *Jonas* have got employment there;—the nobleman of our mess carries deal planks on his back,—the German banker draws a hand-cart and drags bales of merchandise, together with the newspaper editor and the ex-magistrate. Red Moustaches picks up bits of broken crockery, bottles, and dirty shirts, for an old Jew, who, as a rag-merchant and a store-dealer, has already amassed a fortune! A new cotton shirt costs a dollar, and for washing it one must pay half a dollar. Everybody, therefore, wears his shirt as long as he can, and then throws it away. The Jew picks them up, washes them, and puts them up for sale again. And the same with the empty bottles, which one is in the habit of throwing out of the window. The gambling-houses buy back the bottles from the Jew. If I could not find a better employment, I should myself become a Jew,—that is to say, a rag-merchant. But I have lost the thread of my story.—The Brusseler knows a



great many people at San Francisco. He went about with me to seek some situation for you and for myself. I am accepted as a washer-up of dishes and plates in a refreshment-room, at five dollars a-day, in addition to my board, and lodging in a kind of kennel among the provisions; so I certainly shan't die of hunger. As to Mr. Creps, I have found something better for him,—assistant to a butcher . . .

'A butcher's boy!' exclaimed Jan. 'I would rather harness myself to a hand-cart, like the German banker!'

'But it seems that the butchers do a strange sort of business here. Before the door of one I saw a great, ugly, grey beast, with terrible teeth. I was thinking that perhaps bullocks had hair like that in California, but the Brusseler told me it was a bear. They eat bears' flesh here! I am not surprised now that the people are so wicked. You will not be a butcher's assistant then, Mr. Creps? But I have some other posts for you to choose from. There is a good place as assistant in a gambling-house, with eight dollars a-day. I know of another as cleaner of boots, washer of bottles, and lamp-lighter in an hotel, facing the harbour,—seven dollars a-day, without board and lodging.'

Creps shook his head impatiently.

'You oughtn't to be so particular, Mr. Jan,' remarked Donatus. 'You will find many of our first-class travelling companions employing themselves in more menial offices. Besides, seven dollars! What's to hinder you coming to sleep at the hotel here, till Mr. Roozeman gets better? Three out of seven dollars, and four remain.'

'You are right,' said Jan, suddenly. 'Well, I will be a boot-cleaner.'

'And have you found nothing for me?' asked Roozeman. 'You don't think that I am going to live on the profits of your labours!'

'I have got an easy and good place for you,' said Kwik; 'but probably you will laugh at it,—that of a shop-girl. I mean to say, a clerk at a fruiterer's!'

The two friends burst out laughing.

'It is serious,—quite serious,' resumed Kwik. 'There is a large tent where they sell oranges, lemons, figs, and other kinds of fruit. The proprietor wants some one who knows how to write French and English. He gives six dollars without board and lodging. At the request of the Brusseler, who has procured him many customers, he will keep the place vacant for five days. You will then be nearly well, Mr. Roozeman. This is, at any rate, a pleasant and honourable post.'

'I thank you, Donatus,' said Victor. 'I accept it with pleasure.'

'Cleaner of boots in a hotel!' said Jan, sneeringly.

'Plate-wiper in a dirty public-house!' murmured Donatus.

'Clerk at a fruiterer's! If my mother and Lucia only knew it!' said Victor.

'What does it matter?' said Kwik. 'As soon as we see the mines and are able to pick up gold in handfuls all this will be forgotten; and how many stories I shall have to tell to Anneken and my children!'

'Well, we won't be cast down,' said Creps. 'Our friend Roozeman is better and cheerful; that is the

chief matter. Perhaps the directors may come this very afternoon; however, I shall go presently to my hotel, where I am to begin my work as shoeblack. This afternoon, at two o'clock, I shall be washing plates and dishes—dabbling in greasy water, with bare arms.'

'If we had only breakfasted,' said Creps, 'I should then feel more courage.'

'I paid for breakfast before I went out this morning,' said Donatus.

'You are a marvel of foresight and kindly feeling!' said Jan, gaily slapping him on the shoulder. 'I thought you were playing us false, friend Kwik.'

'Possibly,' answered Donatus: 'but if Mr. Victor had not been ill, Donatus, probably, would not have remained awake all night to reflect on what he had best do. For Mr. Roozeman I would do anything.'

Roozeman took his hand and pressed it gratefully.

'Come, let's breakfast, then,' said Jan.

'Not till you have put on the belts and revolvers,' said Kwik. 'These weapons must not leave you for a moment now. The Brusseler told me so. In fact, you might even want them during your sleep. And what would be the good of them if you hadn't them ready at the moment of danger?'

'Not even to go to breakfast?' exclaimed Victor, who seemed to regard the arms with horror.

'Not even to go to breakfast,' said Donatus.

'Those villains of last night may still be at the table, and eager to pick a quarrel with us. But come along now, I would give a week's wages to fall in with that scamp who ran off with the tip of my ear!'

(To be continued.)



## BISHOP SELWYN AS AN ETON BOY.

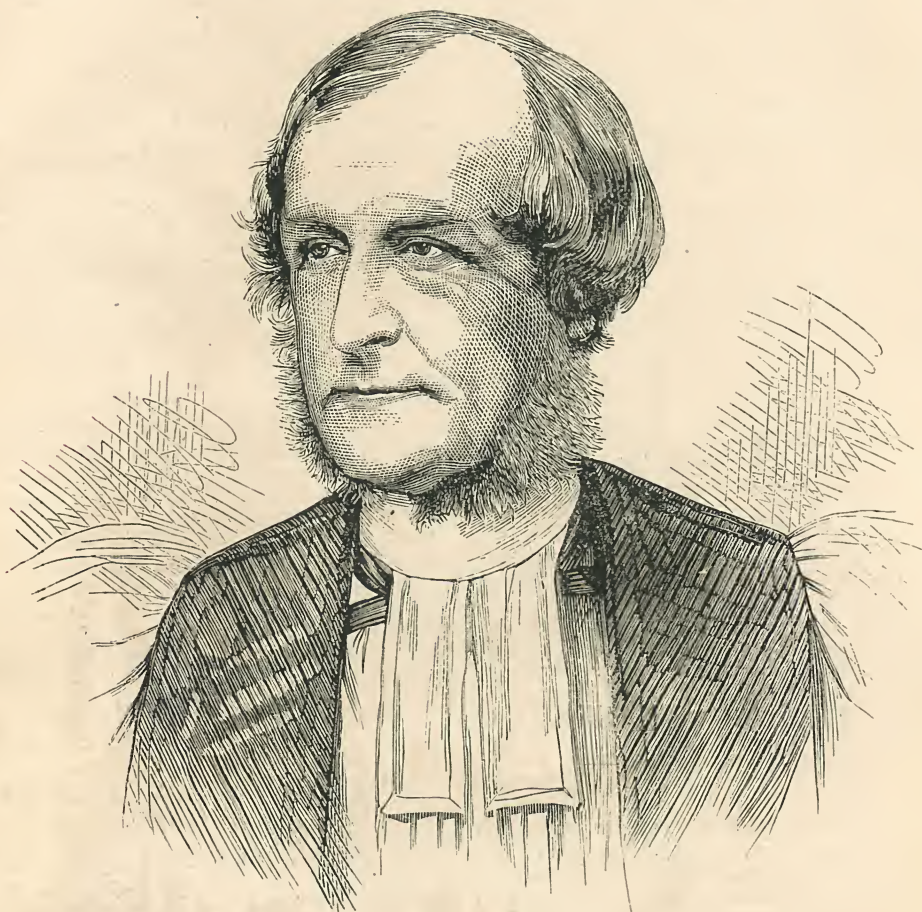
### GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN

was born at Hampstead on April 5, 1809. He was educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1841 he went out to New Zealand as the first Bishop, and for twenty-six years he bravely laboured there and founded a vigorous church. In 1867, by the express wish of the Queen, he became nineteenth Bishop of Lichfield, and at Lichfield he died on April 11, 1878, and all England's best sons mourned for him.

Bishop Abraham, who had been a close friend of Bishop Selwyn at Eton, in New Zealand, and at Lichfield, gives the following sketch of Bishop Selwyn as an Eton boy:—

The name of Selwyn has long been enrolled in the 'Eton Lists,' and long held in honour. The eldest brother of the late Bishop was the best sculler of his day at Eton, and the best scholar of his day at Cambridge. George Augustus, the second brother, was one of the best oars in 'the Boats' at Eton. Charles Jasper, the youngest, was 'the Umpire of the Thames' for many years. In the sporting newspapers the Bishop of New Zealand used to be spoken





Bishop Selwyn.

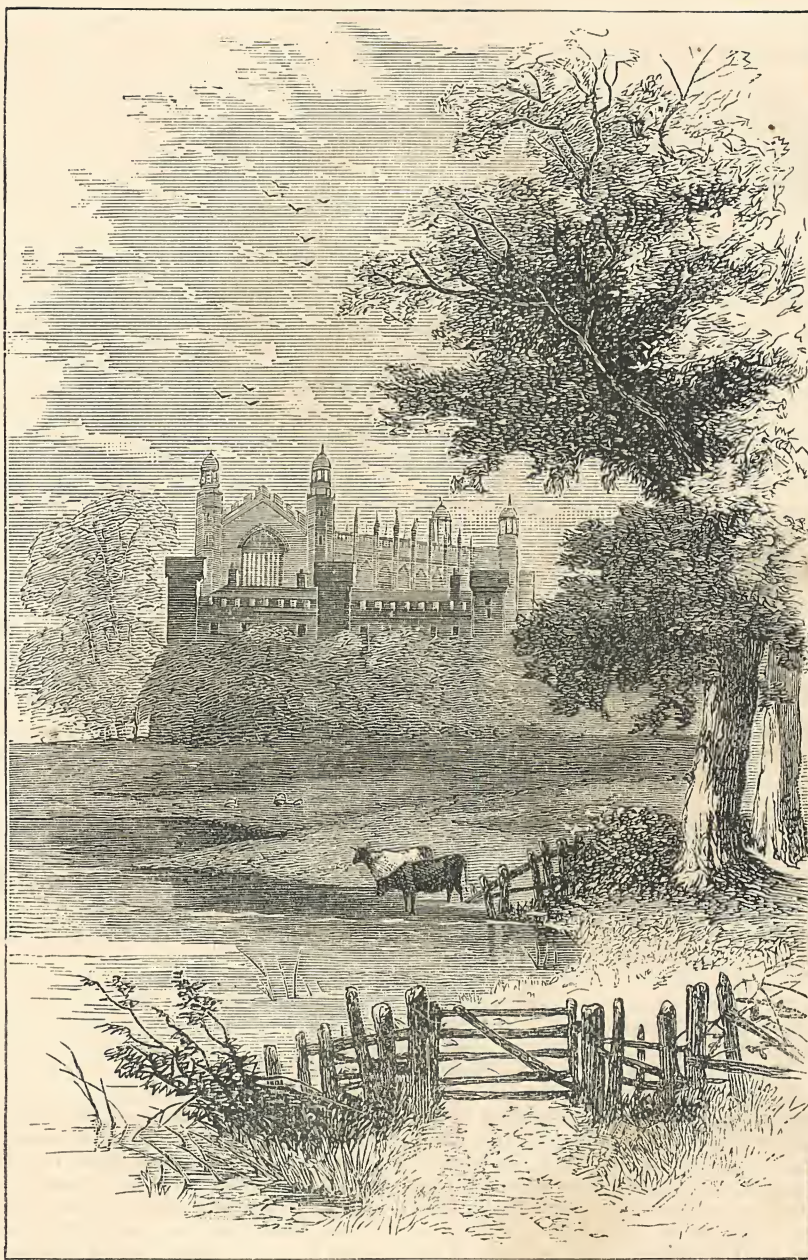
of with respect, but always as 'the brother of the Umpire of the Thames.' In the spring of 1869, when the two brothers attended the Queen's Levée together and Charles was presented at Court on becoming Lord Justice, the Queen audibly said to one of the Princesses, "He is a brother of the Bishop of Lichfield;" which George used afterwards humorously to quote against his brother, as being more than a set-off for the language of the sporting newspapers. Thomas Kynaston, the third brother, figures in the 'List' as the second Newcastle Scholar. He died young. The four brothers boarded at Stansmore's, *i. e.* at the Dame's house at the south end of the Long Walk.

George Selwyn was a model Etonian of our days—and why should I not say of all days? He knew Horace by heart, and to the last quoted him aptly, and would challenge an Eton boy to *act the 'Ibam fortè viâ Sacrâ'* with him. But George Selwyn was also a good oar as well as a fine scholar; and he was something more than a good oar, as the following story

will show:—'We belonged' (as the late Lord Derby said) 'to the pre-scientific period as regards athleticism as well as studies. Our boats were clumsy and the oars clumsier. In Selwyn's "long boat" there were seven oars not very good, and one superlatively bad.

'The boys used to run up town as hard as they could to Bob Tolladay's, and seize upon one of the seven moderately bad ones, and the last-comer got the "punt-pole." Of course he was sulky all the way up to Surly, and the other seven abused him for not pulling his own weight. Every one was out of temper. So George Selwyn determined always to come last. The other fellows chaffed him, but he used to laugh, and at last he said, "It's worth my while taking that bad oar. I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humour." This story really illustrates his whole after-life. He always took "the labouring oar" in everything, and he always "greased the rowlocks" in every work. He left Eton in the Upper Division and





Eton School, from the Thames.

went to St. John's College, Cambridge, and rowed in the first race against Oxford. Towards the end of his Undergraduate life he observed, on returning home, that his father and mother had put down their carriage. He asked the reason, and learned that the expense of maintaining two sons at Cambridge and two at Eton was beyond their means. From that day he determined to gain his own livelihood, and did so as a private tutor and a Fellow of St. John's.

'Put these facts together—viz. his taste for Horace

and his witty copy of "Sent-up" verses in the *Musæ Etonenses* on "Vivere raptō;" his reputation as a good oar and *something more*; and his heightened chivalry and morality;—see what he further did for Eton by establishing the Swimming-school: put all these together, and add that those who knew him as boy and man for fifty years and more never heard him say, or saw him do, aught unworthy of a Christian gentleman, and you will understand why I called him "a model Etonian."



## THREE FRIENDS.

*(Concluded from page 79.)*

S formerly on that evening when they said farewell, the two men now embraced each other in warmest affection; then the Colonel hastened away. He had scarcely reached his dwelling when he was ordered to appear before the Emperor, to give his report about the plot, and those implicated in it. Then he fulfilled the promise he had made to his friend. He implored the Emperor for the life and liberty of the accused. All which could move a Napoleon—all that friendship prompted him to say, he spoke in eloquent and convincing words, in order to save the friend of his youth. He told the Emperor how grateful the whole body of the clergy would be if he pardoned one of their number. He boasted of the great talents of the accused, who certainly would henceforth show his devotion and fidelity to the man who had given him his life. Lastly, he spoke of his own friendship with Baudus, and of the services which he had himself already rendered to his Emperor and his country. His words were often bold, very bold in that hour. But God blessed them, and moved the great ruler's heart, so that he listened to them kindly and favourably. Lavalette at last received what he had begged for, the pardon of his friend, who was also appointed chaplain to the German troops in the French army.

So both friends, intimately united, followed the victorious campaigns of the French Emperor. But at last Lavalette, severely wounded, had to give up military service, and received as a reward for his bravery the situation of Postmaster-General. Now Baudus also resigned his post, and through the influence of his friend succeeded in obtaining a situation as curate in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. In these new relations the old faithful friendship of both men was maintained. They frequently met together, and enjoyed warm, mutual intercourse. Bresson, who now lived in Munich, kept a constant correspondence with them.

Thus the lives of the three friends passed on without any particular events. The throne of the Emperor Napoleon fell at last before the united efforts of the allied armies, and he had to content himself with the little island of Elba instead of his former vast dominions. The fickle French people greeted with joy Louis XVIII., who ascended the throne of his father. With Napoleon, Lavalette fell also. He lost his situation as Postmaster-General and retired into the quiet of private life. But again a sudden turn of events occurred. The dethroned Emperor landed amid the rejoicings of his adherents, and indeed of the whole French people, on the southern coast of France, and once more took possession of the dominion which had been wrested from him. Lavalette was again named Postmaster-General, and once more enjoyed the confidence of his Emperor, as well as his influential position. But the star of Napoleon again was eclipsed on the blood-stained

field of Waterloo, and the once mighty arbiter of the world was forced to live and die in dreary exile on the lonely island of St. Helena. All his followers were zealously pursued and punished by the new government of France. Lavalette, too, was on the 17th July, 1815, a few days after the second entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris, arrested and thrown into prison, to await the sentence which would be pronounced against him for his devotion and fidelity to the dethroned Emperor. He was kept in the strictest and most solitary confinement. A priest alone was allowed admittance to his cell. Thus Baudus obtained permission daily to pass an hour with his friend.

After the old royal family had once more taken possession of the French throne, Bresson, too, had returned from his voluntary exile to his native land. He used all the influence and esteem which he possessed at court in order to mitigate the severity employed against the imprisoned Lavalette. But his zeal and his eloquence were all in vain. On the 20th November, 1815, his friend was condemned to death. But Bresson by no means gave up his cause for lost. He begged and obtained for the Countess Lavalette an audience of the king. The unhappy lady cast herself at the monarch's feet, and with streaming tears implored him for the pardon of her husband. Louis XVIII. was visibly touched by her tears and entreaties. But a glance at the cold and unsympathetic faces of his courtiers made him abandon his own inclination towards mercy and leniency. Without once looking at the poor lady, he silently and hurriedly left the room in which she had been kneeling before him. Thus, now, all seemed lost, for in the early hours of the next day Lavalette was to die. For him, then, there was no more hope of pardon—possibly, only safety through flight. His faithful wife had devised a plan for this, and his two friends joyfully declared themselves ready to give her any assistance in their power towards this good work.

The King had granted the Countess Lavalette permission to see her husband once more, and to take leave of him for ever in this world. Accompanied by her young daughter of fourteen and her governess, she had herself carried in a sedan-chair to the prison about six o'clock in the evening. The doors of the cell were at once opened before the royal order. It was, indeed, a painful meeting for the poor family, who had now been separated for four months. With warm affection, but in deep sadness, the Count and Countess embraced each other. Lavalette had begged permission of the gaoler to be allowed to pass these last few moments with his wife alone. With great willingness the good-natured gaoler granted this request. He remained with the prisoner's daughter and her governess in the outer room, while the Count and Countess retired into the sleeping apartment of the former.

A short time after the door of the prison opened. Three ladies appeared on its threshold, in company with the gaoler. In the middle walked the Countess, affectionately led and supported on either side by her daughter and the governess. She was deeply veiled, so that her face could not be seen. Moreover,



she kept her handkerchief close up to her eyes, and sobbed, weeping bitterly, and apparently quite overcome by the intensity of her sorrow.

The kind gaoler could not repress his tears at this sight. In the fulness of his heart he said to the unfortunate lady, 'May God comfort you, madam!' Then he went back into the house to see his prisoner, to express a few words of pity to him, and to show his kindly sympathy. When he entered, Count Lavalette was sitting before the table in his cell, and, immersed in painful emotion and bitter grief, had covered his face with both his hands.

'Compose yourself, sir,' said the old turnkey; 'sooner or later each of us must pass through the narrow gate of death. You have only erred out of love to your Emperor. Trust in God, and may He be a more merciful and gracious judge to you!'

Slowly did the prisoner raise his head. Then—What was it? The gaoler could not trust his terrified eyes when he recognised the features of the Countess Lavalette, who, smiling amid her tears, held out her hand to him, and whispered, 'You are right. I have only erred out of love. This is my guilt towards you also. I beg you show us a little leniency, and grant my husband a short time before you do your duty, and give information as to what has happened here.'

But the gaoler's good-nature had limits, and did not extend so far as that. He pushed away the Countess's hand angrily, and exclaimed, beside himself with rage, 'You have betrayed me! I am a lost man!' Then he rushed out of the prison at once to give information about the Count's flight, and to urge on the hasty pursuit of the fugitive.

The sedan-chair was soon overtaken and stopped. But when it was opened, only the young girl and her governess were discovered inside. But the Countess Lavalette, or rather the Count in his wife's clothes, had escaped. A few moments after he had entered the sedan-chair he had left it again and got into a carriage which was waiting for him in one of the squares of the city. Bresson opened the door and then sat down beside his friend. On the box sat Baudus, disguised as a coachman, driving skilfully and at his ease. All the investigations of the police were in vain. Lavalette remained concealed in Paris for about a fortnight. Then he escaped in the uniform of an English general which his friends had procured for him, and safely arrived in London. The man who had been imprisoned and sentenced to death was saved!

But what happened to the Countess Lavalette who had remained in the prison, and had in so clever a way effected the escape of her husband? The courtiers were perfectly enraged against the poor lady. Even the Chamber of Deputies were indignant at her successful cunning, and it would not have taken much to make them vote that the Countess should undergo the fate to which her escaped husband had been destined. But this time the kind disposition of the good-natured King triumphed over all revengeful opinions and insinuations. When Louis XVIII. heard of the escape of his prisoner, with all its strange circumstances, calmly and benevolently he uttered the noble words, 'The Countess Lavalette has only done her duty.' He

would not suffer that the affectionate Countess should be prosecuted or punished. A few days after the flight of her husband she was set at liberty by the King's command. Naturally she at once followed her husband to England. What a happy and overwhelming meeting that must have been which those so truly united hearts there enjoyed! But, alas! their joy was not of long duration. The violent agitation she had endured had undermined the health of the strong and heroic lady. Soon after she sank down upon a sick bed, and before a year had elapsed death carried her away, to the deep grief of her husband and her sorrowing daughter.

After Napoleon Bonaparte died, on 5th May, 1821, on the lonely little isle of St. Helena, on the distant ocean, many of his adherents, Lavalette among them, were pardoned by the French Government. The banished fugitive once more returned to his beloved country. But his strength and courage were broken by the heavy blows and painful losses which he had endured. He declined to serve the State, and lived henceforth entirely given up to the love of his daughter, to his favourite books, and to his two faithful friends, Bresson and Baudus. How often have the three friends in intimate converse talked over their paths of life, and rejoiced in their warm friendship and union together! They were able, indeed, to bear witness that they had kept till their old age that bond of fidelity which they had made in the spring of their lives. In the thirtieth year of this century all three died soon after each other. In the great cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris, rest not far from each other the mortal remains of the three friends who had lived so faithfully and firmly bound to each other. They had in their lives experienced the truth of the wise man's saying, 'A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity' (Prov. xvii. 17).

#### THE LETTER 'H.'

A WRITER, who thought that the people of Worcestershire were very weak in their way of pronouncing the letter H, wrote the following supposed petition of the injured letter, which led to the equally clever reply:—

#### 'THE LETTER "H." PETITION.

Whereas I have by you been driven  
From house, from home, from hope, from heaven,  
And placed by your most learned society  
In exile, anguish, and anxiety,  
And used without one just pretence  
With arrogance and insolence;  
I here demand full restitution,  
And beg you'll mend your elocution.'

#### ANSWER.

'Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate!  
From handcuff, horror, and from hate,  
From hell, from horsepond, and from halter,  
And consecrated you in altar,  
And placed you where you ne'er should be,  
In honour and in honesty;  
We deem your prayer a rude intrusion,  
And will not mend our elocution.'





The Countess imploring the King to pardon her husband.





Self-pleasing.



## SELF-PLEASING.

SAM! Sam! your mother's waiting  
To hear you say your prayers:  
How often must I tell you  
It's time to come upstairs?

You know your mother's poorly,  
Your father is not here,  
And so you please yourself, sir,  
Because there's none to fear.

You have a pat excuse, Sam—  
'It's only Jane,' you say;  
And shall a nursemaid's orders  
A boy like me obey?

'Twill do for such as Lucy  
To knuckle down to Jane;  
I've done it once too often,  
But never will again!'

I bring a mother's order,  
She speaks to you by me;  
Think, if I go without you,  
How sorry she will be!

Say what you will of me, Sam,  
Though I'm your loving Jane,  
But do not vex your mother,  
Now she is ill with pain.

The gentle word has triumphed—  
The chord of love resounds,  
And upstairs to his mother,  
Two steps at once, he bounds!

G. S. O.

## FLOATING ISLANDS.



ONE of the most curious things which strikes the traveller's eye in passing through Mexico is the great number of floating islands, or 'Chinampas' as they are called by the Indians. These islands are only found there and in some parts of China; they are exceedingly pretty and picturesque. Each Indian has his own garden, from which he earns his living;

they are covered with the most lovely flowers, which, when they arrive at perfection, are sold in the streets of Mexico and other towns.

The construction of these islands is very simple. The foundation is made of rushes crossed over each other, thus forming a sort of float; on this is laid plenty of good garden soil, in which is sprinkled the seeds which produce the pretty flowers. In spring, especially, these floating gardens are very lovely and refreshing to the sight, although from being so moist

they are, all the year round, green and blooming. It is interesting to see the manner in which they are from time to time moved from one place to another. This is done by attaching them with ropes to a large boat called a 'Piroque,' directed by Indian sailors; these piroques are sometimes large enough to contain fifty persons. AUNT EMILY.

## CHARACTER.

OVER the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grow a bloom and glory more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush, that overspreads its blushing face. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone for ever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman was ever arrayed in jewels—once shake it so that the beads fall off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blending in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.

So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has soiled and spotted his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose that purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be got rid of: they can only be *forgiven*.

## MONSTERS.

LONG ago, in those remote ages when men were ignorant of all parts of the earth except the spot they themselves inhabited, every unknown or desolate region was supposed to be haunted by monsters, which preyed upon the weaker creatures. Every gloomy forest and dark pool was a cause of terror to the simple people, as being the abode of some fearful animal. And as their greatest benefactors would be those who would destroy these savage enemies, the earliest traditions of the human race tell of the exploits of heroes who rid the world of monsters. Now it will be found that most of the creatures of fable had a real prototype in nature during the early geological periods. Lions and bulls, far exceeding in size those of the present day, roamed through the primeval forests, and might give rise to the stories about Hercules and Theseus slaying similar gigantic quadrupeds. Many of these great animals are now known to have existed after the earth had human in-



habitants; and as the first men had only rude weapons of bone or flint, they had little protection against such foes. In the same way the dragons of story have their representatives in the immense reptiles whose remains are frequently dug up in Europe; and even if none of these creatures lived when men were in the world, their skeletons might remain, and fanciful stories be woven about them.

Hercules, the most renowned of the slayers of monsters, was said to have once had a battle with a huge reptile which lurked amongst the reeds of a swamp at Lerna, in Greece. This creature was called the Hydra; but 'hydra' is merely Greek for 'water,' and might be applied to any animal living in that element. The fable says that it had numerous heads, and that Iolaus, the companion of Hercules, hunted it up with blazing firebrands, whilst the hero battered its heads to pieces with his club. Now we certainly know of no large reptile with more heads than one; but the Plesiosaurus, a monstrous animal that frequented the shallow waters of the ancient world, presents the nearest approach in nature to a water-dragon. It had a long neck like a serpent, great sharp teeth like those of a crocodile, the body of a quadruped, and was furnished with paddles which enabled it to swim about with ease. What a strange creature this must have been! Lying concealed amongst the weeds and sedges of the sea-shore, it could dart its long neck out and seize its prey in its powerful jaws. The skeleton of so extraordinary an animal might well be the origin of the legend of the Hydra, and the excited imagination of the rude people fancy it had any number of heads; for ignorance and fear exaggerate even the simplest things in nature.

A. R.



## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### II.

YOU see there are six little birds in this picture. The highest up is the Nightingale; the one sitting on the same spray lower down is our old friend 'the honest Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.' Then there are four standing close together on the ground; the one whose head is hiding the end of Cock Robin's tail is called a Whinchat, because he likes to live among whin or gorse bushes on commons. The fellow with the black face and white forehead, with his head almost under the Whinchat's beak, is a Redstart. The lowest of all is the Wheatear, and the one between him and the Whinchat, with a nearly black head and throat, is the Stonechat, so called from his note being so like the noise made by knocking a couple of stones together.

These four are very much like each other in their ways of living. They are all what are called soft-billed birds, and if you want to know the difference between a soft and a hard-billed bird, you have only to catch a Robin and a Sparrow, and first let the one

bite your finger and then the other, and you will find out at once. Soft-billed birds feed on worms and insects, the others on seeds, which their stout beaks enable them to crack with ease. Almost all our cage-birds belong to this latter class, as it is a difficult matter to find food which the tender beaks of the others can eat. In another respect these four are alike: they are all only found in England, at all events in any number, in summer, and they spend the winters in warmer lands than ours. In autumn you will generally see many Wheatears in the poulterers' shops in London. They come mostly from the South Downs, where the shepherds make a good deal of money by catching them. I have read of a kind-hearted poet, who was so sorry for the poor little birds, that whenever he found one in a trap on the Downs he would let it out and leave a penny for its ransom in its place.

The Robin, in fact, is the only bird in the picture which lives with us all the year round. Everybody loves him, and is pleased to see him come hopping up to the window to beg for a few crumbs when the ground is frozen so hard that there is not a worm to be had, and all the berries are gone. Robins sometimes build their nests in the oddest places. I have found one in the side of a quiet grave in the churchyard, and have read of their building close to the noisiest machinery. One story is told of a pair which built a nest inside the jaws of a dried shark in a birdstuffer's workshop. Sometimes they will find their way into a church, and a nest was once made on the great Bible, which, I am afraid, shows that the birds used it more than the clergyman. Mr. Jesse tells of a robin which used to haunt a church in Worcestershire, until the congregation became quite fond of hearing him mingling his soft notes with their own voices as they sang their hymns to the deep, solemn tones of the organ. At last he was missed, and a long time after a little skeleton was found in one of the organ pipes, and there could be no doubt that it was that of the gentle bird which for so long had been the pet of the parish.

I am sorry to say that Robins are too fond of fighting, and amusing stories are told of the scrapes they sometimes get themselves into by indulging in this bad habit. One pair were so wholly absorbed in the combat that they both tumbled into an old hat that happened to be lying on the ground, and were captured. In the following story, the duck which figures in it sets an example which all good boys and girls would do well to follow. Two robins were engaged in a battle-royal in the air; when completely exhausted they alighted panting on the ground, to recover a little before their next set-to. Just as the battle was beginning again, a peace-loving old duck waddled up, pushed them apart with her bill, and so ended the war. I could fill many pages with Robin stories, but I must stop, or I shall have no space to spare for the Nightingale.

What the Nightingale does with herself all the winter I do not know; some people say she goes to Northern Africa, but I never saw or heard her there, though I think I should have done one or the other if she had been there. But wherever she goes, she comes back about the middle of April, when her lovely song affords a charming treat to all who are





Hercules slaying the Hydra.





1. Nightingale.  
2. Redstart.

3. Wheatear.  
4. Robin.

5. Whinchat.  
6. Stonechat.

fortunate enough to hear it. Poor little bird! she has to pay dearly for her gift of singing. No sooner does she reveal her arrival by her liquid notes, than all kinds of baits and traps are set to catch her, although, from being a soft-billed bird, it is almost impossible to keep her any time in a cage. And now I will stop, and in stopping I will tell you what dear old Izaak Walton said about her, and I think his words are almost as sweet and musical as her song. He says: 'But the nightingale, another of my airy crea-

tures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'  
H. H.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 83.)*

## CHAP. XIV.—THE SAVAGES.



SOON after, Victor had taken his place at the fruiterer's counter; his wound was rapidly healing, and caused him very little trouble. Creps cleaned the boots, rinsed the bottles, and lighted the lamps. Donatus washed the cooking utensils and helped the cook of the refreshment-room in his large tent.

The three friends always met very late in the evening at a coffee-shop, where they passed an hour or two of their leisure time. Jan Creps always laughed very much at the post which Kwik had got for him. He appeared the least content of the three, and confessed that the blush of shame often rose to his brow when another servant flung a whole heap of dirty boots at him, and told him roughly to make haste and clean them. His only comfort was that his fellow-shoe-black was a Frenchman, who had driven in his carriage in Paris, and was really a very well-educated and honest man.

The three friends had money enough, not only to live very well, but to save a good many dollars.

The Brusseler often came to spend the evening with Creps and his friends, and they listened eagerly to all he had to say about the gold-fields. The pictures he drew of bandits, wild beasts, and especially of savage natives who scalped their victims, were by no means encouraging.

At the request of the Flemings, and especially of Donatus, Pardoes the Brusseler told of his conflict with the terrible savages, and in such thrilling words that Kwik listened with beating heart and bated breath.

Pardoes had first gone to the mines in the South. He had suffered unusual misery, and had little success there. Then he went to those in the North; there he found plenty of gold. He wouldn't have left them if the rainy season had not made the gold-seeker's labours impossible. He intended to return when the season was more advanced, and when he had made enough money; for he wasn't like his auditors, a shareholder in the Californian Company. He had to make his own living, therefore, and by hard labour earn the money necessary to return to the gold fields. The friends promised to help him as soon as the directors arrived, for they would have no other use for their savings.

Of all the stories and adventures which Pardoes had told them, that which made the greatest impression on Kwik was a narrative of a battle he had had with the Californian savages, and their cruel custom of scalping the heads of their vanquished enemies. Perhaps the loss of the end of his ear had something to do with this fear. He often referred to the story of the savages, and finished by putting a number of questions to the Brusseler.

'And these savages—have they really red skins?'  
'Of course; that is why they are called "Red men."'

'Yes; but red?—really red?'

'Deep red—almost brown.'

'And are they ugly?'

'Horrible!'

'And do they shoot with poisoned arrows?'

'They are said to dip their arrows in the juice of a poisonous herb.'

'And they really cut off the crowns of men's heads, with all the hair and skin on them? Oh! when I think of it I shudder to my very marrow.'

'Wait,' said Pardoes, 'I will show you how the savages scalp people; for that is the name which they apply to this friendly treatment. Remain quite quiet, Kwik, and lower your head.—There, this is how they do it!'

Thus saying, he seized Donatus' thick hair as if he would tear it out, and with his thumb-nail he traced a circle round the terrified young man's head. Then he cried, 'There, you have no longer any skin on the top of your head!'

Donatus, who feared that this was only true, raised an agonising cry, gazed vacantly round him, and trembling, looked at the Brusseler, who pretended to be hiding something behind his back.

A long peal of laughter arose, and Donatus himself shared in the general mirth after he had felt his head and assured himself that it was all fun.

## CHAPTER XV.—THE BANKRUPTCY.

ABOUT a week after the arrival of the *Jonas*, a great crowd rushed down to the port with eager demonstrations of joy. It consisted of the passengers of the *Jonas* and two other vessels which the Californian Company had sent to San Francisco. A three-master with a French flag had been signalled, and the report had spread that the directors of the Company had arrived at last, with the tools and everything necessary to conduct the shareholders to the diggings. When, after a long delay, a boat's crew landed in the harbour, a cry of despair and rage burst from the crowd: The Californian Company had failed, and no longer existed! All the money paid to it was lost, and the shares which the passengers held were not worth a halfpenny. Was it a gigantic swindle? or had the Company really been unfortunate? However that might be, the four or five hundred members of it at San Francisco must help themselves out of their difficulty the best way they could. Most of them had no money; many, who had been too lazy or too proud to work, had hitherto lived very miserably, and slept in the open air like a lot of beggars.

That evening the Antwerpens met the Brusseler again: they naturally talked of the bankruptcy of the Company, and of the new position in which the bad news had placed them.

'I think of making you a proposal,' said the Brusseler, 'if you have courage to accept it. Donatus is not a hero, I know, but he is strong, and inured to fatigue—a great advantage in the diggings. As to you, Creps, I have no doubt of your powers; but Roozeman, though robust enough, does not seem to



me cut out for life at the mines: he might get ill and become a burden to the others.'

'What are you saying?' exclaimed Kwik. 'Mr. Victor has more courage than all of us. If you had seen him at work you would alter your mind, I know. Still waters are deep, friend Pardoes.'

'Whether there is truth or not in what you say,' said Victor, somewhat hurt, to Pardoes, 'I mean to go to the mines, even had I to go alone, and were the dangers a hundred-fold greater than they really are. You seem to look upon me as weak both in mind and body. Can't a man have courage unless he swears and speaks coarsely?'

'Well, let that be,' replied the Brusseler, 'but I wish to do something for you: so listen to me. There are two roads to the mines: that to the south is shorter and easier, but there are more savages to be met with on it, which our friend Kwik, I am sure, won't relish; that to the north is longer and more arduous, but the diggings are richer and more difficult. What urges me to return thither is an important secret which I will now disclose to you. Three months ago I was washing gold on the banks of the Yuba river. I had to leave because the rainy season made work there impossible. On my return one of my companions happened to be a Swiss, who was ill, and wished to return to Europe. I rendered him every service on the way, and on one occasion I saved his life by receiving in my own arm a blow from a dagger which was dealt at him in a conflict with a band of highwaymen. My wound was severe; but the Swiss, who wore under his clothes a leather belt full of nuggets and gold-dust, was deeply grateful, and to reward me for my protection he told me that he had found his gold in a place hitherto unknown, where the nuggets were so abundant that they could be picked up with scarcely any labour. This spot is situated on very high ground near to Sierra Nevada. He described it so minutely that, knowing the country so well as I do, I can easily find it. Well, I propose to form a company among us, and to go together to these mines. Do you accept this proposal?'

'Yes! yes!' all cried with joy.

'Very well, then, I will look out for one or two strong companions—for we ought to be six to work there: two to dig the earth up, two to carry it to the river, and two to wash the gold.'

'Oh, Pardoes! let us start to-morrow!' cried Donatus.

'Not in such a hurry: the favourable season has not come yet, and we are not ready.'

'But why lose time?' said Victor. 'More than two hundred of the shareholders cheated by the Californian Company will start to-morrow, either to the north or to the south, most of whom don't possess five dollars: we shouldn't be worse off than they will be.'

'Let them go,' said the Brusseler, with a strange smile; 'they don't know what they are about. Many will never reach the diggings, and I shan't be surprised if we come upon their skeletons in our way to bear witness to their folly. You seem to think that one goes to the mines as easily as from Brussels to Antwerp. You will learn by experience. Even if the season were favourable and we were ready, I

should postpone our departure until these fellows without money, provisions, or necessary tools, were well out of our way.' Hunger and misery will turn many of these men into robbers and murderers, for here there is no law but violence, and the strong takes from the weak whatever he wants. So I shan't start this time till each of us has his gun. Revolvers are all very well for fights at the diggings, but on a journey one is oftener attacked by bullets from a distance, and guns are needed for defence. Many other things, too, I shall have to provide, as axes, hatchets, spades, dishes, plates, saucepans, blankets to sleep in, a sail to cover our tent, and many other things besides: all of which I must look sharp for chances of purchasing cheap.'

'But when shall we start, then?' grumbled Kwik, discontentedly.

'As soon as the weather is better and we have money enough to get what we need. You have not saved much yet, I think?'

'I have forty-eight dollars,' cried Kwik, striking his pocket.

'Yes! but Creps and Roozeman?' asked Pardoes.

'I have thirty.'

'And I twenty-eight,' they each replied.

'You are richer than I thought. But there is a means of adding to your dollars. Roozeman has a trunk, probably well furnished with fine shirts and other linen. Donatus has a bag, too. Give me the contents of both and I will sell them at a very high price. No one wears linen at the diggings, nothing but a blue or red flannel shirt, and one never changes one's clothes there: woollen material is good both against cold, damp, and heat. Well, it's getting late, and I am tired. Each of you had better give me ten dollars, that I may begin to make my purchases to-morrow.'

Jan and Victor gave him the money without a word. Donatus fumbled about in his pockets and boots, and could not find it, and said at last, 'I'm sorry, but I must have left my money in my shed. You shall have it to-morrow.'

'Ah! ah!' said the Brusseler, laughing, 'you are not quite sure of your man! you fear I shall run off with your dollars, don't you?'

'Everything is possible in California, you said yourself,' said Kwik, getting up quickly.

The Brusseler struck the peasant's pocket and the dollars were heard distinctly.

'Come! come! Yes, I have them, after all. Take them!'

'Now,' said Pardoes, 'we must save as much as possible, to be the sooner ready to start. Don't tell any one of our plans, or about anything which I have told you. If it was discovered that we were going to some unknown and rich diggings they would either go before us or follow us, and violently dispute our possession of the spot. There is every chance of our returning from the mines with a good load of gold. Good-bye, then, till to-morrow.'

That night our three heroes had pleasant dreams of the heaps of gold they were about to find, and of the rich and happy lives they would lead when, their toils and troubles over, they were once more comfortably settled in their native land.

(To be continued.)





The arrival of the French three-master.





"There! there!" replied Kwik; "a whole band of brigands!"



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 95.)*

## CHAP. XVI.—THE GOLD SEEKERS.



RATHER more than a month after this, six weary travellers were walking through a wide and solitary valley to the east of the Sacramento river. They carried heavy knapsacks, and were laden with provisions, axes, spades, blankets, &c.; one carried the sail which was to cover the tent, another the great saucepan to boil the water, and another the large trough or sieve in which the earth containing gold was to be washed. Each had a gun slung behind

him, as well as a revolver and a knife in his belt. They must have been several days on the road, for they were dirty and muddy from head to foot, and from their bent backs and staggering gait it was easy to guess that they had walked several leagues that day.

The place where we find them is the eastern extremity of the Sacramento valley. On their left extends a vast plain, on their right hills and mountains, whose summits were covered with cedars, cypresses, and pines. Some leagues behind these may be seen rising the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, covered with eternal snow and ice.

The travellers have reached a spot where they must leave the valley to ascend through a defile between two hills to the eastward. Now the sun is shining, and it is very hot; but it has been raining for several days, and the muddy and slippery ground increases the difficulties of the march. These men are no other than Pardoes, with his friends Creps, Roozeman, and Kwik, and two new comrades. The first, who keeps mostly at Pardoe's side, is an Ostender man, who had sailed nearly all round the world in an American ship; from which, however, he ran away at Callao, in order to seek for gold in California. This fellow is very much like a bear, coarse in language, with a narrow mind, and without any generous feeling. He is quarrelsome by nature, for he is always boasting of his skill in combats with the knife. He has lost the little finger of his left hand in one of these encounters. The Brusseler had chosen him, owing to his great bodily strength, which would enable him easily to bear the hard life at the mines, though he had no money. The second was a French gentleman of about forty, tall, thin, and with regular features, evidently a man of high birth; in his gait, manner, and expression of countenance, there was something which showed that he was well bred and well educated, and which contrasted strangely with the coarse and ignoble face of the Ostender. Still the Frenchman was not an interesting companion; he only spoke when he could not politely remain silent, and then his words were bitter. He might often be heard talking to himself, as if troubled by his thoughts or by an uneasy conscience, which caused Donatus to remark that he had a screw loose in his brain.

Pardoes had admitted the Frenchman to their company because he had offered him all the money he possessed to join them, and as this was enough to purchase the arms they still required, the Flemings had accepted his proposal with joy.

Victor was the only one who showed any sympathy for this gentleman; the Ostender was Pardoe's constant companion; Creps appeared to get on equally well with all, and so did Kwik, for although he carried the great trough on his back, as well as the heaviest burden, he often made the others laugh heartily by his comic and witty remarks.

As they ascended the valley, Pardoes, who always went first, looked round on all sides, as if he feared a hostile encounter, examining the ground too, and looking for the traces of footsteps; but the others paid no heed to him, as he had done it from the first day, and talked as if a new danger was to meet them at every step. Just at this moment the Frenchman slipped down on the wet ground, and seemed to bend more than ever under his burden.

'Well, well, Baron,' cried Donatus, in bad French, 'not good with that knapsack on the back? More good at Paris in the carriage; isn't it?'

But the Baron did not appear to have heard his remarks.

'It seems he can't understand my French,' murmured Donatus; 'these gentlemen can never forget what they have been!'

Slackening his steps, he went up to Victor, and said,—

'Mr. Roozeman, why won't you let me carry your hatchet and blanket? it will be pleasure to me if you will relieve yourself a little by the use of my back.'

'Nonsense, Donatus!' said Victor, with a smile; 'you are already laden like a mule. That great basket makes you look like a ship without a sail. I'm looking at you, because it will be my turn to carry the baskets to-morrow.'

'You won't have them.'

'No nonsense, Donatus! I am grateful for your kindness to me, but I must do as the others. It's useless, therefore, to speak of it. What makes Pardoes look so eagerly round on all sides?'

'Oh, nothing, I believe! What lies that Brusseler has told us since we started! With his long stories of highwaymen, bears, and savages, I never thought we should be alive for three days; yet all the time we haven't seen a living creature yet, except a hare now and then in the distance, or small stags with black tails. I tell you what it is, Mr. Roozeman, the Brusseler wants to increase his importance; he walks before us, leads us, commands us like a general, and boasts how needful he is to us. I wouldn't mind running about here alone for ten years. But look, what has Pardoes found?'

They approached him; he was gazing on the ground without moving, and said in a whisper,—

'Hush! danger threatens us!'

'Do you see any gold?' asked Donatus; 'for my part, I see nothing but grass and yellow flowers.'

'Hold your tongue!' said Pardoes; and making a sign for them to halt, he advanced a few steps, still crouching on the ground. Then, turning to his companions, he said,—



'Get your guns ready at all hazards.'

'Well, well! what is going to happen? I don't see a soul about anywhere. Those pine-trees, surely, can't be going to eat us!'

'None of your nonsense, Kwik; it's a serious matter. Don't you see, gentlemen, those footsteps on the grass before you, and on that damp place? After some experience in such matters, one is able to guess what sort of people have passed by here, and how many they were. Look, the impression is not so large as of our feet, and there is no trace of nails. Mexicans have passed by here. The front part of the foot is deeply marked more than the heel. They were running, then. Peaceable travellers don't run. They are then Salteadores, or highway robbers.'

'But, look,' said Victor, 'the footsteps are turned towards us. The fellows, then, must have passed behind us, and are going away.'

'Scarcely an hour has elapsed,' said Pardoes in a grave voice, 'since these foot-prints were made, and as I have not observed them before, the Salteadores have probably scrambled up somewhere among the hills; so hold your guns ready to fire, and as you walk, look to the right, to the left, behind, and before you; and, above all, keep silence.'

They walked for nearly half an hour without hearing a sound. The valley had opened out, but they were again about to enter a narrow defile.

'Let us rest a few minutes here,' said the Brusseler, halting. 'I entreat you, comrades, to keep a strict look-out, and to pay attention to the least noise. We have encountered no dangers hitherto, because I have taken care to avoid the usual gold-seekers' route, but now that has become impossible. In this valley the paths cross each other. If there are Salteadores or bushrangers about, we may fall in with them at any moment. Be always ready, then, to defend yourselves, especially when our road is commanded by hills or woods, as it is now, and will be for some time.'

They continued to advance, meeting nothing till they reached the end of the defile. Then Kwik suddenly jumped behind with a cry of terror.

'What is it? what do you see?' cried the others.

'There! there!' replied Kwik; 'a whole band of brigands!'

All halted and got their arms ready, for they saw before them, partly hidden by the foot of a hill, four men leaning against the trees, two of them holding long guns.

'Well, what shall we do?' said Creps; 'we can't remain here: they are only four, why be afraid?'

'Yes, but prudence is as needful as courage; they are perhaps more than we think: let us watch them for a moment. It is strange! they certainly have observed us; and, if I don't mistake, they are laughing.'

'Come, let us advance,' said Roozeman; 'retreat is impossible. If these men want to attack us, they can do so in any case.'

'Are you afraid, Pardoes?' asked Creps.

'No, no; but I am prudent. You don't know the country. But there is no other way. Forwards, then; but at the least hostile movement we must fire.'

They continued their road. When they passed by

the supposed brigands, about forty paces off, these did not stir, but remained leaning on their guns without saying a word, and only replied by a short grunt and a slight nod of the head to the 'Good morning' the Flemings addressed to them. Scarcely were they half a gun-shot off when Donatus exclaimed, with surprise,—

'I could scarcely believe my eyes! There was the Red Moustache of the *Jonas* among them!'

'You made a mistake, I am sure,' said Victor.

'Yes, there he was, flesh and bones, but without his thick whiskers, which he probably had cut off at San Francisco. He was one of those without guns. So this red-haired rogue has become a highwayman! I always said he deserved the rope.'

'They are not robbers,' said Victor, laughing; 'don't you see they are only men resting a little?'

'Not robbers?' replied the Brusseler, still looking behind him. 'One can easily perceive it is the first time you have travelled in California. If these men were going to the diggings they would be charged with tools, as we are; if they were returning, they would certainly carry provisions: besides, I can tell by their dress. You may believe what you like,' he continued, 'but they are robbers; and these strange-looking fellows are probably only a portion of the band. Rogues of their profession rarely attack travellers going to the diggings, because they have no gold then; but I conclude they are waiting on the look-out for gold-seekers returning from the mines. At all events, their presence here is a bad sign. Let us advance a little quicker, keeping a sharp look-out; for any tree, any bend in the hill, any cleft of a rock, may hide enemies, who may rush down upon us at the moment when we least expect it. Above all, keep silence: you, Donatus, pay attention to this. I must act like a commander in war time, and if you don't hold your tongue I shall punish you by making you do double night duty as sentinel. Forwards, then, and be on your guard!'

Silently, and with hasty steps, the travellers follow their guide.

(To be continued.)

## THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.



ABOUT two miles below the Great Falls of the Niagara a suspension-bridge crosses the river. It is 800 ft. long and 230 feet above the stream; it was constructed in 1852; the first wire was drawn across by a string, which had been carried over by a kite. That single wire was the core, on which there followed four cables, 10½ inches thick, and each containing 3864 wires, with a total length of over 4000 miles of wire and a weight of 800 tons, and calculated to be able to bear a weight of over 7000 tons.

The Great Western Railway passes over this bridge, and the heaviest trains only cause a deflection of from five to ten inches in the curve. Within sight of this bridge are the white and terrible





The Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara.

whirlpool rapids, where the waters of the great lakes are compressed into so narrow a gorge, and rush down with such fury, that the centre of the stream is thirty or forty feet higher than the sides.

In 1867 a brave pilot, named Robinson, shot these rapids in the steamer *Maid of the Mist*. The course of the steamer was said to be like the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight. The 'smoke-

stack' of the steamer was beaten down, and the vessel tossed like a leaf in the huge surges, but reached the calm water below Lewiston in safety. About a mile below the rapids there is the whirlpool, which is situated in a circular bed of the river, and bounded by cliffs 350 feet high. Logs and trunks of trees which are drawn into these pools whirl about in them for many days.





James Ferguson studying the position of the Stars.

### JAMES FERGUSON.

THE early history of this remarkable man is told by himself. He says:—

‘I was born in the year 1710, a few miles from Keith, a village in Banffshire, in Scotland. My parents were poor, religious, and honest, and it was while my father was teaching my eldest brother to read the Scotch Catechism that I learnt to read.

Some time after he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself. He afterwards taught me to write, which, with about three months at the Grammar-school at Keith, was all the education I ever had.

‘My taste for mechanics arose from an odd accident. When I was about seven or eight years old, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, wishing to mend it, applied a prop and lever to



an upright spar to raise it to its former situation, and to my astonishment I saw him lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight. . . . I then began making levers, and by applying weights to them in different ways, I found the power gained by my lever was just in proportion to the lengths of the different parts of the lever on either side of the prop.

'On this I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height by tying a rope to the weight, and winding it round the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick. I then wrote a short account of these machines, and from that time my mind had a constant tendency to improve in that science. I then went to serve a farmer in the neighbourhood. I found him very kind and indulgent. At night, when my work was done, I went into a field, lay down, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads according to their respective positions, having a candle by me.'

Some time after this Ferguson went as an assistant to a miller, who treated him badly; and he says,—

'In order to amuse myself in this low state I made wooden clocks. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle.'

Shortly after this time he was taken notice of by Sir James Dunbar, of Durn, who got him to clean his clocks; and seeing many pictures and prints in Sir James's house he began to copy them, and by-and-by he set up as a portrait-painter.

Yet portrait-painting was not his true vocation, and he tried the study of medicine, but at length, after twenty-six years, he returned to the study of astronomy, regretting that he had neglected it so long.

In the year 1747 he published his first work, a *Dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon*. In the year 1763 he was elected a member of the Royal Society. Several of his works were translated into the French, German, and Swedish languages. George III. took great pleasure in conversing with Ferguson on scientific subjects, distinguished him by numerous acts of favour, and gave him from his privy purse a pension of 50*l.* a-year. He died on the 16th of November, 1776, in the 66th year of his age.

### THE 'SONG OF SIXPENCE.'

MR. TYLER thus applies to this nursery rhyme the way in which myths, or old-world stories, are explained. The four-and-twenty blackbirds, he supposes, are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie which holds them is the underlying earth, covered with the overarching sky. How true a touch of nature it is, when the day breaks the birds begin to sing! The king is the *Sun*, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, like showers of gold. The queen is the *Moon*, and the transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun (her master) and hangs out the clouds (his clothes) across the sky. The blackbird who ends the tale in so tragic a way by snipping off her nose is the hour of sunset.—*Primitive Culture*.

### THE PICTURE SALE.

Translated from the French.



AVID TENIERS, a native of Antwerp, had already made himself known by a large number of pictures, in which nature and variety of details vied with vividness of colouring. But in spite of his talent his finances were not always in a good condition, and more than once he experienced those annoy-

ances which the absence of a metal (dear to all men, and necessary even to genius) causes. Many children grew up around him, whose merry round faces resembled those of the children whom their father's pencil has so often represented in his pictures, but it was necessary to feed and clothe this charming family. Madame Teniers, though an excellent woman in all other respects, always spent a little more than her husband earned; and Teniers himself was not gifted with that spirit of order and economy which, though not making great artists, yet makes good homes. At the beginning of a winter which threatened to be severe this celebrated painter found himself more pressed than ever, and he began to be unable to supply the necessities of life. It was needful to take some step. Teniers collected all the pictures he had painted in the last few months and arranged them in his studio, taking care to place them in the most favourable light. Then he announced in the city of Antwerp that he was going to have a general sale of all his works. A great many curious people came, who examined everything carefully, without having the least intention of buying anything. The picture-dealers, who saw in the painter's poverty a chance for making a good bargain, tried to lower the prices by the bitterest criticisms.

'What!' said one of them, 'is this all? Was it indeed worth while to make us come for such a collection? I will give you a hundred pistoles for the collection.'

'I would not sell it for a thousand,' cried Teniers.

'You seem to think yourself a genius of the first order, but there are hundreds of painters like you in Belgium.'

'What shall we do,' said another, in a still more ironical manner, 'with all these grotesque pictures, which seem every one to be cast in the same mould? In the first place they are no longer wanted in France, since the king treated you so scornfully; and, as you are aware, there is not a courtier who hangs up a Teniers even in his ante-room.'

'That is possible,' said the painter, trying to hide his vexation; 'but Germany, England, and our own country, still remain for us.'

'Why,' asked the dealer, 'why do you cultivate such a style?'

'Because it is the only one in which I can succeed.'

'Well and good; but why not put a little more dignity into your personages? for example, in this Flemish festival before us, look at that cipsy peasant who is trying to dance. Is it possible to have a more



awkward, heavy appearance? It is too vulgar—too true to nature. One would think one really saw him, and that is not like a picture.'

'I thought that truth and nature were what an artist ought to copy.'

'No, no; you must have the ideal in art.'

'I should be of your opinion if I had to paint gods or heroes, or a church picture: I should then be a poet, but here I am an historian. I paint what I see. Pray is the ideal in place in a public-house scene? Ah! credit me, gentlemen, if time does not efface my colours, and if posterity takes a little notice of me, it will say, "He was natural and true;" and this praise will be well worth any other.'

'Posterity may say what it likes,' sharply replied the dealer, 'but I offer you once more a hundred pistoles for the collection.'

'I would rather burn them, or sell them for nothing.' Thus saying, Teniers dismissed the company and declared that the sale should not take place.

Madame Teniers was in despair.

'What is to be done?' she said to her husband; 'what resource is left for us now? You ought to have sold them for a hundred pistoles.'

'No,' answered he; 'it is madness for a painter to sell his pictures in his lifetime.'

'Well, what is your plan?'

'To let myself die.'

'Oh! what are you saying?'

'Or, at least, to let myself pass for dead.'

'But how will you make it be believed that you are dead, when you are not even ill?'

'Do not be uneasy: you will only have to put on mourning, and make our children wear the same.'

The painter secretly left Antwerp, and soon caused the report of his death to be spread by some friends. His wife put on widow's weeds; the little children allowed themselves to be dressed in black, without understanding anything about it; and the sale of the deceased Teniers' pictures was pompously announced. The public came this time in even greater numbers than to the first sale. Nothing was heard on all sides but expressions of admiration and regret. The picture-dealers themselves had become sensible.

'Ah!' cried one of them, perhaps he who before had criticised the collection in order to have it for a hundred pistoles, 'how natural! what variety in all these groups! Look at these women, these children, these old men; how life-like all of it is! You can see them laughing, drinking, dancing, and really you would almost believe you heard them singing. Ah, what talent!'

'Such pictures will no longer be painted,' said another. 'Teniers has carried the secret to his grave.' And they all disputed amongst themselves for the eight or ten pictures which remained.

'Even if we were to give as much as would cover them with gold, we are sure not to lose on them. In England, Germany, and even in France, we shall sell them for what we like.'

Pictures only just begun, mere sketches even, bearing the signs of the master's hand, rose to a very high price. It was a matter of dispute who should empty his purse in order to have a remembrance of Teniers. There was not a thing left unsold. An old book even, containing a collection of noses and ears

done by Teniers at five years old, was bought by an amateur for a hundred crowns. When the sale was ended so much money had been made that Madame Teniers was inclined to reproach herself for her husband's trick.

The latter soon came to receive his inheritance. Many persons found his not being dead very annoying. It was even said that certain purchasers, who had really some right to be angry, declared they had been swindled, and talked of claiming compensation. But as Teniers was much liked in the town, and as several of the pictures, although sold for high prices, had not fetched more than they were worth, the disturbance was quieted. The claims for compensation were not followed up, and the poor deceased man enjoyed the fruits of his stratagem for the rest of his life.

CARLO VITI.



### MUD-LARKS.

MUD-LARKS is the name given to the poor folk who wade through the mud and shallow water which the Thames leaves as the tide runs out, and who search for copper nails, bits of iron, or rope washed from the ships repairing at the docks, or for bones, scraps of coal, chips of wood, corks, or other refuse thrown from the ships passing up and down the river. The mud-larks in the picture are young; but there are poor old men and women, who are forced to follow the same hard way of getting a scanty living.

Mr. Mayhew once collected about a dozen poor little mud-larks at one of the stairs leading down to the river. He found that not one of them was over twelve years of age, and several of them were only six. Some carried baskets with the produce of their morning's work; others old tin kettles; others had only got an old hat, into which they had put the bits of coal, the bones, and other trifles. Some more needy still had taken the caps from their own heads, and filled them with what they happened to find. The muddy slush was dripping from their rags, and formed a puddle where they stood. There did not appear to be as much cotton stuff amongst the whole group as would have made one shirt if it had been stitched together. There were the remnants of one or two jackets among them, but so begrimed and tattered that it would have been hard to say what was the original material and shape of the garment.

These poor children sell the coals and wood to the poor people who live near the river. They are more fortunate when they find a bit of iron, or the copper nails, which are used so much in ship-building: and these they sell at the 'marine-store shops,' or the rag-and-bone shops. It is a great piece of luck to find a saw or hammer which has fallen overboard; and this they will give to some seaman in exchange for biscuit and meat. The mud-larks suffer terribly in winter, and may be seen going to the hot streams that come from some of the river-side works to warm their half-frozen feet. Most of these mud-larks are orphans, or, if they have parents, they are so unkind to them that they would be better off if they had none.





Mudlarks.





Charlie's Mask.



## CHARLIE'S MASK.



**M**ITTLE Charlie had a mask given him at Christmas time, which delighted him greatly, and when he had done what he called 'frightening' mother, and father, and servants with it, a new game was invented for it. This game was to dress up different members of the household, hide the face in the mask, and then make the rest guess who the muffled-up creature was.

'Cousin Jack!' was the first shriek. 'I see his moustache through the mouth-hole!'

Then came 'Alice!' by the way she winks her eyes.'

Afterwards, 'Nurse Susan! I can hear her puffing under the mask!'

Then again 'Charlie! I see one of his curls poking behind the mask.'

And so it went on. Muffle the people how you would, something in dress or action betrayed each.

At last Charlie shouted out in disgust, 'It's no use pretending, if we're always found out!' And everyone thought the same. As for myself, I went on thinking, and these were my thoughts:—

It is no use pretending to be very industrious in school just when the master comes round, when one is sure to be found out by imperfect lessons and sums full of mistakes by-and-by. It is no use pretending to be generous, and giving away toys we are tired of to our companions, woolly pears and damaged apples, when they know we would not part with them if they were not useless and disagreeable to us. It is no use being kind and gentle to smaller people than ourselves before strangers, if a howl before the door is shut betrays that we have already begun to tease the children. It is no use sitting very still at prayers, and putting on a grave face in the sermon, if, directly it is over, we go out and show our old selves by being rude, unkind, violent, or ill-tempered. Bits of our real selves will peep out, however well the mask is fitted, however thick is the cloak of disguise. When we wish to seem a thing, then let us *be* it. We like people to think us generous, courageous, kind, industrious, and clever, but do not let us be content with putting on the mask of these good qualities, which will only deceive the world for a time. Let us try rather to become what we claim to be, and since beginnings are often small, try to be faithful in the absence of the schoolmaster as well as in his presence, to be lavish of our good things as well as of those we don't care for, to treat the little ones kindly in private as well as in public, and to fulfil in our lives those loving commands of God, to which we listen so seriously in church.

'Hypocrite' is an ugly name, which some people are called even in the Holy Bible, and 'hypocrite' in Greek meant no more than a man who wore a mask, as actors in the open-air Greek theatres always did. 'Hypocrite' now has a very ugly meaning. It means any one who pretends to be good when they are bad, who hide their real characters under a mask.

And now I must stop short, for fear the readers of *Chatterbox* should say, 'Here is a regular sermon out of little Charlie's mask!'

H. A. F.

WHY A FLY IS ABLE TO WALK  
ON THE CEILING.

**I** HAVE no doubt that when you have been at the sea-side you have noticed the limpets which stick so hard to the rocks. There they stick, however the waves may beat against them: and they stick hard, too, harder than the strongest cement could fasten them. Have you ever tried to pull one of these limpets from its place? If you have not, I can tell you that you or I might pull and pull away without moving it a quarter of an inch. Now, the same power which enables the limpet to hold on so firmly to the rock enables the fly, by means of those little hairs, to trot about upside down; for in principle the swelled-out ends of the hairs act in precisely the same manner as the body of the limpet. With a little trouble we can make, out of simple materials, a very good imitation of one of these hairs sufficiently large to see how they act. First, we must get a bit of the kind of leather that is used for the soles of boots. It must be about the size of a crown-piece, and also of the same shape. We must then fasten to it a yard of string by means of a hole pricked in the middle of the leather, a knot at the end of the string preventing it from coming through. This knot should be so hammered against the hole that no air can get through the opening, or our experiment will fail. Now with this simple contrivance we shall, if we have made it properly, be able to lift stones of several pounds weight. But before we try and do so we must take care that the leather at the end of the string has been soaked some hours in water, to make it soft and pliable. We will now take hold of the free end of the string, and drop the leather upon the stone we wish to raise. On gently pulling the string we shall find that the leather has taken such a firm *sucking* hold upon the stone that we can carry it from place to place; we shall also find that it requires some force to separate them. The reason why the leather 'sucker,' as it is called, acts in this way, is because when we pull the string we raise up the centre of the leather, and make a little tent-shaped hollow space there between the sucker and the stone. The air cannot get into the little chamber thus formed, for the soft wet leather fits closely to the stone all round it. But the air tries with might and main to force its way in, and it presses so closely upon the sucker that it actually sticks it all the firmer to the stone. The force which is exerted upon the sucker is called 'atmospheric pressure,' and is exactly the same power which keeps the limpet on the rock and keeps the fly's foot on the ceiling.


## POLISH WORKMEN.

**I**N Poland workmen and day-labourers keep account of days due to them in a curious fashion. Each man receives daily a round piece of copper, about the size of a halfpenny, stamped with the armorial bearings of his employer. At the week's end, or on the completion of his work, these copper pieces are returned to their owner and carefully counted, after which the labourer receives his hire according to their number.

H. A. F.



**BOTH SIDES; OR, BE CONTENT.**

 **MAN** in his carriage was riding along,  
A gaily-dressed wife by his side;  
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And said, as he worked with a saw on a log,  
'I wish I was rich and could ride.'

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
'One thing would I give if I could—  
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health  
Of the strong man who's sawing the wood.'


A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said in a whisper, 'I wish from my heart  
Those satins and laces were mine.'

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, 'I'd give up my position and wealth,  
Her beauty and health to possess.'

Thus it is in the world: whatever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

**HOW SAM GOT TO SEA.**

 **T** was not the fashion in Grimm's Alley to work, and Sam Hall got very much laughed at by his street play-fellows when a kind lady set him up with a blacking-brush and box, and put him in the way of earning money. 'Here, black my boots,' said Clinky the crossing-sweeper, offering a red-and-blue foot without stocking or shoe.

'Spouse you mean to make your fortune and turn out Lord Mayor of London!' shouted Bully Brown, another acquaintance. 'Give me a seat in the coach, please, come November next!'

When the boys found out that chaffing did not move Sam they took to spattering him with mud that was harder to bear.

Still Sam did bear it, and stood firm, pocketing pennies and twopences every now and then, which helped to keep up his spirits. The lady had told him he must pay her fourpence every evening for the use of the box and brushes, the rest he might keep.

Now Sam had two great wishes—one was to go to sea, the other was to visit his sister Sally, living with her aunt in Liverpool. Boot-blackening might help him to the last; but it seemed very far from bringing him any nearer to the first.

Grimm's Alley only laughed when he talked of either; but since the lady's coming to visit them he had hopes of making money to pay his fare to Liverpool, if Mrs. Jim, with whom he lodged, did not take it from him.

So he blacked away merrily, after work carrying his fourpence to the lady, and spending a halfpenny of his own now and then on hot chestnuts, to quiet Clinky and the Bully.

He was just laying by the threepence he had cleared that day in his own corner of Mrs. Jim's stuffy little room, when she asked him roughly to pay her for his bed and board: now he could earn something, she was not going to keep him while he laid by money like a gentleman.

Here was a downfall! Liverpool and Sally could never be reached now. It was all the harder, too, that Sam knew that Mrs. Jim had seized all his mother's little property when she died in that room two years ago, and had since treated Sam as an unwelcome child of the house.

But the nine-year old boy had higher hopes than to grow up a Grimm's Alley rough, and now the lady had come he seemed to see the way. His first thought on finding his money taken from him was to give all up in despair, to take the box back to the lady, and then run clean away.

Next morning, however, saw him more hopeful: he had thought of a plan. He would ask the lady to keep sixpence instead of fourpence, hoarding up the extra twopence daily for him. Mrs. Jim might have the rest.

And that plan prospered: very slowly a little fund was growing to pay that railway fare.

Sam was beginning to feel quite happy, when Mrs. Jim one morning read out of her penny paper that there had been an accident to a school in Liverpool; that the roof had fallen in and injured several of the children, whose names were given, and one of them was Sarah Hall.

'That will be your Sally,' she said to Sam.

His sister was badly hurt—he must get to her! that was Sam's first thought. What could he do? He had only three shillings and ninepence in his fund; that was not enough to pay third-class fare from London to Liverpool.

Next day he consulted the lady, and she promised to write for news of Sally; and meantime he must go to his work as usual.

It was a muddy day and a capital one for the shoe-blacks, and Sam was very busy all the forenoon with the city gentlemen, who were all in such a hurry. At twelve o'clock Sam counted his money, and could not believe his eyes when he turned out of his pocket among the coppers a golden sovereign! It must have been given him in mistake between two coppers, perhaps. But from whom had it come? Sam ran over his customers in his mind. This one had only given him a penny; that one owned too poor a coat to carry sovereigns loose in his pocket: it must have been that jolly-looking sea-captain, who had dived so carelessly into his pocket and pitched to him several loose coppers. Yes, the more he thought of it, the more he was sure he must be the owner of the sovereign.

Sam must try and find him. Where did he go?





"Be so kind as to black my boots."

Over the crossing, and into that merchant's office opposite. Sam left his box and went over to the office, and, strange to say, as he stood timidly at the door, fearing to venture in, who should come out but the very gentleman he wished to see.

The Captain carried his money loose in his pocket, and having plenty he could not say whether he had lost a sovereign or not.

Then he said to Sam, 'You're an honest little chap

and ought to be a sailor. Would you like to go to sea with me?'

'Oh, sir!' he said; 'it's what I've wanted all my life: but I must see Sally first.'

Now I have got so far with my story, I must leave you to guess the rest, only saying that Sam by his honesty had really made a good friend, who helped him both to visit Sally (who was quite well again), and to become a real blue-jacketed sailor-boy.

H. A. F.





### NAPOLÉON AND THE YOUNG SAILOR.

**Y**EAR the story of a sailor boy who lived in  
 olden time,  
 How he did in his simplicity a deed that was  
 sublime:  
 He was taken by the Frenchmen, and in prison close  
 confined:  
 But the thought of his good mother's love it never  
 left his mind.

In the heart of France his dungeon stood, far from  
 the English sea,  
 'I were nearer home upon the coast; I'll be there  
 soon,' quoth he.  
 He escaped his cruel gaoler's hands, and hasted to the  
 shore;  
 But the waters they lay broad and deep, and none to  
 waft him o'er.



Then he sees the white-winged vessels, they are  
glancing in the light;  
Those are English men who man them, and his heart  
leaps at the sight.  
Oh! the rudest raft and frailest! what a blessing  
were it now!  
He will shape one from the branching trees; his love  
will show him how.

So he fashions him a tiny craft of bark and boughs  
of trees.  
Will he venture on so frail a thing to tempt the  
lightest breeze?  
See him thrust it through the angry surf! a fearless  
lad is he:  
But the wondering Frenchmen hold him fast ere he  
can reach the sea.

Then they bring him to the presence of the lord of  
all the land.  
'Why so venturesome, young Englishman I cannot  
understand!  
Would you see some loved young comrade, some  
maiden in her bloom?'  
'I would see my poor old mother, Sire; she hastens  
to her tomb.'

'You shall see her—you shall see her, for a loving  
son are you,'  
Said the chief of all the Frenchmen; 'you shall join  
an English crew.'  
Then he gave him clothes, he gave him gold, he gave  
him free release;  
And he passed him to an English ship beneath a flag  
of peace.

And so long as our young Englishmen but love their  
mothers so,  
Though the world should strike at England, England  
need not fear the blow;  
For the loving heart is noble, and the loving heart is  
strong;  
And the men who hold their mothers dear shall  
shield us from all wrong.

And for you, ye wandering English lads, wherever ye  
may roam,  
Look across the stormy waters to the sunny isle of  
Home;  
To the fixed and sunny isle of Home in trouble turn  
and pray;  
'Tis a beacon bright in thickest night, to chase despair  
away.

*Home Book for Children.*

## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 99.)

### CHAPTER XVII.—THE BUSHRANGERS.

**A**T an hour before nightfall the Flemish gold-seekers  
were still marching onwards; but their backs  
were more bent, and they seemed almost wearied out.  
They had had a hard day, and longed to pitch their  
tent and rest till to-morrow. But Pardoes had re-  
fused to grant the general wish of his companions,

for their route was too much overlooked by hills and  
rocks, from which they might easily be attacked  
unawares.

They had reached a vast plain; here they had an  
extensive view on all sides except to the left, where  
bushes and fir-trees stood. A clear brook ran through  
the midst. It seemed a good spot to encamp for the  
night and to prepare their supper. Pardoes was the  
only one who had any fear of danger.

The knapsacks were taken off, and while Creps  
and the Baron remained to guard the provisions and  
tools, the others went to collect firewood.

The latter soon returned, and in a short time the  
tent was erected, and Donatus, whose turn it was to  
cook, had kindled a fire, over which hung a saucepan  
full of water.

While Donatus was busy over the fire, the others  
were stretched on the ground under the sail, each  
wrapped in a blanket with his knapsack as a pillow.  
The Brusseler and the sailor were smoking their pipes,  
the Frenchman seemed asleep, Jan and Victor were  
watching Donatus, and laughing at his awkward  
movements as he made coffee and fried bacon.

Night was coming on, and the horizon had already  
disappeared in the twilight. When the smell of the  
bacon rose to Donatus' nostrils his mouth watered,  
and he began to sing a Flemish song with no little  
glee.

Then raising a tin plate in the air, he showed the  
rasher to those who were lying under the tent,  
exclaiming,—

Look, gentlemen! I came from the land of  
dainties! Who could make me so brown, so fat,  
so—

But a pistol-shot was heard a few steps from the  
tent; a bullet pierced the tin plate in Donatus' hand,  
and he, raising a loud cry, let the bacon fall into the  
fire.

The others sprang up, their weapons in their hands,  
hastening out of the tent to defend themselves against  
the attack which the pistol-shot had announced.

'Yonder! yonder!' cried the sailor; 'between the  
trees! a man running away!'

'Stay here, Donatus, your gun in your hands and  
ready cocked,' said the Brusseler, as, followed by the  
others, he ran towards the wood, to keep the fugitive  
within gunshot if possible.

Kwik, completely stupefied, stood before the fire,  
his gun in his hand. His head turned, and he grumbled  
angrily between his teeth,—

'A fine feast, truly! Oh if I were only at Natten-  
Haesdonck!'

Suddenly he began to tremble all over; he seemed  
to see right before him, in the twilight, some men  
approaching him, bending down among the thick wild  
mustard plants. Soon there was no doubt about it,  
one of his foes now stood erect. Donatus levelled his  
gun, and raising his eyes to Heaven said, 'O God!  
pardon me: it is not my fault.' After this short  
prayer he fired; a piercing cry was heard, and the  
man fell backwards.

The other robbers rushed forward to attack Dona-  
tus, but he fired so sharply upon them with his  
revolver that they seemed to hesitate.

At this moment, two or three shots were heard  
from among the trees, and several bullets whistled



through the air over the heads of the surprised bush-rangers. They, seeing that their attack had failed, and that they had to contend with superior forces, fled hastily through the tall grass, and disappeared among the brushwood.

It was Donatus' comrades, who had hastened up when they heard him fire, and by their timely appearance had driven away the robbers.

'My poor Kwik, are you wounded?' asked Victor, as he saw the peasant's sad and dejected air.

'No, Mr. Roozeman,' sighed Donatus: 'worse than that! I have killed a man, alas! one of God's creatures like myself. That will weigh upon my conscience like a block of lead.'

'What! killed a man? Where?' asked Pardoes.

'He fell down yonder, about fifty paces off, in the midst of that tall grass.'

'Well, take us there; we shall see whether you haven't been dreaming.'

Arrived at the spot they found that some one had really fallen there, for the moisture on the ground was likely enough to be blood.

The Brusseler ran to the tent, returning with a lighted pine-brand, which, flaring, showed the blood on the ground.

'Follow the tracks with me,' said he; 'but keep a good look-out on all sides, and hold your guns ready. See; there were three, and two supported a wounded man. The blood has dropped all along by their footsteps; the fellow was probably wounded in the arm.'

'The poor man isn't dead, then?' asked Kwik, with great joy.

'No; for he was able to run.'

'Thank God!' said Donatus.

'It is useless to go any further,' said the Brusseler, turning round; 'the rascals have fled into the wood with their wounded companion, and they are probably already a long way off; so come, and let us return to our tent. Tell me, Kwik, had these robbers guns?'

'Two of them had, and each of them fired at me. A bullet grazed my hair.'

'Plainly enough they were four, then,' said Pardoes; 'two only had guns. They are the same men that we saw this afternoon under the trees. They followed our footsteps at a distance that they might surprise us in our tent.'

'They must be bold fellows,' remarked Creps; 'they knew that both as to numbers and arms we were stronger than they, and yet they were not afraid to attack us.'

'Yes; but you don't know their cunning tricks,' said the Brusseler, 'and I was stupid enough to be caught when I ought to have been up to them. The man who fired the pistol-shot close to the tent only wanted to alarm us and draw us after him far from our encampment. Fortunately, I left Donatus on guard, otherwise this decoy-bird's comrades would have pillaged our tent during our absence. This is an old trick of poor and famished gold-seekers, who thus try to obtain provisions, tools, and blankets. Our friend Kwik has proved himself a good and brave sentinel.'

On returning to the tent, Donatus resumed cooking his fritters, while the others drank hot coffee in tin

saucers, in which they soaked the little biscuit which remained to them.

Kwik grumbled over his cooking. He thought over the double danger which had threatened him, to have to shoot down a Christian like a dog or to receive a bullet in his own head. The first alternative filled him with horror, the second did not please him much better. Good as the smell of the fritters was, they no longer tempted him.

'Horrid cookery!' he murmured: 'to come thousands of miles to eat fritters peppered with bullets and sprinkled with human blood! Donatus! Donatus, my boy! you are a stupid ass! What are you doing here? Natten-Haesdonck is an earthly paradise in comparison with this nest of brigands; cooks can work in peace there.'

But at last supper was ready; each took his portion. The Baron, who mounted guard, was relieved after a few minutes by Creps. When they retired to rest under the sail the Brusseler said,—

'Try to get a good night's rest, my friends, for at dawn to-morrow we must be on foot. The rascals who attacked us are no longer to be feared. If no other dangers arise we shall not be disturbed all night. You know your turns to mount guard. After the Baron, Roozeman, then the Ostender, and so on, hour by hour. The Baron will give his watch to his successor. Take care not to make any noise, and only wake your comrade whose turn it is to act sentry. Keep your eyes and ears well open. If you see or hear anything fire at once, and each of us will jump up ready to act on the defensive. Silence, now. Good night; sleep well.'

Notwithstanding the excitement of the day, the gold-seekers soon yielded to their fatigue, and slept so soundly that their snorings made their tent sound like a den of bears.

Donatus alone kept turning in his blankets, and moving about restlessly unable to sleep. After about an hour and a half's discomfort he heard Jan Creps, who was sleeping close to him, sneeze twice.

'Ah, Mr. Jan, are you awake?' murmured Kwik in a piteous tone.

'What's the matter, Donatus? are you ill?' asked Creps sleepily.

'I can't close an eye.'

'Bah! you must sleep.'

'I can't, Jan.'

'Try, and you will at last.'

'All my ribs feel as if they were broken; I am wriggling like an eel on a gridiron.'

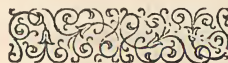
'What are you thinking about to make you feel thus?'

'I keep thinking and thinking to myself, Sleep is all very well if I knew that I should awake alive in the morning!'

'Leave me alone, you bother me, Donatus.'

'Very well,' said Kwik, sighing; 'if it cannot be otherwise I will say another "Our Father," and then, by God's mercy, perhaps I shall get some sleep and begin to snore like the others.'

(To be continued.)







Donatus levelled his gun.





“Gold ! gold ! I have found a treasure !”



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 111.)



## CHAPTER XVIII—THE NUGGET.

THE next day, at sunrise, after having taken some coffee and eaten some lard cakes, the gold-seekers started off. The greater part of the day passed without anything particular happening. Their road led them across a dreary valley and mountains, sometimes giving place to a vast plain, at others narrowing so as to form a defile in which the rocks seemed ready to crumble down upon the travellers.

In the afternoon whilst his companions, after having lain down their knapsacks, were resting upon the ground to take a little repose, Donatus went to a stream about a hundred paces off. He was thirsty and wished to drink. As he was bending down to the brook, clear as crystal, he saw something glittering in the water. It was a pebble as large as his fist, which appeared to be split in the middle.

The young peasant's heart began to beat violently; he turned pale and remained completely still, gazing at the glittering object. Nevertheless, he seized the pebble, examined it thoroughly, kissed it with transport, then ran back to his companions, raising cries of joy, and cutting all kinds of capers and antics.

'Gentlemen,' cried he to them from afar, 'thank God I have found a treasure! Gold! gold! a block of at least ten pounds weight! enough to buy a castle!'

He stumbled and fell down head foremost.

'Gold! ten pounds weight! Is it possible?' asked Victor.

'Certainly it is possible,' answered the Brusseler; 'it is thus that the largest nuggets are often found. If only Kwik had discovered a rich gold field!'

'Make haste, make haste, dear Kwik!' cried Creps, with joyous impatience.

Donatus ran up breathless and gasped,—

'Look! look what a large block! Ah! heavy, heavy! heavier than lead!'

At these words he gave the golden pebble to the Brusseler, who, after having examined it, threw it with all his might into the plain, saying, with contempt and disappointment,—

'Triple fool that you are, Kwik!'

'Was it not gold?' the other asked.

'Gold? It was a piece of sulphur-stone of the kind called pyrites, and it only contained iron and sulphur.'

'You oughtn't to be so angry with me for that,' pleaded Donatus, as they took up their knapsacks to resume their journey. I lose by it as much as you. Surely others than I have been deceived, too. Why, is there not a proverb, "All that glitters is not gold?" Come, come, we are not poorer than we were before. If there are no nuggets here we shall find some further on.'

They soon recovered this disappointment. After about four miles' further walk they reached a forest of thorny brushwood, scarcely high enough to conceal a tall man standing upright.

Suddenly the sailor stopped, and raised his gun as if about to fire.

'What do you see?' asked the others in surprise.

'There! a human head,—some one watching us and hiding in the bushes!'

'Where? We see nothing.'

The sailor's only reply was to take aim and send a bullet among the trees.

A cry of agony was heard, and immediately after from the brushwood arose a pitiful voice, weak and gentle as if of a woman or child.

'You have done some mischief,' cried Victor, touched to the heart by the sound of the voice. 'Come, come, friends, let us hasten to the assistance of the poor victim.'

They all hurried into the brushwood, with the exception of the sailor, who probably said that they were acting imprudently, and remained where he was.

The others found in a small open space among the bushes the body of a man, whose forehead had been pierced by a ball. Bending over the corpse was a lad of fourteen or fifteen, who was embracing the dead man, shedding tears upon his disfigured face, and was so thoroughly maddened by grief and despair that he did not at first remark the presence of the strangers.

By their costume they perceived at once that these people were Mexicans, and as the lad kept repeating in a heart-rending tone the words 'Pobre Padre!' they knew that he was weeping over his father's corpse.

The Baron, who understood a little Spanish, asked him how it was that they were travelling thus alone and unarmed in this dangerous country.

The Baron could not very well understand the short and broken words in which the young Mexican replied, but he made out that these unfortunate people had already been attacked and plundered, and that they had lost their companion in their flight.

The boy was out of his senses with grief and rage against the assassins of his father, whom he regarded as thorough highway robbers; for he spoke with great rapidity and violent gestures, pointing with his finger to Heaven, while his flashing eyes were turned now on to the lifeless body, now on the group of travellers, whom he loaded with curses.

'What does he say?' asked the Brusseler.

'He is calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon us, assuring us that his father's spirit will follow us, and never leave us a moment's rest till our death-bed.'

'May God have mercy upon us!' sighed Donatus. 'More troubles in store for us! We have already had to fear evil men and ferocious beasts, and now spirits too are to be banded against us! To think of sleeping quietly with such terrible curses on our heads!'

'Don't stand there so terrified,' cried the Brusseler; 'take up your spade: we must bury the unfortunate Mexican.'

The boy sat crouching in the grass, and with glassy eyes watched the motions of those whom he regarded as bandits. Tears flowed down his cheeks, while his thirst for vengeance seemed a little cooled. Perhaps the care of the strangers in not leaving his father unburied made him doubt whether these were really



enemies who surrounded him, and who tried to comfort him with words of sympathy.

Donatus with horror turned away his eyes from the dead man's face. When he had to help to lay the corpse in the trench he trembled from head to foot. Overcome by his trouble, he fell on his knees beside the tomb, and began to pray, while the others covered the body with stone and earth.

When the grave was filled up the Brusseler asked, 'Well, comrades, what shall we do with this child?'

'Do with him?' replied Victor: 'why, we must take him with us to the diggings, take good care of him, and when we have a chance find means for him to return to his home.'

'That will be a great burden to us.'

'What does that matter? After having killed his father we could not be so cruel as to leave this poor boy in the wilderness a prey to wild beasts. Even had I to carry him on my shoulders I should do so till I brought him to a place of safety.'

'It is troublesome, but you are right. Baron, make him understand that he is to follow us.'

The young Mexican got up and obeyed; he walked with his head bent down, and seemed indifferent to his fate. However, when he reached the plain he pointed his finger at the sailor and uttered some words in Spanish, which gave them to understand that he recognised his father's murderer. But he soon grew calm again, turning his fiery eyes downwards, and followed his guides with apparent submission.

'Come on, gentlemen,' said Pardoes; 'don't trouble yourself any longer about that boy: we must make up for the time we have lost.'

They were continuing on their road when, suddenly, the young Mexican sprang among the bushes, and raising a triumphant cry, disappeared with a dagger or pocket-knife in his hand. But attention was soon turned away from the fugitive by a cry of pain which at the same moment escaped from the sailor.

The Ostender, holding his hand to his side, said that he had been stabbed by a poniard. The others helped him to take off his clothes; all feared that he had been mortally wounded by the son of his victim.

When they had uncovered his side, they perceived with joy that he had only received a slight wound. He said himself that it was not serious enough to stop their march for a minute.

They took up their knapsacks again and walked on silently through valleys and up mountains, their minds filled with gloomy thoughts. Donatus especially thought of nothing else but of the spirit of the murdered man, whom he feared would follow them till their last hour.

'What a horrid fellow that sailor is with his shot!' he grumbled to himself. 'Now he has made us at war with the other world I shan't be able to close my eyes in peace all my life.'

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE GHOST.

AN hour or two later, as they were passing near a forest, the Brusseler suddenly stopped and looked down with surprise. It seemed that the plants all round had been trodden down in a strange manner, and traces of horses' hoofs might be seen on the ground.

'Something has happened here,' said Pardoes.

'Look, here is the place! there has been firing here—horses, too!'

'Here is a pool of blood, as if they had been slaughtering an ox,' cried Kwik.

'We've got into a bad road,' said the Brusseler; 'it will, I think, be best to turn some miles to the northward, then perhaps we shall reach a less dangerous country.'

They left the plain on the left. 'What a land,' murmured Kwik, 'when at each step one meets a new horror!'

They had scarcely walked half an hour when Donatus in terror exclaimed,—

'Help! help! a wild beast! a lion! a bear!'

'Where?' cried the others, raising their guns.

'There, among the branches. A mouth, sirs, and eyes—oh, eyes—!'

'We see nothing.'

'Are you blind, then? Don't you see those two horns rising and falling among the bushes? Help! help! it is coming!'

'Stupid fellow!' cried the Brusseler, laughing. 'It is a couple of donkey's ears you see there. Keep still, friends; Heaven is perhaps sending us valuable aid. This mule probably belongs to the party who were attacked at the spot where we saw the blood. But we must be quiet for a minute; some treachery may be hid under the appearance of this animal.'

'A good comrade for you, Donatus,' grumbled the sailor; 'there will be a couple of you now.'

It seemed as if Donatus was of the same opinion, for he ran towards the bushes while the others watched him. A minute or two after he appeared in the plain, holding in his hand the bridle of a mule, who quietly allowed himself to be led. Kwik seemed delighted; he caressed the mule, addressing it in the tenderest words. The Brusseler said that it would render them good service, and relieve them of a good portion of their heavy baggage.

(To be continued.)

#### THE HERON.

THE common Heron is a bird of an awkward shape, with a large head and long bill set upon a snaky neck. Its long legs are put far back in its body, the feet and claws are large, and the tail very short. The prevailing colour of the plumage is grey, deepening in parts to dull slate-colour and bluish-black, and fading off into white. It is a strange, shy bird, ungraceful in its movements, with a harsh voice, and unsocial in its habits. A hermit of the woods and streams, it does not consort even with its own kith and kin, except at the breeding-season, when the birds gather together in those 'heronries,' which were once guarded and preserved with jealous care for the sake of the sport which they afforded in hawking, and which still exist in many parts of the country. In the palmy days of falconry the places where the heron bred were counted almost sacred, the bird was held to be royal game, and penal statutes were enacted for its preservation.

The heron when attacked by an eagle or falcon endeavours to escape by rising in the air and getting above its foe. The wings of the heron strike the air





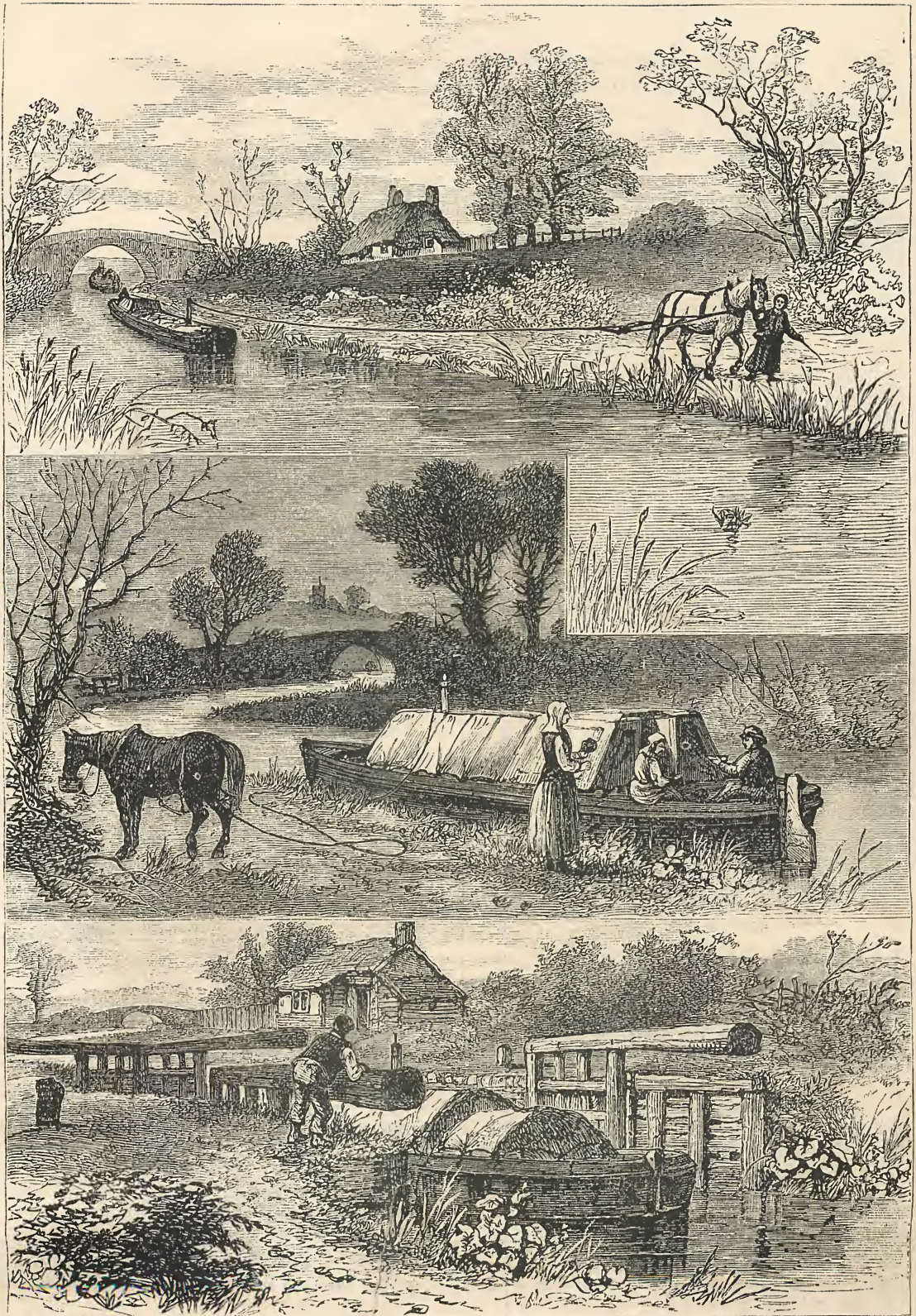
The Heron attacked by a Hawk.

with an equal and regular motion, which raises its body to such an elevation that at a distance nothing is seen except the wings, which are at last lost sight of in the region of the clouds.

The heron frequents the neighbourhood of rivers and lakes. Almost always solitary, it remains for hours motionless on the same spot. When seeking the fish or frogs, on which it chiefly feeds, the heron

wades into the water, folds its long neck partially over its back and forward again, and, with watchful eye, waits till a fish comes within reach of its beak, when it darts its head into the water and secures its slimy, slippery prey. It is one of the marvels of instinct that the heron seems to be aware of the fear which fish have of a shadow, and so it never attempts to catch them in the sunshine.





The Canal.



## THE CANAL.

By an Old Boy.



I know nothing of canals I ought to hang my head with shame, and be called 'No Eyes;' for the house I was born in, and still live in, is not many yards distant from one. Some of our people call it 'the Navigation,' and I fancy the word 'Navvy,' meaning now a railway labourer, comes from the word navigation, because eighty or a hundred years ago those same stalwart Englishmen, or men just like them, were digging canals. Our people don't like long words; they leave the navigation to those who like it, and talk about 'the Cut.'

I don't know what our village would do without the Cut. The people drink its water, that is, some do after passing it through a piece of flannel. Those who thus use it declare it makes capital tea, but some object to its muddy taste; and the dead kittens and puppies which float on its peaceful waves are not supposed to improve the flavour. A curious green film, too, which now and then spreads over its surface, does not add an inviting appearance to it.

But if any one objects to canal water as a drink, he values it for almost every other purpose. It is most precious to us, living as we do where very hard water abounds in the wells; and I am sure the Company deserves, if it does not get, our best thanks for their bounty in letting us dip our cans and buckets in their canal.

Then, as to fishing. Pike and eels, roach and dace, perch and gudgeon, are there, and provide sport for many a rustic fisherman in summer time. The towing-path, too, forms a pleasant rambling-place when days are fine.

But the Canal is not for strolling by, not for angling in, nor for serving man and beast with water. It is for barges, and barges are for it, and the towing-path is for the patient horse who pulls the boat along. Many a barge have I watched from an upstairs window when I was a little timid boy, and the short winter day was dying, and all looked dreary enough out of doors. Perhaps a west wind was bellying out a big sail that loomed dark against the sunset sky. A merry fire blinked cheerily in the barge, and shouts were now and then carried to my ears on the breeze.

Then would come one of those sudden changes of weather we old boys remember, and Jack Frost would stand among us, and tweak our noses and our finger-ends, and the snow would lie hedge-high in sheltered spots, and, glory of glories! the canal would be frozen ever so thick with ice. This would stop the barges, would it? Alas, no! for there was a horrid machine, called the Ice-boat, hated by every skater and slider, which came triumphantly along, rolling to starboard and to larboard, and under its pressure the lovely ice-field was shivered into ten billion splinters, and the fun was over. Well do I remember the warm reception once given to its crew, a dozen stalwart men, who gave the ice-boat its starboard-larboard motion. The bridge under which it had to come was lined with fusiliers, each provided

with an armful of snowballs. The ice-boat came crunching along, as if it enjoyed itself, and when it was within a stone's throw our Iron Duke—I forget his name—shouted the immortal order, 'Up, Guards, and at them!' In a trice the ill-starred crew were well starred with blotches of snow; the boat was stopped, and we wisely retreated, and so our attack upon the crew was in vain.

But the ice-boat did its duty, for the canal was not made for sliders and skaters, but for traffic—for coals, and lime, and wood, and straw, and bricks, and gravel, and for all sorts of heavy goods.

What we should have done in a six-weeks' frost without our enemy the ice-boat I cannot say, for the barges brought the coal, and our Christmas fireplaces would have looked grim and black if the ice had not been broken to supply them with fuel. But when did boys ever look beyond the immediate pleasure of a good slide or skate? What did they think of the consequence of the old cut being frozen up entirely?

We always found the boatmen and their families civil and honest people. They never robbed our orchards as they passed us by, nor ran down, except once, our little wherry. The worst a barge did was disturbing a good bite, and carrying the float about with the swirl of its big rudder. But it was thought by our crack anglers that the passing of a barge was not a bad thing, for it stirred up the rich mud, shortened a fish's after-dinner nap, and made it inclined to nibble.

I never yet made a regular cruise in a canal barge, being no ways venturesome, so I cannot say much about life on a canal.

We have so many railways now about us, that we sometimes tremble lest our dear old 'Cut' should be a mere mudbank before long. A railroad is a highly useful thing, but it has no fun about it. You cannot swim on its iron way; it is useless to fish in its gravel six-foot; no sliding is allowed there except for trains; and the greedy engine drinks all the water himself. I go by train much more than by boat, but I do hope our winding Cut, with its towing-path, its whitewashed bridges, its wooden swing gates, its fishes, its rushes, its forget-me-nots, its cuckoo-flowers, its slides and skating-rinks, its waves in windy weather, its summer bathing-places, and its hundred-and-one familiar old belongings—I do hope, I repeat, these things may continue, to afford as much real pleasure to boys yet unborn as they did to me in the days gone by.

## THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.



IN a time when untruth was far too common; when emperors, kings, and princes were not ashamed of breaking their solemn promises; and when many a man sold his sword, without scruple, to the highest bidder; it is refreshing to find such a person as Bayard, 'the knight without fear and without reproach,' as he was called, and deservedly so.

Pierre de Terail Bayard was born in Dauphiné, France, of a brave and loyal gentleman,



who, after receiving many wounds in the service of his king and country, died quietly at home.

His son, Pierre, wished to be a soldier, and perhaps thought no death so glorious as that of a warrior on the field of battle. If so, it was not unnatural; for his grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather had thus died, at Montchery, Cressy, and Poitiers.

The young aspirant after glory left his weeping mother, who bade him remember three things—first, to love God above all, and serve Him well; secondly to avoid pride, untruth, and intemperance; to be loyal to his king and courteous to all men; and thirdly, to be kind to the poor.

The youthful Pierre treasured up these precepts. Like a wise son, he forsook not the law of his mother, and so it became an ornament of grace unto his head and chains about his neck.

He became first a page in the service of the Duke of Savoy; and from that dangerous hour when he left the Château de Bayard, to the hour when the dews of death stood on his brow, as he sat propped against a tree on the banks of the Sesia, the noble Bayard never turned aside from that course of honouring God which has made his name immortal.

It is not our purpose, in this little sketch, to recount all those deeds of daring which made Bayard shine forth as 'the knight without fear' among so many other good knights, who, doubtless, plucked at that same time the bubble reputation out of the cannon's mouth. We may mention, however, that on one occasion he kept a bridge with his own single arm against two hundred Spanish soldiers until the French had made good their retreat; and it is a fact of history that in the Battle of the Spurs it was Bayard alone who prevented that strange contest from covering the whole army with disgrace. At Marignano, a most bloody battle in Lombardy, which lasted two days, and was called by the commander of the French 'a war of giants,' Bayard fought side by side with the French king, and showed the most remarkable patience and courage. It is said that Francis asked Bayard to knight him on the field—a strange request, indeed!—as though Bayard himself, and not the king, were the true fountain of honour. When did king ever pay so great a compliment before or since? The nobles, too, all thought it was the greatest privilege to be engaged under Bayard. He was so great-souled, and yet so truly humble, that it was a pleasure to obey his orders, and the proudest lord in all France esteemed it an honour to be noticed by him. What a glorious thing to be a Bayard!

But he died, as we have said, like so many of his hardy ancestors, on the battle-field; and, alas! his death was very much due to another noble French knight, named the Constable de Bourbon, who, being greatly injured by King Francis, went and fought against him.

Bayard, 'the knight without reproach,' would never have done so. He was too mindful of the law of his mother to act a part so base. Yes, Bourbon offered his soldier skill to the enemies of his country, because he had been wronged by the king and the king's mother! Oh, how much greater and happier he would have been if he could have taken the wrong patiently and waited for an opportunity of showing,

by some good deed, that he did not deserve the wrong! As it was, Bourbon perished miserably whilst he was heading a mob of cut-throat fellows (we can hardly call them soldiers) to robbery and murder, and all sorts of violence, at the walls of Rome.

But to return to Bayard. It was Bourbon's knowledge of what French soldiers are, and how they act, which made him so terrible an enemy; and when Bonnavet, the French commander, was retreating, his army was attacked by Bourbon and well-nigh destroyed. Bonnavet was badly wounded, and Bayard mortally. The good knight managed to save a portion of the army, but died in doing so. When he felt he had not long to live he said, 'Place me under a tree, with my face towards the enemy.' He then consigned his soul to God, using the cross-hilt of his sword instead of a crucifix, a thing often done by dying soldiers in that age.

Bourbon, who had known Bayard well in happier days, pitied him aloud; but Bayard said, in a feeble voice, 'Pity me not. I die as a man of honour ought to die—doing my duty. Those deserve the pity who draw their sword against their king, their country, and their oath.'

Pescara, the leader of the enemy, hearing of Bayard's state, ordered a tent to be pitched over his head, and everything to be done that could be done for his recovery. It was, however, useless. In a few hours the soul of the good knight was with God.

His body was embalmed and sent to Dauphiné. As it passed along it was received with the honours usually paid to kings, and when it reached that part of France where the Château de Bayard was placed the people of all ranks came out to meet the coffin, and all mourned as if they had lost a son or a brother.

G. S. O.

## PRUDENT RESENTMENT.



DOG used to be sent every morning, by his master to a baker's shop with a penny in his mouth, to purchase a roll for breakfast. He had done this practice for some months, when it happened that the baker changed his journeyman, by whom the dog on his next visit was not heeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and

picking up his penny, made his way to the master of the shop, who scolded the man for his stupidity. The blockhead took this in a dudgeon, and resolved the next time this comical customer appeared to be funny with him; accordingly, having at hand a roll much hotter than the rest, he, on the dog's arrival, proffered it to him. The animal as usual seized the bread, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it; he again took it up, but was again burned. Then, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker.





“ He jumped on the counter and caught up his penny.”





Donatus walks by the Mule's side.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 115.)*

HE spades, axes, saucepans, and blankets, were at once placed on the animal's back, as well as the large trough.

'Donatus, I shall make you muleteer,' said the Brusseler, drolly.

'I was born one,' replied Kwik. 'Have confidence in me: I shall take as much care of the mule as if he were my own brother.'

All walked more cheerfully now. It was a great relief to be delivered from the heavy burdens beneath which they had groaned so long. Donatus walked by the mule's side, his hand on the beast's neck in token of friendship; he kept up, too, a long conversation with his new friend, to whom he related many passages of his past life, telling it stories of mules he had known in his native country, and, of course, dilating largely on the charm of Anneken, the policeman's daughter at Natten-Haesdonck.

Donatus would probably have continued this prattle for hours, but he was interrupted by his friends halting, as if they did not mean to go any further that day.

'Comrades,' said the Brusseler, 'I propose to pitch our tent here; we are on a height, and can see a good distance off. There is water in the brook down below, and a little further on pasture for our mule. It is still daylight, and we might walk on another half hour, but we are not sure of finding another so favourable a spot. Put down your knapsacks; here we will pass the night.'

He loosed the mule's girths and unloaded it; then gave the poor animal two or three pokes in the ribs, which made it run off gaily towards the pasture.

'Oh, dear! Jan Mule! Jan Mule!' cried Donatus. 'He will be lost!' And was making after him.

But Pardoes held him back, saying, 'Don't be afraid, Donatus. That is what we always do with mules here. He will eat and sleep peacefully during the night. To-morrow morning we shall find him again. The bell on his neck will tell us where he is. He won't stray; he is used to it.'

It was Jan Creps' turn to be cook to-night: while he was making the fire he said to Kwik,—

'Take the saucepan, Donatus, and run to the bottom of the hill and fetch me some water; the coffee will be all the quicker made.'

Kwik took the saucepan and hastened off.

'We shall get a better night's rest, I hope, than we did last night,' said the Brusseler; 'we must go to bed early, too, that we may be off in good time in the morning. If we are not lazy we shall soon reach the mines of Yuba.'

'Soon? When, then?' asked the sailor.

'In three or four days we shall be there. We can rest a little then and renew our provisions in the stores there before we go on to our diggings.'

While they were talking about the stores and what was sold by them, they were interrupted by the arrival of Donatus, who almost let his kettle of water

fall on the ground, as with pale cheeks and uplifted arms, he stuttered out,—

'I have seen down yonder something so ugly, so horrible, that I have almost lost my head with fear.'

'Tell us what you have seen!' grumbled Pardoes, impatiently.

'Yes: but let me get my breath. Yonder, behind the mountain, close to the water, a man is hanging from a tree, his legs still quivering. He would certainly cry out, but he can't, for he is hung by a slip-knot in a rope.'

'Come! come! let us go and see what it is.'

Donatus led them to the foot of the hill, and showed them in reality a man hanging from the highest branch of a tree. The wind blowing through the gully made the corpse swing; this movement had made Kwik imagine that the man might still be alive.

Victor, approaching nearer to the tree, remarked that a tin plate had been nailed against its trunk. Donatus stopped trembling and dared not approach the corpse, but the jeers of the sailor at last made him follow the others.

On the tin plate the following inscription was written with an iron point, in English. Victor read it aloud:—

'Respect Lynch law. Jack Kalep here murdered his bosom friend in order to steal his gold.'

'Look! close to the tree here is a little cross of wood in the ground,' said the Baron; 'this must be the victim's grave.'

'Well, these are matters which don't concern us,' said the Brusseler, turning away. 'Come, let us return to our tent.'

'Are you going to leave that man hanging there?' asked Kwik, with disgust.

'He has been hanging there certainly for the last six weeks.'

'And you won't bury him? He was perhaps a Christian like us.'

Victor tried to make him understand that there must be limits to his compassion. The dead man was a horrible assassin, who had well deserved his punishment. But Kwik murmured,—

'I'd rather sleep in the cemetery of Natten-Haesdonck than here—though that wouldn't be pleasant at midnight. What a country! what a horrible country!'

The coffee and fritters were soon ready. Supper over, Victor acted as sentry, and the others went to rest under their tent.

Donatus was even more restless than he had been on the previous night. He kept his eyes closed, for whenever he opened them the darkness assumed for him all sorts of terrible forms. He saw the corpse of the Mexican, then that of the hanging man, and afterwards of his victim, pass before his eyes, each threatening him. But what struck him with the most abject terror was the thought that in the middle of the night he would be called to relieve the sentinel on guard. Then he would be alone in the darkness. His comrades were snoring under the tent. How he envied their tranquillity! Gladly would he have given a nugget of gold as big as an apple to be able to forget the ghosts as they did. He began to pray fervently, and whether it was that his prayer diminished his fear or that he at last gave way to the fatigues of the journey, he finally fell asleep.



Towards the middle of the night he felt some one pulling his legs and pinching his calves. He jumped up and said with a groan, his hair standing erect on his head,—

'Oh! a ghost! a ghost!'

'Silence!' growled the sailor; 'it's your turn to mount guard—it's eleven o'clock.'

'Yes,' murmured Kwik, as he went out of the tent, 'thus an unhappy mortal falls into one pit after another.'

'Here is the watch,' said the Ostender; 'at midnight you must wake the Baron to relieve you.'

'Have you seen nothing in the darkness?' asked Kwik, in an anxious tone.

'Yes, Donatus, my boy: something horrible out yonder.'

'What did you see?'

'See! why, a ghost with a white sheet on its back,' said the sailor, in a hollow voice; 'it spoke to me.'

'Come, come! is it true? and what did it say?'

'Is there not an idiot among you named Kwik?' it asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'he will mount guard about the middle of the night.' 'Very well,' said the ghost; 'that will be a very good time to wring his neck.' Good night, Donatus.

When poor Kwik found himself alone in the darkness, his legs trembled under him with fear. He would have liked to keep his eyes shut, but among all his weaknesses he had many good qualities, and one of them was that he wished faithfully to do the duty which had been entrusted to him. He remembered that he was posted there to watch over the lives of his companions, and especially over Roozeman.

He looked round on all sides. Trees, rocks, clouds, all assumed fearful forms in his eyes.

Hitherto he had been brave enough not to quit his post, but his terror increased as the fatal hour of midnight approached—the hour at which, according to the stories he had heard in childhood, ghosts wandered about seeking vengeance.

Suddenly he raised a stifled cry; he saw, or thought he saw, in the distance, a human shadow with a white sheet on its head rise from the ground.

He retreated to the fire, and had to lean against the cooking-pole to prevent himself from falling. There a happy thought came into his mind. He took the watch from his pocket, opened it, bent over the flame, and with his trembling fingers put the hands on about three-quarters of an hour; then he slipped under the tent, pulled some one by the legs, and said,—

'Baron, Baron, awake! twelve o'clock. It is your turn—midnight!'

'What! twelve o'clock?' murmured the Frenchman, coming out of the tent. 'It is scarcely half an hour since I heard you called.'

'Come, come!' stuttered Donatus, in his bad French, 'when asleep, not know whether twelve o'clock or not. Look, the clock marks exactly that!'

The Baron took the watch and mounted guard. Donatus, rolling himself up in his blanket, mumbled, 'It's not honest—I know it; but I will make it up to him, if I have to mount guard for him ten times another day. I am not afraid, I am brave enough,

but to fight with ghosts—no, no!' And he let his head fall back on his knapsack.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE WOUNDED MAN.

WHEN the gold-seekers awoke next morning and looked at the watch, they were not a little surprised that the sun rose an hour later on the previous days. All sorts of conjectures were made, and the sailor suggested that it might be caused by an earthquake, which had moved the earth out of its axis. Donatus kept his eyes on the ground, and pretended to have a cold in his head, which made him sneeze incessantly. The Baron looked at him suspiciously, but Kwik's air was so innocent that he soon thought no more of the matter.

Whilst they were seated at breakfast, Creps remarked, rubbing his hands,—

'We must make good progress to-day; we have slept well—haven't we, Kwik?'

'Yes,' grumbled Donatus, 'pretty well; but all night I have been beset over and over again by four or five ghosts.'

'You must get the better of your silly imagination, friend Kwik,' said Victor. 'God has protected us so far, and we must believe that He will continue to watch over us.'

'Well, M. Roozeman,' replied Donatus, with a sigh, 'I am curious to know what new horrors we shall see to-day?'

'Come! come! don't let us lose more time,' cried Pardoes; 'up with your knapsacks. Donatus, go and fetch the mule: he is down there by yonder pine-tree.'

A few minutes after and they were on the road. Donatus had become very polite to the Baron, and was most anxious to carry his knapsack and gun, but the Frenchman, who had no idea of the cause of this sudden change in his manner, refused his offer coldly and haughtily.

Kwik, thus repulsed, returned to the mule, by the side of which he trudged onwards, his only consolation being in relating to the animal the story of last night's troubles, and deploring to it his foolish departure for the happy pastures and peaceful homesteads of his native land. But it happened that in the middle of this attractive recital, the mule, stung by a gnat, gave a violent kick, which threw Kwik prostrate on the ground.

He must have had a hard head, for before the others had had time to run to his aid he was on his feet again, and had assumed his place by the mule's side, to whom he now preached a long sermon on the friendship, gratitude, and obedience, which a mule owed to a kind-hearted master.

But he was interrupted by a shout from the Brusseler,—

'Your guns ready! there are a number of men ahead of us.'

'There we are, in for it again!' sighed Donatus. 'I wouldn't give a pipe of tobacco for our lives!'

All halted and made ready to fire; they saw a number of men coming, but couldn't make out what sort of people they were.

(To be continued.)





#### SAGACIOUS SOLICITUDE.

**I**N 1828 a favourite pony mare, belonging to Mr. Field Evans, near Pool, Montgomeryshire, had a colt, and both grazed in a field near the Severn. One day the pony made her appearance in front of the house, and by clattering with her feet and other noises attracted attention. Observing this, a person

went out, and she immediately galloped off. Mr. Evans desired one of the men to follow her. On reaching the field the pony stood looking down into the river, over the spot where the colt was found, nearly drowned.





Chiff-Chaffs.

Golden-crested Wren.

### OUR WILD BIRDS.

#### III.

**W**HEN several birds bear a strong resemblance to each other in structure and habits they are said to belong to the same family. For example, one family includes all the owls, others the thrushes, crows, woodpeckers, swallows, gulls, and so on; each family containing a greater or less number of species which bear a family likeness to each other. One of

the largest bird families is that of the Warblers, and although only two species are represented in the picture, the Chiff-Chaffs a-top and the Golden-crested Wren below, nearly thirty more belong to it.\* One of the family features of these Warblers is the soft bill, which shows that they feed on soft things, such as insects, worms, grubs, fruit, and not on hard seeds, like the finches. On account of this we seldom

\* Two others, the Nightingale and the Robin, were in last month's picture.



see any of the family kept as cage-birds. You can keep seed-eating birds, like canaries and goldfinches, in confinement without any trouble, because it is easy to give them what they can eat, but if you try to imprison a poor robin you will soon find out that to keep him alive is quite a different matter.

Another feature which almost all the English warblers have in common is that they are summer visitors. We might have expected this when we think how badly a soft-billed bird would fare during a long frost, when the ground was frozen hard or deep in snow. Among the few who are not afraid of the cold are honest Cock Robin, who is sure to make friends wherever he goes; and the pretty little Golden-crested Wren, who always manages to find something to eat among his favourite fir-trees, whatever the weather may be. The family has the honour of claiming as its members some of the most famous nest-builders in the world. Even in England we have the Golden-crested Wren, who suspends a most beautiful little cradle from the under-side of a fir branch, as you see in the picture; but some foreign warblers do still more wonderful things. Perhaps the most curious of all known nests is the Tailor-bird's. When she prepares a place where she may lay her young she chooses a large leaf, and, using her beak for a needle and the fibre of some plant for thread, she manages to sew the opposite edges together, so as to form a deep pocket. This she stuffs with soft down, making a hollow in the middle of it for her eggs.

I doubt, however, whether, with all their cleverness, these foreign warblers are better loved than our English ones. Each returning spring these fill our gardens and groves with sweet music, which it is a joy to hear. But to hear it you must get up early, for when the sun grows warm the little songsters seem to think it is time to rest; so if you wish really to know how very lovely an English May morning is you must be out soon after sunrise. There is then such a feeling of freshness and sweetness in the air as it rings with the melodies of happy songsters and breathes the fragrance of opening buds, that you cannot help thinking that the living things around you—birds, and trees, and flowers—are praising and thanking God for His goodness to them.

I have already, in the last paper, told you something about the Robin and the Nightingale, which belong to the Warbler family. With a little trouble you will soon get to know others, either by sight or song. One of the most common is the White-throat, which you are sure to find in the kitchen-garden looking out, in the spring for caterpillars, and later on for fruit, of which they will eat a great deal if it is not protected. Another which you will soon learn to know by sight is the Redstart, he is so unlike any other garden bird, with his white head and red tail, which he is so fond of wagging as he sings his sweet little song.

I must remind you, however, that all the Warblers are not fine singers, and most of them are very plainly dressed. The greatest singer of all—the Nightingale—wears perhaps the plainest dress of all. God very rarely gives all His gifts to one of His creatures, whether man or bird; and as in the Church 'there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit,' so it is also in His

world. The Eagle, for example, has the gift of strength, the Golden-crested Wren of skill, the Nightingale of song, the Kingfisher of beauty. The gifts differ, but they are all given by One and the same kind Giver, who gives to each just that special gift which He knows that it is best for it to possess.

H. H.

### ALL ABOUT A BRICK.

ONE bright morning in the month of November, some years ago, I was preparing to go to town, when the servant told me that a man was waiting at the front door to see me.

'Tell him I'll be down in a moment,' said I. On going to the door a man of tall stature and robust appearance, calling me by name, asked my assistance, saying that he had a large family, a wife in delicate health, and no means to procure food for them.

'You appear to be strong and healthy; why don't you work?' asked I.

'For the reason, sir, that I cannot get work.'

Not having any work to give him, I thought I would test his sincerity.

'If I give you work, what pay do you want?'

'Anything, sir, you choose to give me, so long as I can get help for my family.'

'Very well,' said I, 'I will give you one shilling per hour if you will carry a brick on your arm round the square for five hours without stopping.'

I found a brick, placed it on the man's arm, started him on his walk, and then went to town to my business. I thought but little more of the affair; yet, as I knew I should be back within the five hours, I determined to see if he performed his work. My business kept me away later than I expected, so I had to hurry home, to be back within the five hours.

As I approached the corner of the street where I reside I found a crowd of persons gathered. Upon inquiring what had brought the people together, I was told that it was the sight of a tall man carrying a brick on his arm around the square for nearly five hours. The neighbours were looking at him from the windows and doors as he passed along: some thought he was crazy, but when spoken to his answer was,—'Don't stop me: it's all right.'

'There, you can see him at the other end of the street, walking with his head down,' was the answer.

I waited till he came up to me; then, taking him by the arm, I walked with him to the house, followed by a lot of boys. The man was thoroughly tired out when I took him into my hall and seated him on a chair, while my servant went for something to eat. I paid him forthwith the money. He informed me that, while making one of his turns, a lady came out of a house, and inquired why he was carrying that brick, and on his giving her the reasons he received half-a-crown. As he passed the houses small sums were given to him by different persons, and he was well satisfied with his day's work.

'But,' said he, 'what shall I do to-morrow?'

'Why,' I replied, 'go early in the morning to the houses from which you received the money, and ask for work, and no doubt you will find some one who will put you in the way of getting it; then report to me.'

The following afternoon he informed me that he had



been sent to a German, who needed a clerk to keep his books. He was to get a guinea a-week if his work proved satisfactory, and his duties began on the following day. Before leaving me he asked for the brick which had brought him such good luck.

Three or four years after this I was riding in a street-car, when a well-dressed man greeted me with a smile, and asked me if I knew him. Seeing me hesitate, he said,—‘Don’t you recollect the man who carried the brick?’

He then told me that he was doing a prosperous business on his own account, had laid up money, and expected soon to build himself a house.

‘What became of the brick?’ I inquired.

‘That brick, sir, has always had a place on our mantelpiece, and we value it as the most precious of our little possessions. It has made our fortune.’

## HAWAII.



HAWAII, or Owhyhee, is one of the Sandwich Islands, discovered by Captain Cook about one hundred years ago. They are thirteen in number; of these eight are of importance, Hawaii being the largest, Oahu, with the capital, Honolulu, being the seat of government. Hawaii itself is somewhat smaller than Yorkshire. It is chiefly famous for its two lofty, snow-capped peaks,

called Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. There is also another lofty mountain, called Hualalai, which is ten thousand feet above the sea: and near Mauna Loa there is a frightful, ever-active volcano, called Kilauea; in fact, the whole island is volcanic, the huge mountains being made of lava and such things as are thrown up from the interior of the earth. It was in Hawaii that Captain Cook was murdered by the natives, who still point out the place where the famous sailor fell. It is a rock convenient for landing, in a bay; hard by is the stump of a cocoa-nut tree, where he breathed his last. The top of this tree was sawn off and carried away by H. M. S. *Imogene*, in 1837, and is treasured up in the Museum at Greenwich Hospital.

The death of Cook happened as follows: On the night of February 13th, 1779, one of the boats was stolen, and the captain went ashore the next day to recover it. The natives were alarmed, blows were struck and guns fired; the party from the ship found it needful to retreat, during which four marines were killed, and Cook struck down and overpowered. It is supposed his flesh was eaten, but his bones were recovered and buried in the sea with respectful sorrow.

On the stump of the tree is inscribed:—



NEAR THIS SPOT

FELL

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.

WHO

DISCOVERED THESE ISLANDS

A.D. 1778.

A silvery cloud is seen hanging over the crater of Kilauea by day and night. As evening closes in you do not lose sight of it, for it is illuminated from beneath by the fiery waves of liquid lava, ever boiling furiously.

‘The cloud of the volcano,’ says Captain Wilkes, ‘lay before us like a pillar of fire to guide us on our way.’ This was as he and his party began the ascent of Mauna Loa; they scrambled through dense thickets, which ceased at about twenty-five miles from the coast. They then entered on a very desolate country, from a vast plain of which towered up before them the grand dome of Mauna Loa. Masses of clouds were floating round it, and throwing their shadows on its sides. Before climbing this great mountain, Captain Wilkes and his party visited the volcano, which he calls a black, ill-looking pit, in the midst of the plain. They walked to the edge over cracked ground, from which vapours issued; and the wind rushed by them as if it were sucked into the pit to feed the mighty fires within.

The captain was astonished at the size of the crater, big enough, he says, to hold New York. At the depth of 660 feet is a black level, which the party reached: and 384 feet below that simmers the ever-molten mass, in an oval cauldron of great size.

After the acacia-trees were left behind, the country, at about 8000 feet above the sea level, was covered with low bushes, such as sandal wood. Extensive caves were met with, in one of which several sick men were housed for a time: and all around was a waste of hard, metallic-looking ground. Water was scarce, the heat was great, and many of the party suffered from sickness and headache.

As they neared the top of Mauna Loa the cold increased, and they had some very disagreeable weather; the snow fell fast, and its weight broke down the canvas roof of their tent, whilst a hurricane whistled by in the darkness, scattering the embers, and putting out the candles.

Christmas Day was spent by Captain Wilkes at the very top, about forty feet from the edge of an old crater, which is now idle, but may not long remain so. The day was snowy, and the night which followed was the worst they had. It seemed as if hundreds of persons were beating the tents with clubs. The wind, too, made an awful howling over the edge of the crater. It was so cold that water in bags froze under the captain’s pillow. Luckily for the party, provisions arrived from the ship, sixty miles distant, and enabled the gallant Americans to stop long enough in their bleak station for the purposes of observation.

Surpassingly grand is the view from Mauna Loa. ‘I never can hope,’ says Captain Wilkes, ‘to witness so sublime a scene again.’

He took an exact measurement of Mauna Kea, ‘the twin giant of the Pacific,’ as he calls it, and found its top was 193 feet above the place where he stood. The height of Mauna Kea was made out to be 13,656 feet, and therefore Captain Wilkes ate his Christmas pudding 13,463 feet above his comrades in their ships.

What does our young readers think of such an undertaking as this? Does it not show us what perseverance will accomplish? G. S. OUTRAM.





Death of Captain Cook.





The wounded Englishman.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from p. 123.)*

AS soon as this band perceived Pardoes and his party they stopped, too, and got their guns ready.

'Alas, comrades!' murmured Donatus, 'if we can't do otherwise let us fight, and may God be with us; but there are at least twenty of them, and there is a wood close by us to flee unto. The pastor of Natten-Haesdonck once said—'

'Hold your tongue, fool!' cried Pardoes. 'I don't believe there is anything to fear here; those men are laden with heavy burdens. They are gold-seekers returning from the diggings.

Look, they are making friendly signs to us.'

The two groups now slowly approached each other, and when they were mutually satisfied that they were only simple travellers meeting each other, they exchanged in the distance shouts of salutation. Still each company kept on their guard.

The Brusseler recognised a Frenchman whom he had met last year at the mines. He went to chat with him for a minute or two, while his companions exchanged a few words with the other gold-seekers, from whom they tried to get information about the diggings. They did not tell them much, for these men seemed very suspicious and reserved. When Donatus asked one of them, in his bad French, 'Is for you much gold in this sack?' they all seemed angry, and looked at him with threatening eyes.

The Brusseler now shook hands with the Frenchman, and said 'Farewell.'

The others looked at Pardoes, hoping that he would tell them something that he had heard, but he shook his head with evident anxiety, and remained silent.

'Have you bad news, Pardoes?' asked Creps.

'Yes, bad news,' he replied.

'Ah! something new again?' grumbled Donatus.

'We have not had any savages yet!'

'And it is savages that we may encounter,' said Pardoes.

'Well, you can do as you like,' cried Kwik, angrily, 'but I shall resign my post of gold-seeker and return home. I have lost half an ear in this enchanted country, and I don't want to arrive at Natten-Haesdonck with my head bare and shining like one of my plates here.

'Hold your tongue, Donatus, and listen to me. This is what the Frenchman told me. Between us and the Yuba diggings a large band of Californian savages has appeared. The news has come to the stores, that four days ago they attacked a party of travellers. The men we have just met have seen these Californians in the distance. The Frenchman advised me to turn to the westward for an hour or two, thus to avoid meeting the savages. We will begin to follow his advice at the foot of this mountain. Keep yourselves ready for any emergency.'

After turning in a westward direction, Pardoes continued,—

'But on the other hand there is good news from

the mines. New diggings have been discovered higher up near the source of the Yuba, which are richer than those hitherto found. The Frenchman, to whom last year I rendered some service, has given me precise explanations about them, and as these new diggings are on our route, my opinion is that we should do well to try our fortune there for a day or two. There are stores a few miles from them, where we can rest and refit if necessary.'

Donatus did not listen to him, he could think of nothing but the savages. It was plain to him that in this terrible California we must always expect the worst. Every now and then he put his hand to his head, pulling his hair to assure himself that he was not already bald. Suddenly a piercing cry escaped him, and he said, turning pale,—

'There they are! there they are!' he cried.

A strange noise was heard among the bushes, and his companions, equally astonished, halted, listening intently. It was a voice moaning and calling for help. At first they could not make out in what language it spoke, but then they distinctly heard the word 'God.'

'Is it possible?' cried Victor: 'a Fleming in this country! Let us go and see: it is probably an unfortunate fellow-countryman.'

'Keep together,' said Pardoes; 'your hands to your guns: for anything may hide a snare. Donatus, try to follow us among the bushes.'

Guided by the cry, they found a young man seated against a tree. He was pale, with hollow cheeks, and one of his feet was bound up with rags, as if he had torn his clothes for the purpose. His first words proved him to be an Englishman. Victor's mistake had been caused by the fact that the word 'God' is the same in Flemish as in English.

He related that he and his companions had been attacked by bushrangers, and that he was wounded by a bullet in the foot. His wound was much inflamed, and his foot much swollen; he could not walk, and had been crawling about in the wood for four days, living on plants and roots, and looking forward to a horrible death. With clasped hands he implored the strangers, for the love of God, not to leave him alone in that desert. His father kept a large store at the Pen River diggings, and he would liberally reward his deliverers.

Victor and Jan talked of putting the young man on the mule, but the sailor declared that he wasn't, for the sake of this Englishman, going to take that mule's load upon his back.

As the dispute between Roozeman and the Ostender was growing very warm, Pardoes said,—

'Come aside with me for a moment, gentlemen: let us discuss the affair quietly.'

When they had moved about twenty yards off he remarked,—

'We have had the good luck to find a mule, a most valuable aid to us, helping us to get on much quicker towards the goal we are all longing to reach. If we put this wounded man on the mule we shall have to carry again on our own backs our tools and the trough, we shall be much hindered in our journey. As to the reward he promises us, don't trust to it. Once in safety, he will say, "I am much obliged to you, good-bye."'



'But are we then pitilessly to leave a Christian, our neighbour, to die in this desert?' cried Victor. 'Go on, then; continue your journey, gentlemen: if need be I will remain alone with this unfortunate fellow, and carry him if I can.'

The wounded man, who was looking at them from afar, saw very plainly that the young man was pleading his cause, so he stretched out his hands to him, gazing at him imploringly.

'Well, I am decidedly opposed to Roozeman's absurd proposal,' said the sailor; 'let they who like carry the tools, I won't touch one of them.'

'Very well, then we will carry them all: won't we, Jan?'

'Certainly! such cruelty is horrible!'

'And you, Donatus?'

'Me! why, to save a man's life I would carry all the tools and the trough to the other end of the world. Perhaps, too, God will regard us more favourably afterwards, and not allow those savages to come near us.'

'And what do you say, Baron?' asked Pardoes.

'I think,' was the reply, 'that a man's life isn't worth making such a fuss about, but as the poor fellow is young I am willing to carry my share of the tools.'

Victor and his friends had already unloaded the mule; now they cautiously lifted the wounded man on to the beast's back. He thanked Victor, with tears in his eyes, and said that to the last day of his life he would remember his generosity.

According to their promise, Creps and Roozeman carried the larger portion of the tools, while the trough was bound upon Donatus' back.

They resumed their journey. On the way the Englishman related how this misfortune had happened to him.

'My name is John Miller,' he said. 'I was going to Sacramento to buy some flour for my father. As no mules were to be had at the Pen River, I went on to the Yuba diggings, where, after some days, I found the muleteers I wanted. We rapidly descended the mountain. All went well till the third day, on the afternoon of which we saw at the foot of the mountain which commanded our road a man bent down and tottering, like one very much fatigued. As he was alone, and had no other arms than a revolver, we did not suspect anything. To our questions he replied that he had started from San Francisco to go to the mines of the north, that he had lost his way, and was dying of hunger. We gave him a few biscuits and a piece of salt meat. This man had large red moustaches and strangely small—'

'Was he a Frenchman?' asked Victor, astonished.

'Yes, a Frenchman; two of our party were able to talk to him.'

'The Red Moustache of the *Jonas*!' said Victor, 'Donatus was not wrong, then.'

'I should not have examined his face so narrowly,' the wounded man went on; 'but it struck me that he was scanning us one by one from head to foot, and counting our weapons. He had got up and continued on his road; we, after having shown him the way, resumed our march in the opposite direction. As I did not trust him, I made my companions stop for a moment, and we climbed up a mountain to watch

the fellow. He had disappeared, and as he couldn't be hidden anywhere in this plain he must be somewhere among the bushes, or in the wood. We feared an attack of bushrangers, of whom there are many about just now, but after we had marched on quietly for an hour and a half, and had met no one, we stopped for our animals to rest and graze, and to prepare our own dinner. We had scarcely mounted our mules again when several men appeared in the mountain above us, and fired four or five bullets at us. We returned the fire, but the brigands burst upon us down from the mountain before we had time to load again. One of our party cried, "Fly! fly!" and I saw my companions spur on their mules. I wished to do as they did, but the same man with the red moustaches took aim at me, and the bullet went through my foot. My mule made a spring, which threw me to the ground, and then galloped after the others. The bushrangers followed my companions; for a long time after I heard shots in the wood. I have been lying here for the last four days, my foot is so inflamed that I could scarcely move, and I was looking forward to a terrible death when God heard me, and sent me unexpected deliverance.'

Victor and Jan talked for a long time about the part which the Red Moustache of the *Jonas* had played in this story, and Jan declared he would send a bullet through the wretch the first time he came in his way.

After they had reached their halting-place for the night, and while supper was being prepared, Victor took the bandages off the young Englishman's foot, carefully washed the inflamed wound, and then bound it up in clean rags. This dressing greatly relieved the poor fellow's sufferings. He grasped Roozeman's hands, and tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks.

Donatus gave up his blanket to the wounded man, and though at first he refused to take it Kwik insisted on sleeping on the bare ground. That night all slept soundly under the guard of their sentinel. Donatus, happy at having been able to perform a good action, did not dream, and slept so well that when his turn came to mount guard he had to be shaken several minutes before he would awake.

(To be continued.)

## THE GANDER AND GAME COCK.



GAME cock, near Ashford in Kent, happened to take offence at a goose who was sitting on her eggs, and attacking her with great fury pecked out one of her eyes and broke several of her eggs.

An old gander, seeing the danger to which his mate was exposed, flew to her assistance, and a desperate battle took place. One day, in the gander's

absence, the cock renewed his attack on the goose; when the gander, hearing the bustle, hurried up, and seizing the cock dragged him into the pond, where he ducked him several times, and at last drowned him.





The Gander and Game Cock.

## LOST AND FOUND.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N a fine London street lived a worthy Baronet, with his kindly wife and two daughters. Sir Joshua Aventaille was descended from an old Norman family, and his father had been a good officer under the Duke of Wellington. Of Lady Aventaille we have not much to say, except she was of a meek and gentle

disposition, chastened by almost constant ill health. Juliet and Adopta, the young ladies of the house, were singularly unlike in face and mind. Juliet was haughty, as the haughtiest old Aventaille that ever rode from a castle gate and laid about him with sword or battle-axe; she was dark-haired, and had a proud, flashing eye, and a curl of scorn almost always on her lips. She thought she knew no fear, and often wished she had been a man and a soldier.





But Adopta was a blue-eyed, fair-skinned maiden, with, as she supposed, a timid heart like a frightened bird. She was, to all appearance, frail as a snowdrop, and little able to bear the rough blasts of ordinary life. She was always ready to give way to her lofty sister, and while Juliet was mostly deep in reveries and romances, living among the knights of old and fighting with King Richard and Robert Bruce, Adopta was engaged with the present, discharging all manner of housewife duties for her invalid mother, or carrying messages to wrinkled widows and consumptive girls in the neighbourhood of her own comfortable home.

As it often happens, the one least expected was summoned away. The hale, ruddy, cheerful Sir Joshua, was swept off by typhus fever, and the feeble Lady Aventaille was left to add to her other sorrows those of widowhood. It was now she found the ministry of Adopta most useful. The girl seemed made for the day of adversity, and often in the dreary season of Sir Joshua's illness did Lady Aventaille thank God she had such a daughter. Juliet loved her father, and was fearfully overcome by her loss. It was curious to see how the heroic girl almost shuddered as she passed the door of the room where his shrouded corpse lay ready for the grave. It was as though she



had never truly known what death is; for now it was come upon her, arrayed in all its terrors, she well-nigh fainted at the dread reality. She had seen, in imagination, the garments of the warrior rolled in blood; she had heard, in fancy, the din of battle: but when her father really died she found death far more awful than she thought. On the other hand, Adopta, who had often marked among her poor sick folk how

‘Languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,

was like an angel of mercy to her father. Had she been allowed to devote her whole nursing power to him, he would probably have been saved; but a fine nurse was hired, who kept her as much as possible out of the room. But when Adopta might not be with Sir Joshua she was with Lady Ann, consoling her as well as she could. The days of mourning passed by, and the anniversary of Sir Joshua's death arrived. It was time, Lady Aventaille thought, to arrange all his papers, a large tin box of which was in his study just where he left it.

‘What is that, my dear?’ said she to Adopta.

‘It is an unfinished letter, mother, begun on the very day my dear father first complained of being unwell.’

This was just the sort of moment to touch the feelings, and Lady Ann and her daughter shed tears. Juliet was not with them when this incident occurred, but she came in immediately after, with an open letter in her hand.

‘Mother, Mrs. Marlow wishes us to go there this evening. I suppose you have no objection now?’

‘Well, I hardly know what to say to it,’ replied Lady Aventaille. ‘Mrs. Marlow is such a thorough woman of the world, my dear. Of course I cannot wish you to be in mourning for ever, nor do I wish to make this house a convent to you. But Mrs. Marlow's parties are so very gay, and one meets, or used to meet such—I won't say bad people, far from it—but people who seem to think gaiety and pleasure are the only things worth living for. I must say I wish your first party had been at some other house. What do you say, Addy?’

When Lady Ann looked at Adopta for her answer she saw something very serious was the matter. The girl was intent on a letter she had taken from the box, and its contents had evidently shocked and horrified her. Some terrible secret in that letter was blanching her rosy cheek, and making her hands tremble violently.

‘Addy, dear, what is the matter? Surely, child, you have not found out—!’ Here Lady Ann checked herself, and Adopta burst into a flood of hysterical tears, dropped the paper she had been reading, and left the room.

It was a terrible blow she had received. That letter had told her what she never had suspected, and what she could hardly believe. She was not Sir Joshua's daughter, Lady Aventaille was not her mother, this happy home was not her home. Of course it was impossible to hide this important secret from Juliet. Lady Ann at once informed her of the whole matter, which was simply this.

Sir Joshua, coming home one winter night about six weeks after Juliet's birth, almost put his foot on a

bundle which was laid at his doorstep. Stooping down to examine the bundle, he found it was a baby about the age of his own. Of course the humane man carried the deserted innocent into the house, and made all possible inquiries as to its parents; but nothing ever came to light, and the end was, Adopta, as they called her, never left the house, but grew up sister-like with Juliet; and it was Sir Joshua's intention to leave his fortune equally to both, for, though Adopta was the stranger, she was more of a true daughter to him than Juliet.

The haughty Juliet heard all this with much surprise, but expressed herself willing to do what Sir Joshua wished, namely, to be unto Adopta as if she were a sister indeed. But this was more than Juliet found she could do. She had long been very jealous of her sister. She had long thought Adopta was the favoured one; and jealousy is hate, and hate cannot long be hidden. The hating heart is ever unquiet. In a thousand ways did Adopta feel Juliet's disdain. In a thousand things did she imagine it in Juliet, in the servants, in the tradespeople, in everybody, where it was not. Much as she loved Lady Aventaille, much as she was to that more than mother, much as she dreaded plunging into the cruel roar of a heartless monster city, as a forlorn, unfriended, motherless, fatherless girl, she felt she must leave her home. So, having written a letter full of gratitude to her kind protector, blotted with tears and well-nigh unreadable, and having put up a few simple trinkets, which she acknowledged in the letter were not her own, but which she was sure Lady Aventaille would wish her to retain, she stole softly from the house, and, giving one last look up to the blinded windows, she set out, to find a new home where she could in the great pathless world.

## CHAPTER II.

THE winter day began to dawn, and those who had to be astir looked like spectres. Everything was comfortless and cold. What a day for Adopta to turn out of her own cosy chamber, and drift on the cheerless London tide, she knew not whither! But she could not put up with Juliet's insults, she could not bear her shrewish tongue, it was like the piercings of a sword. And Adopta hoped—what a vain hope it seemed!—to find some clue to her own relations. All she knew was the date of her adoption, just twenty years ago. But she knew there is a Being who never lets one thing pass unnoticed, and who never forgets. ‘If He thinks well,’ said Adopta to herself, ‘I shall find out who I really am: yes, perhaps find true sisters and a true home. Dear Lady Aventaille has been a mother to me,’ and here the poor girl wept. ‘But Juliet has no heart, or she would have felt for me, and been more than kind. But where must I go, and what must I do?’

By-and-by, as she walked eastward and the day advanced, the streets became more busy. Shopmen were taking down shutters, the flaring lamps were being put out, and London seemed almost half awake.

Adopta had a small supply of money, which, with the jewels, would stand some time between her and starvation. Passing by an eating-house she went in for some breakfast, and, during the meal, she tried to form some definite plan for herself. But nothing



came of it. Again she toiled along the greasy streets, a mere drop in the London stream, utterly unnoticed and uncared for. She wished herself one of the match-girls, an orange-seller, or a shoe-black, or any one however humble, who had a home and an occupation. But her white hands and delicate body were not fitted for rough work. 'A day's tramping in the slush would lay me low,' thought she. 'Ah, I have it! I will be a nurse! I have often visited the sick, and know a little about illness. But then, who will have me without a character? Who will trust a friendless stranger?'

Passing a fine hospital, she lingered a while at the door. 'I wonder, now, if I could get a situation here?' But she was too timid to try her luck there. 'I shall be repulsed, perhaps rudely,' said she, and she turned away.

Noon came, and hunger with it, and plenty of chances to eat and drink; but Adopta was an hour or more ere she could decide on an eating-house. At length she entered a quiet, old-fashioned place, not far from the Cathedral. Here, again, as she ate her bread, it was with anxiety. 'What am I to do? and, above all, where am I to sleep to-night?'

No difficult question, one would say, in the mighty metropolis, if you have money enough in your purse to pay for your bed. But Adopta was a timid girl, utterly unused to walk into an hotel and order waiters and chambermaids about. She feared meeting their inquisitive looks. She dreaded every question they might put to her. What if she were suspected of some crime? What if they searched her pockets and obliged her to account for her jewels? What, then, must she do? She could not abide all night in the dreary streets, pacing up and down as one beset with a bad conscience. Already her unusual exertions and her cold wet feet began to tell upon her, and she felt sick at heart and very unhappy.

As she passed St. Paul's, she thought the service would do her good, so she entered and sat down under the dome. When the people had departed she still sat there, and wished she might have the great roof over her head all night. At length her solitary figured was noticed by a verger, who came to her and said,—

'Young woman, I'm glad you like the Cathedral, but it is time to go.'

Adopta made no reply.

The verger, thinking she might be asleep, touched her gently on the arm, and repeated his words. The only answer he got was a violent burst of tears. The puzzled man rubbed his nose and essayed some comforting sounds, which seemed useful, for Adopta stopped crying and got up to go out; but she had not gone far before she was compelled by faintness to sit down again.

'Are you ill?' said the verger.

'No,' said she in a low voice. 'I shall be better very soon.'

The official fingered his key a little impatiently, and thought the person might be shamming; but really, what her purpose in shamming might be he was not wise enough to discover.

'Now, my dear,' said the perplexed man, 'I want to go home; are you ready?'

'Yes,' said she. 'I'll go, but——' and here she

sobbed again, burying her face in her delicate white handkerchief.

'Bless me!' said the servant of the Church, 'what can be the matter?'

The matter was plain enough in a moment, for Adopta fainted right dead away. Here was a situation! The verger ran to a vestry and brought out a water-bottle, with which he deluged the fainting girl, and then he put on his hat and hastened home for Mrs. Turret, his amiable wife.

'Theresa, my dear, a young woman's fainted dead away, and I want you to come and see to her.'

'Fainted away! Who is it? and where?' asked Mrs. Turret, who was getting tea ready.

'A young woman, name unknown, in the Cathedral. Pray come at once.'

Mrs. Turret put on her bonnet and shawl and went with her good man as requested. In her motherly hands poor Adopta came round; but oh, what a dreary look was on her face! what a wistful, forlorn look! as much as to say, 'What must I do?'

'Now, my dear,' said kind little Mrs. Turret, 'you are better, and Thomas shall walk home with you. Is it far? Or stay; you shall come and rest and have some tea, and then Thomas shall show you the way. You might faint again in Cheapside, and that would be very awkward.'

Poor Adopta thanked Mrs. Turret for her warm-hearted offer, and, with the help of Thomas on one side and Theresa on the other, she managed to reach the verger's snug home.

Mrs. Turret had her suspicions that all was not right about Adopta; but her sweet, gentle manner, and her pale, wistful face, disarmed, or rather took by storm, the motherly woman, who thought of her own two daughters, both happily married, and felt there was room in her own ample bosom for a stranger, thus strangely thrust upon her.

(To be continued.)



### THE SYRIAN DONKEY.

HE wild ass is frequently mentioned in the Bible. The Wild Syrian Ass has no cross stripe on its back, only the lengthways one, which occurs also in dun and mouse-coloured horses. The ears are smaller than in any other wild donkey, while the tail is well furnished with hair, almost from its base. The absence of this cross-bar, and the natural inference which early pilgrims and Crusaders may have drawn, that our tame donkey is derived from the Syrian donkey, gave rise to the legend that our tame donkey was given the cross in remembrance of having carried our Saviour. Legends were stories of that kind collected by the monks, and read out loud in the hours of recreation from convent-duties.

The Abyssinian or Nubian wild ass is a much less game-looking animal than the Syrian. He has a good cross-bar, and is as like a well-conditioned English 'Neddy' as two peas are like each other. The foal of the Syrian wild ass is peculiar for the zebra-like double texture of its mane.





The Syrian Donkey.





Roozeman caught by a Lasso.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 131.)

## CHAP. XXI.—THE VAQUEROS.



THE Englishman's presence seemed to have brought good luck to the travellers, for a day and a half they continued their journey without meeting anything to disturb them. In two days more they hoped to reach the Yuba diggings. They laughed at Donatus' fears, telling him that, notwithstanding apparent dangers, they were now approaching the end of their journey without any real harm having happened to them. He shook his head doubtfully, replying that one must not sell a bear's skin till the animal has been caught and slain, and that we ought not to hold a harvest festival till the corn has been stored in the barn.

On crossing a vast plain next morning, in the midst of which stood some isolated rocks, Pardoes suddenly stopped, and said,—

'Halt, friends! there is treachery behind those hills!' Pointing with his finger he added, 'Yonder, above the rocks, hats are moving. Those hats are Mexican *sombreros*. The men who are behind those rocks mean to attack us as we pass. Be ready to fire at the first appearance of these brigands.'

While he was speaking the hats were raised, and three balls whistled over the Flemings' heads.

These all fired together upon their enemies, but immediately after four or five men on horseback appeared from the rock, who, without giving the gold-seekers time to reload their weapons, rushed upon them at a gallop with shouts of triumph.

'The revolvers!' cried the Brusseler: 'they are *vaqueros*—throwers of ropes! Beware of the lasso!'

'May God have mercy on us!' moaned Donatus.

He had scarcely uttered the words when the lassos cut the air with a hissing sound, and repeated shots from revolvers sounded rapidly through the valley. So as not to be trodden down by the horses the gold-seekers had separated, each taking a different direction.

A lasso had caught Roozeman round the waist, and was pressing his arms tightly against his body. The horseman to whose saddle the end of the terrible rope was fastened spurred his horse, threw the unfortunate Fleming down, and dragged him along the ground in his rapid course.

Kwik, who was firing in a way which proved how dearly he would sell his life, was the only one to remark Victor's critical position. He rushed to his friend's assistance. Throwing down his revolver, he drew his large Catalonian knife out of his belt, and struck the Mexican at the very moment when he was about to fall upon his victim.

Kwik plunged his knife with such force into the horse's side that the poor animal fell mortally wounded. The *vaquero*, who had sprung from his saddle, and had fallen on his knees, drew out a dagger, and aimed a blow at Donatus, unhappily wounding him; but the exasperated Fleming seized the *vaquero* by the hair, and plunged his knife up to the hilt in his breast. Then, running up to Roozeman, he cut the lasso, and

ran to the scene of the combat; blood flowed down his face, and he waved his terrible knife above his head. When he had rejoined his friends he sent the Mexicans flying in the direction of the solitary rocks. Without turning round he ran after them alone, though the Brusseler shouted after him as loudly as he could to stop.

Kwik turned back. Victor ran to meet him, called him his deliverer, and showed the greatest anxiety at the sight of the blood, which flowed down the poor fellow's cheeks. But Donatus assured him it was not serious; the *vaquero* had wished to strike the dagger into his heart, but he had turned the weapon aside, which had struck his head, giving him a large gash above his ear.

Creps, the Brusseler, and the Frenchman, seized his hand, praising him loudly for his courage in the encounter. He replied, modestly, 'I am not a braver hero than I was yesterday. But Mr. Victor was in danger of death: that maddened me. I did not know what I was doing. May God pardon me such words, but if I had to kill a hundred Mexicans to save Mr. Roozeman I think I should do it.'

'Now you have murdered a Christian,' growled the sailor; 'the ghost—'

'Ghost! that wretched Mexican!' cried Donatus, with a fresh outburst of fury. 'He was about to assassinate Mr. Victor: his ghost may appear if it likes; I will stab the spectre with my knife, too.'

All this time the others were telling what had happened to them. The Frenchman had also been caught in the lasso, and dragged some distance off, but Creps had darted forward and cut the cord. The Brusseler had plunged his knife into the thigh of one of his foes; another must have received a bullet in his body, for they had seen him fall from his horse, and it was owing to his shrieks and hasty flight that his companions had left the field of battle.

'It was I,' said the sailor, 'who sent the bullet into that vagabond's heart.'

'Indeed! where were you? I didn't see you once during the conflict,' asked Creps.

'You think of nothing,' replied the Ostender. 'To prevent our poor wounded man from having his neck broken I tied the mule's bridle to my belt, to hinder the beast from running away. Protected against the lasso, I was able to load my gun repeatedly and take good aim at these wretches. It was my bullet which struck the *vaquero* in the chest. Had it not been for my presence of mind we should probably all be dead at this moment.'

'Come, that wasn't a bad idea,' said Kwik, laughing: 'next time we are attacked I will get behind the mule, too!'

Deeply stung by this sneer, the sailor sprang forward, brandished his knife, and would probably have struck Donatus, had not Creps seized his hand, and while he held it in an iron grip exclaimed,—

'If you value your life don't touch a hair of his head!'

Pardoes and Victor rushed in between them. Donatus humbly asked the sailor's pardon, asserting that he had no intention of insulting him, and proclaiming aloud that the hasty flight of their assailants was all owing to the skill and courage of the Ostender. This calmed the sailor, and he even shook hands with the



man whom a moment before he had wished to strike.

On examining the wounds of Donatus and the Frenchman, they found that neither of them was sufficiently serious to prevent them continuing their journey.

The sailor wished to go and search for the dead *vaquero*, and his horse, doubtless to see if any valuables were to be found; but Pardoes held him back, saying,—

‘No, leave him. Forward, gentlemen: don’t let us lose any more time. We are not safe in this plain. Mexicans are full of revenge, and I shan’t be surprised if the brigands return in large numbers. We must hurry on to gain those heights yonder, where the horses can’t reach us.’

Donatus walked along by the mule’s side, carrying in his hand a leather cord made of three thin straps plaited together, more than twenty feet long, and with a slip-knot at the end.

‘That’s a lasso you’ve got in your hand, Kwik.’

‘Yes, I know it is,’ he replied: ‘but I am puzzling my brains to make out how they can catch a man with it. Those fellows must be wonderfully well practised in throwing the lasso.’

‘Yes, they are well skilled in it, certainly: but it’s not without difficulty that they acquire the habit. I was shipwrecked during a voyage on the Mexican coast, and thus had a good chance of observing the *vaqueros*. No sooner are the children of these people able to walk than they begin to fling a lasso: first they seize cats and dogs, then mules, and finally, oxen and horses; for the real use of the lasso is only to capture the latter.’

Towards evening they perceived in the distance three or four large tents, and as many fires. They halted, to try and make out whether they were friends or foes.

‘They are muleteers,’ said the Brusseler, ‘carrying a supply of flour from Sacramento to the diggings. I hear, too, the bells of their mules. Come on boldly, we have nothing to fear.’

The muleteers seeing this band of men in the distance, seized their weapons and placed themselves on the defensive, but on perceiving that they were only gold-seekers they saluted them in a friendly manner.

John Miller, whose foot was now, thanks to Victor’s care, much better, recognised the head muleteer as having carried flour and other provisions more than once for his father. When he expressed his astonishment at seeing him there, wounded, wandering among the mountains, the young Englishman told with much gratitude how his companions had taken him up when he was half dead in a wood, and had given him their only beast of burden to save him. Upon this the Flemings were invited to pass the night at this spot. In their honour the muleteers prepared the best of their provisions for them. They ate and drank so well, that a fresh vigour seemed to flow into the veins of the weary gold-seekers.

What most rejoiced them was, the certainty that to-morrow afternoon they would reach the first diggings of the Yuba. It was decided that John Miller should remain with the muleteers, as they were willing to take him in a few days to the Pen River. He wished to give money to his deliverers, but as

they refused to accept it he made them take a fresh stock of flour and salted lard. This he thought might be necessary for them, as, since the fresh influx of gold-seekers, everything in the mines was scarce and dear. The Flemings might have continued in company with their new friends, but as their mules were heavily laden they could only proceed slowly, and as Pardoes could brook no delay, it was agreed that they should start by themselves at sunrise.

After John Miller had once more warmly thanked his deliverers and shaken Creps, Roozeman, and Kwik warmly by the hand, they all slipped under their tent and soon fell into a profound sleep.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE DIGGINGS.

THE sun had risen gloriously on the horizon, and promised a splendid day. The gold-seekers had started early, and went on quickly without taking any rest on the road. The thought that each step brought them nearer to the diggings gave them courage, and as the mule carried all the heavy luggage and the tools, they were light in body and joyous in spirit.

When, towards the close of the afternoon, they thought that they had walked far enough to have arrived at the diggings and did not see them, they became melancholy, fearing lest they had lost their way and might have to pass another night in the mountains. After they had been silently ascending a high mountain for more than an hour, Jan Creps, who was in front of them, turned round and cried out with joy,—

‘Praise God, my friends! there they are! down there! Hurrah! the diggings!’

His companions rushed up, and raising their arms towards the sky, shouted,—

‘Hurrah! hurrah!’

‘See! see!’ said Donatus. ‘Are those the diggings? It is like a nest of ants. Where do all those men come from, if they are men? I think one could count more than a thousand. Let us descend quickly, my friends: if all those fellows scratching at the earth down there like moles are to get a load of gold, there will not remain much for those who come later.’

Without heeding what Donatus said, the others had seated themselves on the slope of the mountain to rest a little, and to enjoy at the same time the view of the diggings, which they all, with the exception of the Brusseler, saw for the first time. From the place where they sat the bare and uneven rock plunged many hundreds of feet into a plain, of which the soil was visibly composed of mud and stones. Half a mile right in front of them rose a rocky mountain, equally steep; and between these two huge ramparts flowed the Yuba, winding through the middle of the valley.

This plain, on whichever side one looked at it, was covered with a swarm of gold-seekers, which, as Donatus had said, was not unlike an ant’s nest.

Thus one saw them drawing the auriferous sand from hundreds of holes, pierce the soil with spades and pick-axes, carry the earth to the river, sift and wash it. The diggers and the washers worked with a surprising zeal: their movements were rapid; they ran rather than walked.

(To be continued.)





Barge on the River Thames.

## LOST AND FOUND.

(Continued from page 135.)

**BY** many an artful question did the inquisitive Mrs. Turret try to worm herself into Adopta's secret; but she was baffled. Her woman's eye detected the lady-like cut of the stranger's dress; and the manners of the gentlewoman were yet more clear, for her garments were by no means improved by a long day's march in the London streets, or by the verger's prodigal application of the water-bottle.

'She is some young lady, depend on it, Thomas,

who has been silly enough to run away from a good home in a fit of the pets, or through fear. We may safely be good Samaritans and let her lie in Minnie's room. To-morrow the young woman will be wiser and we shall send her back in a cab. But what a sad night it will be at home! I wonder how such a gentle-spoken young lady can pierce her friends' hearts so?'

Mr. Turret was a man of small imagination, and words to match; and having nothing to suggest, and no comfort for Adopta's relatives, he remained silent.

'You don't say anything, Turret,' said Mrs. Turret.





Adopta discovered in the snow.

'Are we to turn the poor thing out of doors, or are we to give her a lodging?'

'Why, of course, we can't turn her out, my dear,' replied Mr. Turret. 'Let her rest; she's not a thief, I'm sure.'

Adopta's gratitude, when a bed was offered her, was too deep for words. She kissed Mrs. Turret's plump hand, and said, 'You are kind: I never can repay you.'

'Tut, child, tut! a night's lodging is nothing. But you can repay me, child, if you like.'

How? asked Adopta.

'By telling me where your friends live.'

'Friends! I have no friends.'

Mrs. Turret shook her head and frowned, as if Adopta were not now sincere.

'You must have friends; at least, you must have come from a genteel home: your appearance says that much.'

'I have,' said Adopta; 'but they are not my friends any longer.' Here the pale face of Lady Ann, made paler by Adopta's absence, rose up and reproached her. A truer friend than Lady Ann no one ever had.

'Well,' said Mrs. Turret, noticing signs of distress,



'perhaps you will tell us to-morrow, and let us send you back. Do, my dear; do let us pop you in a coach and send you back. The world is a deal harder than you think, a deal too hard for one like you. What could these soft white hands do if they had to earn every penny? But you'll tell us to-morrow, won't you?'

Adopta, who was now in as clean and cosy a bed as she ever slept in, said she would consider what to do, but was sure she would remember Mrs. Turret's kindness as long as she lived.

But Adopta had not the least intention of returning, and no desire of being cross-questioned at breakfast by Mrs. Turret; so, after a brief but refreshing slumber, she arose and cautiously dressed herself with the purpose of leaving the house before her kind friends were stirring.

'It seems mean,' said she, 'to steal away thus; but when I am settled one of my first visits shall be to these good people. And now I will pay the bill with this ring. They must not say the wanderer they cared for left them unrewarded for their kindness.'

So saying, she laid the ring on a piece of white paper, with these words,—

'In happier days, if God wills, the wanderer will appear again, to thank two most worthy friends whom He sent to her help. Meanwhile their goodness will be like a sunbeam on her path of perplexity.'

She found her shoes, cleaned and ready, before the still warm hearth downstairs; and with an earnest prayer for guidance and a fervent blessing on the house she was leaving, Adopta stole out once more like a thief, to try what sort of luck a second day in London would bring her.

It chanced to be a fine winter day, and some time in the course of it she found herself on one of the stately London bridges. It was a new scene to her entirely, and thus she mused as she gazed on the busy river: 'How happy to be that man engaged in guiding that barge full of hay! He has a home, however humble; he knows his friends: I have none. How gay and merry those people are on that steamer! All of them have a home and know the way there, but I do not.'

While looking down into the muddy stream a dreadful thought entered her mind. 'If I cannot find a home, there is at least an end of sorrow in that deep water. Is it murder for a wretch like me to drown myself? Is it an unpardonable sin, I wonder? O why was I ever born to be so happy and then so suddenly wretched? But I am glad I saw that letter; I am glad I know the worst. I could not bear to do wrong to Juliet any longer, nor could I bear her words and looks. No; it is best as it is, even if I die. But what am I to do? If I throw myself over this parapet nobody will miss me; no one will shed a tear; but oh, what must I do?'

The people, as they passed, were too busy to notice Adopta. What is a friendless girl to us as we float in the human stream over Westminster Bridge?

Having satisfied her hunger, the wanderer be-thought her of a night's lodging again.

'No such luck as another Mr. Turret in Westminster Abbey, I fear,' said she, looking up at its towers. 'No; I will try and find a decent bed somewhere, and to-morrow I will see if I do not find the country

kinder than the town. I shall like it better, I think.' By the aid of a soft-hearted policeman, Adopta managed to lodge in a plain, comfortable inn, and after breakfast next morning she made her way out of the city turmoil into the direction of Clapham.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was a brilliant winter morning when Adopta began her walk across Westminster Bridge. But our ever fickle climate soon changed the scene, and after a disagreeable fashion. The wanderer had not reached Clapham ere the brightness was gone and snow began to fall. It was such a snow as we moderns read about in story-books, but do not often see. Poor Adopta, however, struggled on, and found herself at Wimbledon when night began to fall. She strayed into one of the roads which led from that wild common, and soon wished to do what others do in such circumstances, namely, to sit down and have a nap. But she had heard it was very dangerous to sleep in the snow, and so she resisted the longing as well as she could. The desire grew upon her, and at length she yielded to it, so far as to rest under a great tree. 'If I am found frozen to death here,' said she, 'no one will miss me. Juliet may chance to read about a young woman found dead, but she will never suspect it is Adopta. Better anyhow to die here under this old oak than to throw myself off the bridge. How I wish I could see a house! I would knock at any door, and if they bade me begone, I could but lie down there, as I once did so many many years ago. I wish some one would come by; but who is likely to travel this road such a night as this? I wish I was with kind Mrs. Turret again. But I must remain here now, that is certain, and keep awake all night if I can.'

Drawing her not too warm dress about her, and her icy feet under her, Adopta kept awake till it was long after dusk. Then a slumber fell upon her, and the rising wind buried her, all but her face, and the clouds were swept away and the moon glittered broad and full upon her. But she had been guided by the angels to her own friends. John Smithson and his daughter, driving home from Wimbledon, came, as we say, to grief. They were obliged to make their way home on foot through the almost knee-deep snow. Whip in hand and Mary on arm, did John stoutly make his way, grumbling not a little at his unkind fate. As he was plodding on, trying to account for the accident, and wishing he had done this and hadn't done that, and crying (as they say) over spilt milk, Mary was looking about her, and rather enjoying the fun of the thing. Suddenly she gave a start and cried out,—

'Look there, father! there's Nanny's ghost under that tree!'

'Nanny's ghost, child! where? what do you mean? Don't talk nonsense, girl! Why! how white you are?'

Mary's face was nearly as white as the snow, while she stood staring and pointing at some object under the oak.

'Bless me, child!' exclaimed John; 'why, it is a woman buried in the snow! Poor thing! I hope she is not dead.'

John at once went to the tree and swept off the snow.

'She's warm, Mary, still. I think she's alive.'



Bless me! how lucky we passed this way! We shouldn't have come here if we hadn't broken down.'

Mary did all she could to chafe the cold hands and to clear away the snow. John proposed to carry the poor girl in his arms, and it was not until he stooped down to lift her from the earth that he saw what Mary meant when she spoke of Nanny's ghost.

The unconscious girl was the very image, the double self, of his dead daughter Ann, who had been asleep six months.

'Bless me, Molly!' said he; 'I am dumbfounded! How can there be two girls so much alike? If I were a believer, now, in ghosts, I should say this was not flesh and blood, but my daughter come back again. And cold as death her hands and face are; but you say her body is warm—eh, Molly?'

'Yes, father, I thrust my hand into her bosom to find out, and it was not cold.'

'Poor girl!' said John, as he staggered off under his burden. 'I wonder where she came from? Well dressed, ain't she, Molly? Some young lady, maybe, as has run away from school or because they treated her badly. Poor thing! I wish we were at home. Here, my lass, take my whip and the basket, and get thee there as quick as possible. Tell mother to warm a bed and put a fire in the spare room, and send Tom to meet me.'

Mary at first shrunk from a lonely walk, having so lately seen a ghost; but, being a girl of good sense, she moved off homeward as fast as she could. In due time, by Tom's aid, poor Adopta was in John Smithson's house, and safe in bed. Life's taper was all but out, and it was a month ere the wanderer was herself again. It was strange how often Mrs. Smithson, when she went into the room, fancied she was again bending over her own daughter. The face, the manner, the colour of eyes and hair, even the voice, all were surprisingly alike.

When Adopta was well enough to converse, she told them she was fatherless and motherless. She told them she was left an outcast on a rich man's doorstep twenty years ago; how he took compassion on her, and reared her as his own; and how, till a little while ago, she thought herself his daughter. But the dream was rudely broken, and the unkindness of her only sister made home so unbearable that she had left it to find one elsewhere.

*(Concluded in our next.)*

### CAUGHT!



It is caught! And it is well, when we take into account how rats swarm, and what damage they do. Beneath the houses and streets of London and Paris rats scamper about without number. These citizens ramble in the underground drains, especially in the neighbourhood of markets and docks, where refuse food is plentiful. They have another reason for liking

docks. A dock is a place for ships, and rats are fond of ships. Five hundred have been caught in a vessel

newly arrived from the East Indies. The underground rats do much damage to the drains by moving the brickwork, and burrowing under the pipes, which thus fall in and are rendered useless.

Men often go into the drains with a candle, and catch rats. The English sell them to so-called 'sporting men,' whose noble sport is to see terriers worry the poor prisoners. The French, with more sense, make use of their skin for gloves.

These hungry little creatures will eat almost anything, and when they can get nothing else they will eat one another. A dozen rats were once put in a box, and when it was opened only three remained. Near them were nine tails, and the white bones of nine rats! The Irish rats, we are told, cleared the sister island of all its frogs. Rats, too, are fond of oil, and show sometimes much cleverness in getting it. They will reach the oil in a long-necked bottle by putting their long tails into it. Jack Rat puts his tail in first, and Jill his wife licks the oil off; then Jill puts her tail in, to be licked in turn by her Jack. Eggs, too, they like, and they move them about in the most clever fashion. One rat lies on his back, and the egg is mounted on his breast, and held tightly by his fore paws. His friends then take hold of his tail, and drag him away as if he were a sledge!

On ship-board the quick-eared rats listen intently for the sound of rain, and when it comes the thirsty brethren steal up, after the sailors are gone to their hammocks, climb into the rigging, and sip the water as it lies in the folds of the sails. If they cannot get water they will drink spirits, and roll about quite drunk. On shore they will climb vines and plum-trees, and feast on the fruit. They are very partial, too, to strawberries and melons.

These clever little creatures may be tamed, and trained to do almost anything. The driver of an omnibus kept one to guard his dinner, which was done as well as it could have been done by a dog. The rat would fly at the astonished thief, and drive him off pell-mell. When at home he would lie basking at the fire, and in cold nights would creep into his master's bed.

Rats may be taught to act. A number of rats acted not long ago on their hind legs, dressed up like little men and women. They ended the play by hanging the cat and dancing round her body. In Siam they are tamed, and fed so well that they are almost as big as a cat. In this happy condition they free the house of all other rats.

When fed on wheat and such-like sweet food a rat is not a bad dish. Split rats are sold in China as a dainty dish; and they are eaten, too, in France. Moreover, rat pie has been eaten and enjoyed on board ship.

Rats increase in a most marvellous fashion. It is said—how truly we know not—that a pair of rats will have in three years' time no less than 656,308 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and so on, and these will eat as much as 64,000 men can eat. If this is so, the dog in the picture is a very useful member of society.

G. S. O.





Caught !





The Wishing Cup.



## THE WISHING CAP.

**H**OW kind is Providence, who will not lend  
An ear to all our whims, my little friend.  
Our wishes gratified might either be  
Death's bitterness, or life-long misery!

Perhaps there are some foolish little fishes,  
Who have, like us, their silly little wishes:  
They would be swallows, and skim grass and water;  
But such a wish fulfilled were gudgeon-slaughter.  
The air-birds breathe their gills cannot consume;  
So our sweet May-fields were to them a tomb.

I read this lesson in thy pranks, O Nell!  
Thy secret thought that cap, those glasses, tell.  
Sweet childhood thou wouldst fling away, to be  
Some wigg'd great-aunt, with teeth one, two, or three;  
Happy there are no broomstick fairies now,  
To wrinkle up thine alabaster brow!

Those glasses mean dim eyes—that cap declares  
The ravages of one who never spares:  
No power, no cries, can Time's rough work undo,  
Restore youth's riches, make old fogies new.  
Be happy, child, content with all thou hast,  
Life's sunny Dawn, and no reproachful Past!

G. S. O.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 139.)

On each side of the river, at the foot of the high mountains, the tents of the gold-seekers were planted; all separated at some distance from each other, but presenting, nevertheless, the regular aspect of a military camp. Most of these tents were covered with canvas or a sail, but one saw some which were only composed of the green branches of pine-trees. On the left, at the foot of some high rocks, where the soil was a little raised, the stores were placed. They consisted of about twenty tents, and amongst them some six or seven were distinguished by their size. A crowd swarmed round the stores more numerous than in the plain: all these people were huddled together, and the Flemings heard, even at that distance, the wild songs and confused cries which rose from the multitude.

The Brusseler explained to his companions what they saw, for he knew this digging, where he had worked for some weeks. Pardoes replied to an exclamation of Donatus, who could not restrain his impatience, and wished to run down into the valley to begin at once to collect the gold,—

'There is probably nothing for us to do here: all the valley has already its proprietors, and there is not any room for more.'

'What! what did you say?' said Kwik. 'Proprietors? The soil in California belongs to no one; we are masters here as much as those who are collecting down yonder the good gold.'

'You are wrong—at least partly so,' replied

Pardoes. 'It is true that there are no *written* laws here, but there are more or less among the gold-seekers certain rules, which must be observed by every one if he does not wish to draw upon himself the vengeance of all. It is accepted here that those who first occupy a place to seek for gold are proprietors of that place upon a zone of thirty feet between the river and the beginning of the high rocks. This tongue of earth is called a claim. Each company of gold-seekers possesses one. Supposing the claim is bad, or is exhausted, they are obliged to look for another that does not belong to anybody. In this valley there will be nothing for us to do, my boy.'

'Where shall we go, then?'

'Observe how those rocks on either side of the river approach each other, and enclose the plain like a basin. Further on the valley widens, but the soil still contains more or less gold. We must ascend higher up the river till we come to a favourable spot which is not already taken. I think we might succeed two or three leagues away from this valley. There we shall find the digging the Frenchman told me about. But we had better pitch our tents here till to-morrow morning.'

'Here on the mountain?' grumbled Donatus: 'why not lower down, near the others? Oh, I long to sleep upon gold!'

'We shan't find any free spot down there. There is very little wood and our mule will find no pasture. Why go down when to-morrow we shall be obliged to ascend this mountain to resume our journey?'

'However, I should like to see what is going on at the diggings,' said Roozeman. 'I propose we draw lots. Two of us shall remain here to pitch the tent and guard our baggage and tools; the other four can go to the diggings and stores. Here there is not much to fear, and especially when one has not any gold.'

The proposal was accepted. The lot fell on Creps and the sailor to remain. The others hastened to throw aside their knapsacks, gave their guns to their comrades to take care of, and tried to find a place from which they could reach the valley.

The Brusseler soon found a dried-up torrent bed; by this, fearing at every instant to break their necks, they at last gained the valley, along which they slowly made their way.

As they passed by an abandoned well the Baron picked up a handful of earth; and after examining it he exclaimed,—

'Gold! I see gold!'

'Gold? Oh, let me see it! let me see it!' cried Kwik. 'It is true! it is gold! gold glistening among the sand!'

'Why can't we remain here?' asked Victor.

'Certainly we must, as we can pick up gold with our hands,' added Donatus.

'This well belongs to the claim of some men who have been busy before us washing the earth in water,' said Pardoes. 'They won't allow us to work here. Hark! they are crying after us that we must go on. Come, come; don't let us lose any more time. What the Baron holds in his hand is sand which has already been washed. It contains nothing



of any value. Gold-dust is everywhere mixed with the earth here, but the difficulty consists in finding a spot where the sand contains gold enough to yield a good reward for one's labour.

They soon reached the river, where they remained for some time watching four men who were busy shaking a great sieve full of earth, while two others constantly poured water upon it.

When at last the sieve was opened that the washed gold might be taken out of it, Donatus drew back in amazement.

'I declare,' he cried, 'it is all gold inside it! Hitherto I have always believed that we were cheated, but now I must believe what I see with my own eyes. Ah! ah! Anneken! a sack of gold! a castle! Hurrah! hurrah!'

And he began to cut foolish capers and clap his hands with as much noisy delight as if he already possessed the treasures he dreamt of. The gold-seekers looked at him with a somewhat contemptuous smile, but did not stop in their work.

A joyful expression appeared for the first time on the Baron's face, whose eyes sparkled.

'These men are, indeed, not altogether unfortunate,' said Pardoes; 'but don't deceive yourselves as to the amount of gold you saw glitter in their trough. It is not worth more than from fifteen to twenty dollars. It is, too, the fruit of half-a-day's labour. They are five, so each has scarcely made four dollars.'

Our friends walked on for a long way among men employed in digging and washing gold. The Brusseler now and then stopped to question them as to the chance of finding a free claim in that valley.

Some men, who seemed to be finding a great deal of gold, were desirous of selling their claim for a thousand dollars, but as Pardoes and his friends only possessed fifteen dollars among them they were obliged to refuse this offer.

They reached the stores, and standing at some distance from the crowd, watched for a few moments the strange population which swarmed here. All were very dirty; their uncombed beards almost entirely concealed their faces; The only clothing which most of them wore was a red or blue flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers fastened with a strap round the loins. Some had high boots; others thick shoes; many were barefooted. But no one was without a belt with two or three revolvers or a big knife at least stuck in it.

It was evident that most of these men were excited by drink; many of them had to be dragged along by their friends. Here curses might be heard, there knives glittered, further on the report of a revolver told probably a double murder; but no one even turned his head, and all went about their business without troubling themselves about the affairs of others.

'What a set of brutes we have fallen among!' cried Kwik. 'The people of San Francisco are angels compared with these! Tell us, Pardoes, when shall we get out of this? I should like to live long enough to pick up plenty of gold, but—'

'Are you afraid?' said Pardoes, laughing. 'I thought you only feared ghosts.'

'Well, one needs no stretch of the imagination to take these horrible-looking fellows for ghosts.'

'I think, friend Pardoes,' said Victor, 'that Kwik

is right. 'I don't feel much inclined to mix with that rough set.'

'Well,' said the Baron, 'we must go and see what is going on at the stores. It may be dangerous, but, if needful, we must use our revolvers.'

'Don't speak to any one, then,' said the Brusseler, approaching a shop; 'do as the others do—that is, pass on your way without turning round; and don't interfere with other people's business.'

They found themselves close to a money-changer's. It was a canvas tent, open in front. At the entrance stood a wooden table, made of coarse planks, and resting on two tree-trunks, from which the bark had not been stripped. A pair of scales, a few little heaps of dollars and piastres, three big nuggets, some gold dust, a sheet of white paper, and two revolvers, lay on the table.

Behind it sat a lean man in spectacles. He leant forward, one hand rested on the scales, the other on a revolver. He spied the crowd motionless and silent, like a fox watching his prey.

Two gold-seekers approached the counter; one drew from his breast a little leather bag, which hung from his neck by a string, emptied the contents on a sheet of paper, and said in French,—

'Here, Papa Crochu, weigh this for me and give me piastres for it; but don't rob me or I will upset your shop!'

'Who wants you?' grumbled the banker. 'Take your gold and go elsewhere.'

'Come, come! no more words! Weigh this gold, I tell you! I won't turn my eyes away from your crooked fingers.'

The money-changer plunged his hand into the little heap of gold dust, and pretended that the metal was not pure; the other swore to the contrary. While they were disputing about it the changer weighed the gold and counted out a certain sum in piastres. The gold-seeker left the shop, saying he was a cunning fox, who knew very well how to cheat.

When they were some distance from the money-changer's tent Pardoes said,—

'I know that Papa Crochu: he is the greatest rogue to be found in all America. He passed ten years at the galleys in France for forging bank-notes. You think he has not cheated that simpleton? He has done him three times. In the first place his weights are false, heavier than they ought to be; secondly, he has not given him nearly the proper price for his gold; and thirdly, he pilfered a good deal of the gold through the paper.'

'Through the paper?' exclaimed Donatus. 'How can gold pass through the paper?'

'In this way: there are two or three sheets, one above the other; in the middle of each is a slit which you can't see. While they are talking and disputing the changer plays with his fingers in the gold, pretending to find out whether it is pure, but he is moving the sheets of paper in such a way that these slits open, and a portion of the gold passes through. In this way he stole about an ounce of gold.'

'Why didn't you tell that poor fellow how he was being cheated?' said Victor.

'Oh, we can't do that sort of thing at the diggings,' said Pardoes: 'we should get into no end of a scrape. Every one for himself; so much the worse for him



who allows himself to be cheated. If I had said a word the changer would have called by a whistle, a cry, or some other sign, the men from the neighbouring stores, and we should have been instantly surrounded by about twenty threatening vagabonds. The proprietors of the shops have made a sort of alliance for their general defence. Without this means they could not hold them long.'

They passed at this moment before one of the stores, where corn, hard, and other provisions were being sold.

'A ham!' cried Donatus. 'My friends, there is a ham! Pardoes, let us buy it; we shall have a feast. It makes my mouth water. Ham, my friends! it is a treat when one has eaten nothing for such a long time except badly-cooked lard cakes!'

'What a fool you are!' said the Brusseler. 'This ham would cost, perhaps, four ounces of gold.'

'Four ounces of gold? it would be a good thing to keep pigs here. Some ounces of gold! and there are four hams to one pig!'

'No, but let us buy some tobacco; we have scarcely any, and we must not be without this comfort.'

They approached the shop. Pardoes took up a packet of tobacco which might weigh about two pounds, and asked the price.

'Five dollars,' was the reply.

'More than twenty-six francs,' grumbled Donatus. 'At that price I could buy a whole cart-load of tobacco in Natiën-Haesdonck.'

'There's nothing to be said, my friends,' remarked Pardoes. 'The prices rise and fall here more than in the Exchange. We have come at a bad time; there is little tobacco in the stores. If we wait till tomorrow we shall probably have to pay double for it. Come, let us drink a glass of grog in this large tent.'

'It would be better to drink a bottle of wine,' said the Baron, who appeared in a very good humour.

'A bottle of wine! why, that would cost at least an ounce of gold, and we've scarcely ten dollars among us all!'

'Very well: the grog, then, as the wine is too costly for us.'

The tent they entered was full of men standing upright with glasses in their hands, for there were no seats: so as soon as the Flemings had drank their grog, for which useless luxury they had to pay four dollars, they left the place, where they shuddered at the coarse language of the drunkards, whom they saw staggering about on all sides, and where they were stifled by the thick cloud of tobacco-smoke which almost prevented them from breathing.

'Come,' said Pardoes, 'we have had enough of this. We must not forget our friends yonder, who also will want to pay a visit to the stores. We have still six dollars; we must give two to Creps and the Ostender, that they may each indulge in a glass of grog.'

But now they stopped before a spacious tent which seemed full of people, and whence a loud noise proceeded, as if a quarrel were taking place.

'What are they selling in there?' asked the Baron.

'It's a gambling-house,' replied Pardoes.

'Yes, I see that plainly enough,' said Roozeman.

'Look at that unhappy fellow coming out; perhaps in one hour he has lost the fortune which he won from the earth after six months of labour.'

'An idea strikes me,' said the Brusseler: 'the few dollars we possess may still be very useful to us. Shall we try our luck with them at the gaming-table? a large fortune is often won in a few minutes.'

'No; I wouldn't go in there, not for a lump of gold as big as my fist,' exclaimed Donatus. 'I don't want to lose the lobe of my other ear!'

'And our companions on the mountain, too,' urged Victor: 'shall we go and lose the money which belongs to them? Moreover, they are fighting in there —'

He had scarcely uttered the words when a pistol-shot was heard from the tent; then the groups of gamblers opened to allow some men to pass who were carrying out a dead man by the arms and legs, while above their heads threatening knives were glittering and terrible imprecations filled the air. The victim they carried out had been shot in the breast, and the blood was still flowing from the horrible wound. No sooner had the bearers disappeared behind the tent than all within went on just as before, and the voice of the croupier was heard above the murmur of the gamblers. The Flemings, much shocked, continued on their road in silence.

'What will they do now with that unhappy man's corpse?' inquired Roozeman.

'They will dig a hole at the foot of the rock and cover it with earth and stones.'

'Without any religious ceremony?'

'None whatever.'

'And is there no clergyman here to say one prayer at the grave?' asked Donatus.

'A clergyman?' repeated Pardoes; 'a priest at the diggings? There was one when I was here before. He came with good intentions; he spoke seriously to the men, and wished to remind the gold-seekers that they were Christians. And what happened to him? The poor clergyman, in order not to die of hunger, was forced to dig for gold like the rest. No one would associate with him, because by his exhortations he tried to restrain the wild liberty which is looked upon by all here as the one great advantage of life at the diggings. He was obliged to engage himself as a labourer in the service of a gold-seeker. What became of him afterwards I don't know.'

This story, and the sad scene they had just witnessed, so affected Donatus that he had to rub his eyes with the sleeve of his long coat to wipe away the tears which dimmed his sight. Roozeman tried to cheer his friend with the hope that God, who had hitherto protected them, would still watch over them, and at last bring them back safe and well to happy Belgium. Kwik was soon comforted; and before they reached their bivouac was chatting merrily about his dear Anneken, and the castle in which they were both to live when he had made his fortune at the diggings.

The sailor grumbled, and was very angry with them for staying away so long: he also wanted to visit the stores, and as night was coming on he pretended that he would now be deprived of that pleasure. But when he heard that grog was to be





The Gold-seekers descending by the dried-up torrent-bed.

had he demanded a dollar, and asked Creps to go with him. But he refused, on the plea that he was too tired and sleepy; so the Ostender went alone. The friends, after they had supped and posted their sentinel, went under their tent, and wrapped themselves in their blankets. A quarter of an hour after all snored so loudly that they might be heard a hundred yards off.

Towards eleven o'clock, Donatus, as sentinel, was

walking up and down beside the tent. It was bright moonlight, though the moon was only in her first quarter; he tried to forget the thought of ghosts and spectres; as well as of the horrible sights he had seen, and sounds he had heard during the day; he gazed down at the valley at his feet, where hundreds of fires were still burning, and where, by the lurid light of the flames, he could distinguish the sentries beside the tents.



Suddenly his attention was aroused by the sound of a hoarse voice which proceeded from the bushes. It sounded as if men were disputing there, for he heard terrible words and furious threats. Seeing some one approach among the pines, he raised his musket and exclaimed, 'Who's there?'

'I will soon wring your neck, Yankee!' replied a harsh voice, which sounded like the growl of a bear.

'Oh, it's you, Ostender, is it?' cried Kwik, laughing. 'This way, comrades, this way!'

'What do I hear?' howled the other, who was still in imagination struggling with invisible men. 'You dare say I am a coward? Say it once more!—then die, rogue!'

A ball whistled close by Donatus' ear.

'Come, come, Ostender!' he stammered out; 'I am not an enemy; I am Kwik, your friend!'

But he had scarcely finished the words when the sailor threw himself upon him with the whole weight of his body, seizing him by the throat, as if he would strangle him. Both fell over and rolled on the ground.

The pistol-shot had made their companions spring out of the tent; they found poor Kwik nailed to the ground by the sailor who was kneeling on his chest and yelling like a madman.

'Americans silence me! I will crush the heart of the strongest Yankee!'

At this moment his friends flew to the aid of Donatus, and dragged him from the grasp of the sailor, who, however, did not recognise them, and wanted to fight with them all; they took away his weapons and did all they could to calm him, but he kicked, struggled, and bit like a madman.

'The lasso! the lasso!' cried the Brusseler.

Donatus hastened into the tent, and handing it to Pardoes, he exclaimed,—

'Here it is! here it is! He should be bound up like a wild beast. Quick! quick! he will draw down upon us a punishment from Heaven by his horrible words!'

Pardoes tied up the sailor with the lasso. The drunkard struggled a little longer, then he fell heavily back on the ground, motionless. He roared like a lion, his curses re-echoed through the valley.

'Give me his blanket,' said the Brusseler, 'and don't trouble yourselves about him any more; he is drunk, and to-morrow he won't know anything that he has done. Go back to the tent, comrades; I will mount guard and watch over him for a couple of hours. In ten minutes he will be fast asleep.'

This terrible incident deprived poor Donatus of sleep for some time; he tried to talk to Creps, but the only answer he got was a heavy snore. He let his head fall back on his knapsack, and said sadly,—

'Happy fellows! they sleep and snore as if they were on a feather-bed at Antwerp. Why isn't my heart as hard as the case in which the good God has inclosed it? Gold! gold! I would rather fight against a seven-headed dragon.' And he, too, overcome by fatigue, sank into a heavy slumber.

(To be continued.)

## LOST AND FOUND.

(Concluded from page 143.)

WHAT is your birthday?' asked Mary, who had been very attentive to the story.

'My birthday is on the thirteenth of January—at least it was always kept then; but, of course, this unhappy discovery makes it uncertain. Most likely that was the day on which I was found.'

'We wish,' said Mrs. Smithson, 'you would wander no more, but make this your home; that is, if you can put up with so humble a place. It must seem mean and small after the grand mansion of your former friends.'

'Oh, I love it!' said Adopta; 'and only too glad should I be to remain here, if I might. But I cannot be a burden to you. I will, as soon as I can, work to repay you. Without your kindness I had perished.'

'Bless you!' said Mrs. Smithson, 'don't talk of repaying! Really, you look so like my Nancy, and your voice reminds me of her so much, that I cannot help thinking you must be a relation. It would be very strange if you were our lost niece!'

'Your lost niece! When was she lost? and how?' Mrs. Smithson held up her hand as much as to say, 'Do not excite yourself, or you will be ill again.'

'I will tell you all I know about it some day, my dear.'

'No, dear Mrs. Smithson, tell me now, or I shall have no sleep to-night.'

Alarmed by so dreadful a threat, Mrs. Smithson related her story. John's brother, Alfred, was unsteady. He was a clever, gay, good-looking man, but he played ducks-and-drakes with his gifts. He married Mrs. Smithson's sister, Amy Morris, much against his parents' wishes, but with Mrs. Smithson's consent, for she always thought Alfred a better man than he was. In a drunken fit, however, he turned her out of doors, and she went, no man knew whither.

Her departure sobered Alfred for a time, but he took to drinking worse and worse, and soon dropped, as they say, into a drunkard's grave.

'And what became of poor Amy?' asked Adopta.

'No one of us knows,' answered Mrs. Smithson, in tears; 'all intimacy ceased between me and mother on Amy's account, and we have been estranged all this while; but John has an idea in his head, and is gone to-day to mother's house.'

John had a more difficult task than he expected. Mrs. Morris and her son Thomas received him with coldness and surprise, and for some time refused to say a word about the miserable past. But he persevered, and assured them he had a good reason for his visit. He then told his adventure in the snow, and said he believed the young woman he had saved was no other than Amy's daughter.

'What makes you think so?' asked Mrs. Morris.

'The strong likeness to my own deceased child; the fact of her being found on a doorstep in Clery Street, and the date of the night, which tallies with poor Amy's disappearance.'

The old woman's brow grew darker, and she remained a long time silent. At last she said, 'Bring the young person here.'

So Adopta went to the house, accompanied by the



Smithson family, and was questioned by Mrs. Morris, who was much agitated, and could not refrain her tears. The artless manner and sweet countenance of Adopta overcame Mrs. Morris, and she was glad to believe the lovely young woman standing before her was her grandchild.

'Well,' said she, 'would you like to come and live with a cross old woman? Mr. Smithson—or, at least, his wicked brother—owes me a daughter. He was unkind, and she left him, and they found her dead in the streets—God forgive him the wrong! And surely He has sent me another daughter, to thaw my frozen old heart, and remove the hate which has so long poisoned it. Come, Mr. Smithson, what say you? Your brother slew Amy, and you have saved Amy's daughter—yes, it is, it must be Amy's daughter!—Alfred took my Amy from me, and I let him, for I have found you a kind man; why was he not the same? And now you must let me have Amy's child.. What's your name, my dear?'

'They called me Adopta.'

'Adopta! what a name!' exclaimed the old lady.

'It was given me for a reason. I was adopted, and so poor Sir Joshua called me Adopta.'

'Well, it will do,' said Mrs. Morris: 'we shall get used to it, and it will serve to remind us of the kindness of your friends. But can Adopta, late a great gentleman's daughter, live in this poor place? And can she regard me as a mother's mother? And can she put up with my Tom?'

Adopta said she could be happy anywhere, if only among loving hearts. She had left a wealthy home, because it had ceased to be a home, and she preferred love to anything. She would do all she could to be as light a burden as possible. And so it was arranged. Mr. Smithson was sorry to part with his new-found relative, but he felt Mrs. Morris had a right to be humoured, and his only condition was, that Adopta should spend one whole day every month at his house, now happily reconciled with that from which it had been so many years estranged.

When she was fully settled in her new home at Richmond, Adopta wrote to her kind friend, Lady Aventure, recounting her adventures, and thanking her for the past. The letter was a very great relief to Lady Aventure; nor was Juliet much less disburdened of a weight that had told heavily upon her. Often had she bitterly reproached herself for her unkind speeches to her foster-sister, who had ever been gentle and yielding, and she was glad when her mother told her they must drive at once to Richmond, and see Adopta among her friends.

Adopta would not accept all Sir Joshua had left her. She laughingly said, if she had so much money she should be like a pot of honey when wasps are about. 'Give me enough to set me out of the reach of want, dear Lady Aventure, and I shall be happy, and let me now and then pay you a visit.'

'Just as you like, my darling!' said her kind old friend; 'have what you like, and come when you like.'

So Adopta has three homes, and is happy in all. Nor does she forget her kind friends at St. Paul's Churchyard. No, hers is not the nature to forget those who have helped her. She is happy among her friends, but happiest among the sick and sorrowful, to whom she is like an angel of God. G. S. O.

## A GREAT NAME.

'Magni stat nominis umbra.'

**P**ROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,  
A footsore Spaniard, late one night  
Knocked at a tavern door so hard,  
It roused the family in a fright.

Up sprung the host from his bed-side,  
Open the chamber window flew:  
'Who's there? What boisterous hand,' he said,  
'Makes at my gate this loud ado?'

'Here is,' the stately Spaniard said,  
'Don Lopez Rodriguez Alonzo  
Pedrillo Gusman Alvarado  
Iago Miguel Alphonso

Antonio Diego, ——' 'Hold! hold! hold!'  
Exclaimed the landlord; 'pray forbear!  
For half the numbers you have told  
I have not half a bed to spare.'

'Sir,' quoth the Don, 'tis your mistake,  
If names for men of course you count;  
Though long the illustrious list I make,  
In me still centres all the amount.'

Worn down with tramping many a mile,  
Don Lopez Rodriguez Pedrillo,  
With all the etceteras of his style,  
Will sleep upon a single pillow.

## OUR CLEVER CAT.

Told by her Mistress.

**S**HORTLY before going to bed last night, our pet cat came to the window and begged to be let in. I had fastened it, however, and meant to admit her by the door. As it happened, though, she was forgotten, and we went upstairs to prepare for bed, I in my bed-room, my husband in his dressing-room. Suddenly there came at the front-door rap-rap-rap, the family knock! We have relations living close by, whose arrival is always announced by a threefold rap.

Some one must be ill to come at this hour! Out I rushed on to the landing, and out came my husband with the same idea. He ran down to the door, opened it, and in walked—our clever cat! Finding herself shut out, she must have adopted the means which she had seen others use to get the door opened. I do not wish to make our cat out too clever, so I give up the fact as an accident that she used the family knock; but that she raised the knocker with her head (our door is of glass above, and the knocker fixed low) I feel quite sure.

She is a cat greatly addicted to rearing and standing on her hind legs, and has often amused us by her efforts to obtain coveted morsels by standing straight up, butting, and pushing. On this occasion the servants were in bed: the house stands in a garden; and there was no creature near who could possibly have knocked at the door save Pussy. So I think I may safely claim admiration for the ingenious self-help of our clever cat. H. A. F.





Our Clever Cat.





"There is the gold, you see it shining."



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 150.)

## CHAP. XXIII.—THE GOLD DIGGERS.



NEXT morning, at breakfast-time, the sailor was still snoring beneath a couple of blankets on the ground. They were obliged to roll him to the right and the left to make him open his eyes. He got up and rubbed his stupefied head like one who does not know where he is, or what is going on. His companions reminded him of his conduct on the previous evening, and did not spare their reproaches; the Baron was especially indignant, and his bitter words deeply angered the sailor. He excused himself by saying that he was drunk, and had had a quarrel with some Yankees who were also tipsy. Gambling was the cause of it all; he had staked his dollar and won fifteen, all of which he had spent in drink. He asserted, too, that the grog had been drugged. As his friend Pardoes took his part the incident was pardoned and forgotten.

'Don't let us lose any more time,' said the Brusseler; 'go and load the mule, Donatus: we will take up our tent and get ready for our journey. We shall have to walk for three hours to-day through a difficult country. We will try as far as possible to follow the course of the river. I know pretty well where are the diggings which the Frenchman told me about. We have enough provisions for a week, and we shall find some stores higher up the river, where we can buy fresh ones with the gold we hope to find.'

They wound among the defiles and bendings of the mountain chain; twenty times they approached the river, and left it again to avoid the deep beds of dried-up torrents: at last they reached a height whence they saw a little valley, in the midst of which flowed the Yuba.

Pardoes for a moment gazed into the valley, then he said,—

'Comrades, we are there. That is the place which the Frenchman left. Let us cut down here the wood we require for pitching our tent, for setting up our trough, and making our fire. Then we will go down and find a suitable place for beginning our work: we are quite alone, and have nothing to fear from other gold-seekers.'

Happy at having at last reached the end of their journey, they began to cut down the wood, and in a short time had all they required for the day. They wished at once to look for gold, but Pardoes made them set up their tent, to store their provisions and arms in it, ordering Donatus to lead the mule towards a part of the valley covered with green herbs.

'Come now,' he said, as soon as they had done this, 'take up your spades, shovels, and a tin plate.'

As they followed him eagerly, scanning earth, river, and rocks, to find a favourite spot, he added,—

'Don't be too impatient, friends; it's not certain that we shall find any gold-earth to-day. It is often found twenty feet below the surface, but you mustn't be discouraged for that. I think we shall do well to dig at the spot where we now are; it is in the

same line as those hollows where the Frenchman and his companions found so much gold.'

They set to work with vigour. The Baron made the wildest haste; but after a couple of hours his delicate hands were covered with blisters, and he proposed to rest for a quarter of an hour.

The sailor, who had not forgotten his harsh reproaches for his drunkenness, exclaimed that they would not hear of such a thing; they had not come to California to be lazy, and that noble and peasant must work alike.

The Baron, stung by this speech, uttered some sharp words. A violent dispute arose, which would have ended in blows had not Pardoes intervened.

After resting for a while they set to work with renewed ardour.

Every half-hour Donatus inquired of the Brusseler, 'Are we not there yet? Here is a handful of earth. Look well if gold does not glisten in it.'

The others were not less impatient, closely examining the little pebbles and clay which their spades threw up, hoping to discover the glittering grains of gold; but Pardoes told them they might spare themselves the trouble, for they would not find any gold till they had worked through a bed of grey or red sand.

Night was coming on, they had already dug so deeply that they now saw nothing but the sky above their heads. Discouragement began to cool their enthusiasm and was making them feel their extreme fatigue, when Pardoes exclaimed with joy,—

'Here we are! we have reached the gold!'

Frantic shouts replied to this news, and a three-times-three hurrah arose from the yawning pit.

'Quick, give me a couple of spadefuls of that reddish sand; I will wash it in the river, and then I can judge what we are to expect from it.'

All came out of the pit with feverish curiosity and beating hearts, following Pardoes, who dipped the tin plate into the river, shook and washed the earth that was in it in such a way that it flowed away with the water, while the gold and stones which were heaviest remained at the bottom of the plate. Then he removed the stones as well as he could, and went on washing till he was able to judge of the quantity of the gold. This labour lasted a long time, and the night was already so far advanced that Pardoes could hardly see what was at the bottom of the plate.

'Well, well,' said Donatus, trembling with impatience, 'what have we found? Is there gold—much gold?'

'There is gold,' said the Brusseler, showing them the plate. 'Look at the grains glittering in the sand. Much or little I cannot judge, because of the darkness. Let us light the fire and we shall see it.'

They all followed him to the side of the tent. Donatus was half mad with joy. He had no doubt that they would find in a short time great treasures, and that he would soon be able to quit a country where everything was bad and horrible—the gold excepted. When the fire was lighted and they could see by the flame from the resinous wood what was in the plate, Pardoes grumbled,—

'There is the gold, you see it shining; but the quantity is small. If we do not find earth which contains more numerous and larger grains we shall



not gain enough to buy our daily food at the stores. Do not be discouraged by a first attempt, this bed of sand is perhaps thick, and it may become very rich at the bottom.'

His companions took up the plate by turns and looked with astonishment at the little grains, almost without any weight, which shone at the bottom in the light of the flames.

'Come, let us continue to work an hour or two,' said the sailor; 'the darkness will not hinder us making a deeper hole.'

'Work? work again now?' exclaimed the Baron, showing his hands, one of which was red with blood.

'No, no, let us sup, and then lie down as usual,' said Pardoes. 'It is not prudent to exhaust in a single day all our strength, nor to risk making ourselves ill; we ought to work so as to be able to work a long time.'

There was nothing to reply to this; the supper was prepared and eaten with ferocious appetites. They placed the sailor as sentinel, and all the others drew themselves under the tent and went to sleep, dreaming of the gold that they would find on the morrow.

On the following day, early in the morning, they carried the trough to the bank of the river and placed it upon wooden supports, so that it could be easily moved.

This instrument has somewhat the form of a small boat. The upper part consists of a coarse sieve; below it, near the ground, are nailed several laths, crossed over each other, in the middle of which is an opening. The earth with which the gold is mingled is placed upon the sieve, and much water poured upon it: it is then violently shaken. The sieve retains the stones and pebbles, only allowing the dust and auriferous earth to pass through. This earth by the mixture with the water is changed into liquid mud; and with the coarser part of the gravel it passes through the opening below, while the grains of gold mixed with a little sand remain behind in the laths. This remainder is dried in the sun on a plate, then, on blowing strongly, the sand is dispersed, and the fine gold remains in grains, which somewhat resemble a fish's scales.

That morning they worked as eagerly as on the previous day, exciting each other by joyous cries; they ran with their load of earth from the pit to the river, shaking the trough violently and pouring torrents of water in the sieve. Pardoes was the least sanguine of the party. When his companions clapped their hands with delight, and Donatus danced for joy, he shook his head, and a doubtful smile passed over his lips. When the sun had risen high in the heavens and the dinner-hour had arrived he ordered the work to cease, and began to separate the sand from the gold-dust by blowing upon it. His friends were disappointed to see how the glittering grains were reduced by this operation. The Baron sighed, the sailor grumbled, Victor looked down despondingly, Donatus pouted, while Creps laughed at them all. However, after they had washed several platesfull of sand they obtained a quantity of gold-dust, which Pardoes valued at about two ounces, for which they would receive at the stores in money or in goods 28 dollars, or about 150 francs.

Kwik expressed contentment, but Victor said sadly, 'It doesn't promise well. At this rate, with this rude labour and this dog-like life, we shall in six months have amassed 50,000 francs. Not even 10,000 francs for each of us!'

'Don't lose heart, Victor, my boy,' cried Pardoes. 'You bother me with your childish calculations. Why, nothing at all would remain for us at the end of six months. Do you imagine we shan't eat anything? Why, to keep in good health and preserve our strength, in fact, to buy what we require for our food and other wants, we ought to find at least half an ounce of gold a-day each. You appear surprised! Look, my shoes are worn out, I must buy a new pair; how much do you think a pair of bad shoes costs at the stores? Two thirds of an ounce of gold, more than 50 francs! It would be a good thing if we each had a pair of water-proof boots, to prevent our getting cold by standing with our feet constantly in the river. Such boots cost about ten ounces of gold, 500 francs!'

All bent down their heads in gloomy disappointment. Donatus muttered,—

'Ass that you are! here is the well-merited reward of your silly eagerness for wealth! Here you must sit pining away, thousands of miles from happy Natten-Haesdonck —'

'Come, let's go to dinner,' said the Brusseler. 'I'm dying of hunger.'

They ate their dinner in silence, but with the appetite of famishing wolves. Pardoes remarked towards the close of the meal,—

'You are wrong to be discouraged, comrades, because we have not hit on a lucky spot. Gold-seeking is like a lottery; there are people who work for months and find nothing, and then suddenly, in a single day, light upon a large fortune. I knew a man whose only companion was his son, and who in a couple of months drew 60,000 francs worth of nuggets from the same hole. We must have patience. If we don't find gold in sufficient quantity here, we won't waste our time but go on to the unexplored digging of the Pen river. There there are plenty of nuggets, and large ones.'

'But are you certain to find the place?' asked Creps.

'Quite. The French gold-seeker described it minutely, and sketched out for me on a piece of paper, which I have in my pocket, the road thither from the Yuba river.'

'Why not start at once, then?' asked Kwik.

'Start there!' cried Pardoes. 'To go to an unknown digging we must have provisions enough to keep us for a whole month. It is at least a week's journey from here, and there are no stores there; so we can't go there till we've saved some hundreds of dollars.'

'Well, let us then make a virtue of necessity, and continue our work with fresh courage,' said Creps. Following his advice, they shook the sieve so vigorously that by the evening they had collected six ounces of gold as the result of their day's work. Though it was not a brilliant success, yet their hopes were revived, and they resumed their work next morning full of confidence.

(To be continued.)





#### ANECDOTES OF A RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

**T**HE Emperor Alexander I. of Russia was fond of long, solitary walks, and when the Empress did not accompany him he often walked out in plain clothes, unattended, three or four miles into the country and back, between twelve and two o'clock, the hours he allowed for exercise, and he sometimes met with curious adventures. One day he had exceeded his usual distance, and could not get back by

the exact hour he had named; so he mounted the first sledge he met, and desired the peasant who drove it to take him to the Imperial Palace.

'Yes,' said the man, not knowing the Emperor; 'I will take you as near as I can: the guards will not let me go up to it.'

He drove to a little distance from it, near a row of other sledges waiting for hire, and stopped. The





1. Long-tailed Titmouse.  
2. Pipit.

3. Bearded Titmouse.  
4. Flycatcher.

5. Hedge Sparrow.  
6. Wagtail.

Emperor sprang out, and, having no money with him, desired the man to wait, and he would send him his fare.

'Oh, no!' said the man. 'I have driven many young officers like you, and they have short memories. If I once lose sight of them they forget to pay me.'

'Here is my cloak, then,' said the Emperor; 'it is

worth more than your fare, though neither new nor handsome. Keep it, and restore it to the person whom I send out with the money.'

Ten minutes afterwards a footman came out of the palace, and asked which of the drivers brought the Emperor. They were silent. He inquired which had a cloak to restore. The peasant came for-



ward, and received in exchange 4l., which the Emperor had sent to pay for himself and those officers who were still in the driver's debt. It was a large sum for a Russian peasant, and more than this man had ever seen in his life. The next day the Emperor was reviewing his army, and called the field-officers to speak to them.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'your regiments are splendidly well kept, but tell your officers that yesterday they gave me the humiliation of leaving my cloak as a pledge.'

All looked astonished.

'It is true,' he added. 'A driver yesterday would not give me credit, because "my officers," he said, your comrades, "often forget to pay me."'

Another time this Emperor was travelling through Poland, and dismounted at a post-house, where his carriage changed horses, telling his servants to follow him when they had refreshed themselves, as he wished to walk on alone for exercise. Near a river he saw a man drawing a boat to land with a cable, which suddenly broke, so that he fell stunned to the ground. The Emperor ran to him, loosened his belt, and supported him in his arms till his surgeon, Dr. Wylie, came up with the other attendants.

He was the means of aiding in a more serious accident on another journey, when he was riding near the banks of the little river Wilia, far in advance of his attendants, and saw several persons dragging something out of the water, which on alighting he perceived was a man apparently lifeless. Without any assistants but those peasants, to whom he was unknown, though his dress showed that he was a Russian of high rank, he had him laid on a bank, and began with his own hands to assist in taking off the wet clothes of the apparent corpse, and to rub his temples and wrists, for a long time, using every means likely to restore animation. While doing this he was joined by the gentlemen of his suite, among whom were Prince Volkouski, Count Lieven, and Dr. Wylie. Their exertions were added to the Emperor's, and on the doctor trying to bleed the patient, which in those days was the usual medical treatment, his Majesty held and rubbed his arm, and gave every assistance in his power. Dr. Wylie looked round for something to stop the bleeding with, and tie up his arm, and the Emperor instantly took out his handkerchief, tore it in pieces, and with his own hands bound the poor fellow's arm with it. After more than three hours' fruitless attempts to recover him, the doctor declared that, in his opinion, life was gone, and it was useless to do more. Fatigued as he was with such continued exertion, the Emperor entreated Dr. Wylie to persevere, and make a fresh attempt to bleed him. Though the doctor said he had not the slightest hope, he proceeded to obey, when all making a last effort in rubbing, they at length saw the blood appear, and heard a slight groan.

The Emperor exclaimed, 'Thank Heaven! this is the brightest day in my life!' and the tears sprang to his eyes. He remained with the man till he saw him conveyed to a place where he would have proper care, besides giving him a handsome present, and he afterwards provided both for him and his family.—*Joyneville's Life and Times of Alexander I Emperor of Russia.*



## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### IV.

Now come to the Tomtits, or Titmice, a pretty and useful family of little birds. They are active, happy creatures, always doing good, though it has taken people a long time to find this out and believe it. You might think, on seeing them flutter and frisk from branch to branch, that they were having a game of play, but they are really working hard in devouring

all the insects they can catch, and thus they are conferring a great benefit upon the tree. If the insects which infest the buds and bark of our fruit-trees were not destroyed, there would be little chance of a crop. Many people, however, have fancied, for want of looking and judging for themselves, that the tits were doing harm to buds and blossoms. That error is now seldom made, for people have grown wiser, and use their eyes, or taken the opinion of those who have; and now most people would think an orchard without tomtits to be as badly off as a house overrun with mice without a cat.

The puffy little bird at the top of the picture, with the short beak and the long tail, is the Long-tailed Titmouse. He is celebrated for two things, hunting and building. As a hunter, he is activity and cunning itself; a troop of them will thin the vermin on a tree in a wonderfully short space of time. As a builder, the Long-tailed Tit makes the prettiest nest of any English bird, as you may guess from the one into which the little bird in the picture is just going to hop. It is like a small pine-apple in shape, with a hole in the side which serves for door and window. The little owners are so cunning as to make the outside match with whatever it is built against so exactly that it is difficult to find; the inside is a perfect feather-bed.

That little fellow with the long black moustaches is the Bearded Titmouse, which is so uncommon that you may look a great many years without finding one, and your only chance of success is by searching the vast marshes and reed-beds of the eastern counties.

Leaving the Tomtits we come to the Flycatchers, of which there are many sorts. Our own pretty summer visitor, which is so common almost in every country garden, is called the Spotted Flycatcher. In the picture he is sitting just under the Long-tailed Tit's nest, looking up at something—most likely a fly—which no doubt he sees above him. If you see a bird about the size of a robin sitting on the top of a post, or on the upper bar of a railing, and every now and then darting off to pursue some insect and returning to the same stand, you may be sure it is a Flycatcher; and a great deal of good these birds do in keeping down the insects, which, if not killed, would certainly keep down the fruits and vegetables of the garden. This bird is noted for making its nest in the most strange places. A pair are recorded to have built on a lamp-post in a street of Leeds, and to have reared their young there. Another



nest, having five eggs in it, was once found on the top of a lamp near Portland Place in London. More usually, however, the bird chooses the vine or honeysuckle on the walls of a house for its home. Like many other little birds, the Flycatcher has been accused of a weakness for garden fruit, and numbers have been shot in consequence. The fact is, that when they are found near fruit it is for the sake of the insects which abound there; for when their stomachs have been cut open no traces of fruit have been found, only abundance of the remains of flies of different sorts. The only charge which can be brought against the pretty Flycatcher is, that he sometimes snaps up honey-bees by mistake, but I never heard of any very serious loss being caused by the accident.

Between the Flycatcher and the Bearded Titmouse you see a plainly-dressed bird, that is the Hedge-Sparrow. He is not, however, really a sparrow, for the sparrow is one of the finches, and has a hard bill, which he frequently makes a bad use of when ripe fruit is about; whereas this little bird has a soft bill, which does no harm to any one. The Hedge-Sparrow has a sweet voice, and begins to sing as soon as there is a single flower to cheer his heart with the thought of returning spring. He is one of the very first of our birds to begin to build; in fact, if he would only wait till the hedges were in leaf, his nest and pretty blue eggs would not fall so often as they do into the hands of naughty boys. The Cuckoo does him the honour to select his nest in preference to that of other birds to lay her egg in, though in this case the honour is a doubtful one.

The bird at the bottom is a Water-Wagtail, the smallest English bird that walks. There are six or seven sorts said to be British, but this is the most common, and whenever a pair of them alight on your lawn and hunt for worms and flies, if you have any appreciation for elegance of movement and harmony of plumage, you will be charmed with the graceful visitors.

H. H.

### VERY LITTLE THINGS.

**B**OTH in ancient and modern times much skill and patience have been spent in making very small things. We will mention a few of them:—

Some few years ago Mr. John Penn, of Greenwich, had the smallest engine in the world. A threepenny piece was sufficient space for it to stand upon, as its base-plate was only three eighths of an inch long, and three tenths broad. To see some of the parts a magnifying-glass was necessary. But, although so small, the engine worked very well.

At the beginning of this century, a watchmaker of Plymouth made a cannon and carriage, which together only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a grain. All the parts of this gun were perfect.

We also hear of a model of a dining-room, duly furnished, which could be contained in a cherry-stone. Minute chariots and carriages have been made by many mechanics in different ages.

All these seem very curious, but we should tire our young readers if we attempted to enumerate all the various things made by ingenious persons to go

into a very small compass. Nature, however, gives us examples of a thousand living creatures far more wonderful than these laboured works. The cherry-stone is a mountain compared with an animalcule found in some pond water, of which ten thousand millions are contained in a cubic inch. A. B.

### O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

**O**N the heights of the moorlands the night-clouds are sleeping,

Enfolded in mist every glen, every crag,  
Every Scotchman asleep save the deerstalker, creeping  
With rifle and hound in pursuit of the stag.

With his hound—or say rather companion and brother,  
For Nature has set to affection no bound,  
What son more obedient and loving? what mother  
More loved than that man by his favourite hound?

In the still of the morning their hearts beat together,  
The same keen excitement is stirring each breast;  
Be it man, be it dog, the bejewelled pink heather  
Scarce feels the soft foot-fall so cautiously press'd.

There's a breeze springing up in the Eastern horizon,  
The vapours roll slowly from mountain and fell,  
And the sun is beginning with gold to bedizen  
The caps of the hills that the red deer love well.

Fleet King of the Forest, so proud in your bearing,  
Is't danger you scent, borne along on the wind?  
Every limb set for action, I see you preparing  
A signal of flight for each timorous hind.

Too late! from the opposite side of the valley  
The crack of a rifle. The echoes resound,  
But ere they have reached him he falls, but to rally;  
Though stricken, he still clears the rocks at a bound.

O'er the hills, far away to his lair in the bracken,  
The King of the Forest has gone for his life;  
But see, as his pace is beginning to slacken,  
Yon hound, leaping, rush to take part in the strife.

O'er the hills, far away, he is up to his duty,  
His eyes keenly fixed on those antlers a-head,  
Straight, swift as a dart in his strength and his beauty,  
He flashed out of sight where the wounded was sped.

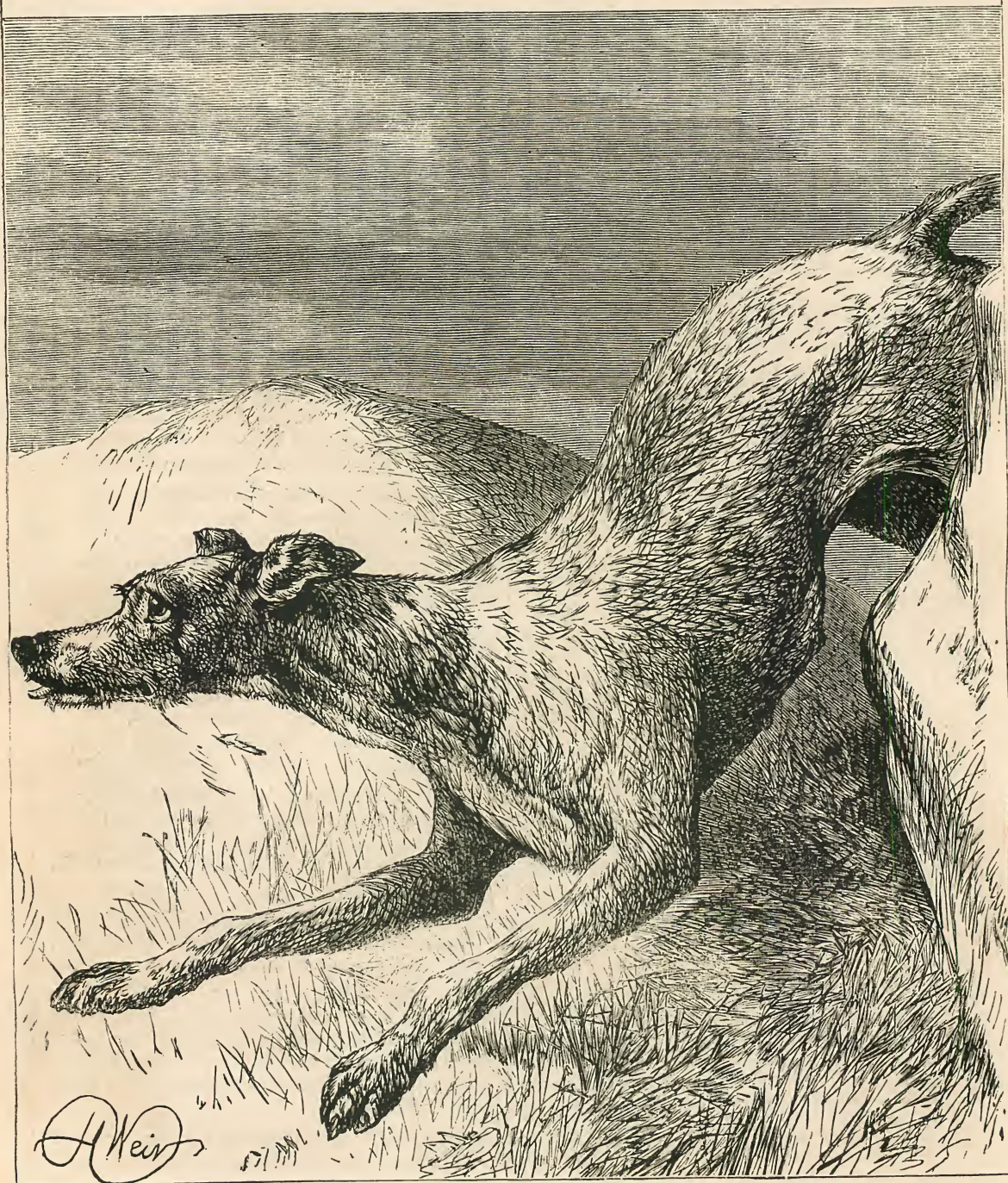
\* \* \* \* \*

What need to pursue them? enough of the story;  
For what if those antlers were rolled in the dust?  
Or what if their branches, all crimson and gory,  
Struck death to the hound? He was true to his trust.

And what if that night there were tears for a brother?  
What if venison was smoking 'neath delicate crust?  
The moral's as good in the one case or other—

Go straight as a deer-hound, be true to your trust.  
S. H. G.





O'er the hills and far away.





The Mule galloping off with Kwik.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 155.)*

UT by noon they had obtained scarcely anything, and most of them wished to go to some other part of the valley: but Pardoes would not consent; he said they must dig down as deeply as possible to see if they could reach the subterranean rock, where they might possibly find nuggets, and be rewarded for their labour.

So they worked on for two whole days, but with such ill success that when on the fifth day they collected all their gold into a tin plate, it was found to be only about a pound's weight—less than enough for them to live upon for a week.

More and more discouraged they worked on silently and in ill-humour. Now and then they exchanged sharp and angry words with each other. Suddenly Victor, who was in the pit below, called his companions. All hastened up, fearing lest Roozeman might have been buried by the earth falling in, but their hearts beat violently when he held up in his hand a nugget as big as a bean, exclaiming, in a voice choked by emotion,—

‘Rejoice, comrades! the treasure is found! I’ve several pieces of gold like this shining down here in the pit!’

Donatus uttered a cry and sprang wildly down into the pit, at the risk of breaking his legs, knocking violently against Victor’s shoulder.

The Baron laughed in a strange way, and talked in a whisper of Paris, treasures, and horses.

They had reached the rock, and Pardoes’ prediction was realised, for ten nuggets were found in a stratum of chalky stones. Now they searched on with feverish ardour; they laughed, shouted, sang—their joy knew no bounds. The nuggets they found were for the most part very small, the largest about the size of peas.

Towards evening, when the pit was quite emptied out, they examined the nuggets they had collected, and asked the Brusseler to value them. He estimated their worth to be at least 1800 francs.

The others received this announcement with noisy applause. Kwik and the sailor, notwithstanding their fatigue, began to dance and sing as if they were at a village fair.

‘Cease that folly!’ cried Pardoes, ‘and listen to what I have to say. It is as foolish to be carried away by excess of joy as it is to hang down your heads at the least reverse of fortune. We have worked this week like horses, we can’t continue to do so; suppose we reckon these five days of work as six; with our gold dust and the nuggets together we have amassed 2½ lbs. of gold, that is 40 oz. If we use 20 oz. a-week for our provisions, coffee and tobacco included, 20 oz. remain to us. That at the end of a season of six months would only make 7000 francs a-piece. You see there is no reason for this great rejoicing.’

‘But we know that the nuggets are there under the ground, and we shall unearth them,’ murmured the sailor.

‘Very well, that’s my idea too; but remember, we may have to work for a whole week to reach them, and possibly not find any after all. The place may not be good enough for us to make our fortune here, still it may supply us with the necessary resources for our journey to the unexplored diggings of the Pen river.’

After supper was over, the Brusseler remarked further,—

‘To-morrow, friends, we will repose. They don’t work on Sunday at the diggings. The gold-seekers on that day generally visit the stores and have a better dinner than usual. It is their custom, too, to divide the gold they have found equally among them; but as we have in our party some who drink more than is good for them, I propose that you let me take charge of the gold for as long a time as we are near the stores, otherwise our good resolution to save may come to nought.’

The sailor grumbled a little, for he knew the measure was directed against himself; but he submitted at last, and the others quite approved of Pardoes’ proposal.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—LYNCH LAW.

IT was late when they breakfasted next morning, but a long sleep had done them much good, and they were all in a very cheerful humour.

Just as they were about to start for the stores Donatus went to look for the mule, which he said he would ride, to give it a little exercise. The others had nothing to say against it, so five of them started, the lots having decided that the Baron should guard the tent.

The mule, which had for five days been grazing in a good pasture, was very lively, and showed a strange disposition to gallop. Donatus had no little trouble to hold him back, and was always a long way ahead of his friends. After walking about half an hour they reached the road which led from the different diggings to the stores; here were many gold-seekers, either going in the same direction or returning to their tents laden with provisions. They seemed for the most part quiet and good-humoured. This so emboldened Donatus that he allowed the mule to gallop for some minutes, and thus got at least a quarter of a league in advance of his companions.

This arrangement was to have a most unexpected result. The mule, having reached a certain spot, turned his head on all sides as if he smelt or heard something extraordinary. Then he began to gallop without heeding either the bridle or the voice of his rider. Notwithstanding all Kwik’s efforts the obstinate animal flew rapidly onwards.

On turning round a mountain-side Donatus saw the stores and the great crowds assembled before them. He cried and pulled at the mule to stop it; but the beast, listening to nothing, led him right through the crowd up to a corn-dealer’s store, where he suddenly stopped.

‘What can the stupid animal have in his head?’ grumbled Kwik. ‘Suppose he wants to have some dry provender, but that shan’t come under his nose; he would like to eat two ounces of gold worth.’

Saying these words he jumped off the mule, and tried to drag it away from the store; but at that



moment a hideous woman appeared from the further end of the tent, and raising her arms, she exclaimed in English,—

'I declare! it is our old Uncle Jack! Here is our poor cousin William's murderer! The animal knows his stable—he has betrayed the wretch!'

And whilst Kwik, who did not understand a word, was gazing about with an astonished air, she cried and howled so loudly that a crowd of men hastened up from the other stores.

The woman related, with tears in her eyes, that a fortnight ago her cousin had started for Sacramento, with two other muleteers, to buy flour; that on the way they had been attacked by brigands, who had treacherously murdered her cousin William. William's mule now stood at the tent-door, and doubtless his murderer too.

A man sprang upon Donatus, seized him by the collar, and shook him rudely, while he whispered in his ear in French,—

'Ah, rogue! I was sent through you into the "Lion's Den" on board the *Jonas*! Now your last hour has come!'

And then he began to shout in English, 'Lynch law! lynch law! a rope! a rope! to the gallows with the murderer!'

Kwik tried to justify himself in all the languages he knew.

'I, bon garçon—good boy. Donderwetter, Christian, I, Donatus Kwik.'

His strange jargon made some of those present laugh; but the vindictive woman brought a rope, and in the twinkling of an eye the red moustache had thrown a slip knot round the poor fellow's neck.

'Bring that empty barrel!' he cried: 'we will hang him on that pole yonder!'

Kwik was thrown upon the barrel. The red moustache stood up behind him and tied the end of the rope to the cross-bar on the top of the pole.

Donatus, when he saw that it was a serious matter, and that he could not defend himself against the furious crowd, which demanded his immediate death, threw himself on his knees upon the barrel, and began to pray, raising his eyes, filled with tears, to Heaven.

When he felt the knot round his throat he murmured,—

'O Lord, have pity on my poor soul! Adieu, Anneken! adieu until we meet in another world!'

This attitude, and the devotion that could be read upon the wretched face of Donatus, inspired some of the bystanders with pity. Five or six advanced and cried to the red moustache,—

'Stop! stop! it is not thus that Lynch law should be applied! Give the unfortunate man time to justify himself.'

'Hang him! hang him!' cried other voices.

But those who were opposed to the immediate execution drew out their revolvers, and said,—

'According to Lynch law the people judge. We are the people, and we will judge!'

The red moustache, who feared a bullet, remained standing on the barrel with the rope in his hand.

Donatus was questioned in two or three different languages by his protectors to try and find out how he got possession of the mule; but the only thing

they could make out from his answers was, that he had found it. The terrified young man wept and sobbed aloud, and his strange language did not thereby become any plainer.

Suddenly the brother of the murdered William rushed in from a distant store, and demanded in furious terms the immediate death of the guilty man.

His protectors, convinced that they could not obtain any satisfactory explanations to clear the accused, ceased to defend him, and retired.

In an instant the red moustache had tied the rope to the post, and had already raised his foot to launch his innocent victim into eternity, when suddenly a terrible cry of horror burst from behind the crowd of spectators. A young man with light hair, followed by three other tall fellows, jumped into the circle, drew by a movement quick as lightning a knife out of his belt, cut the rope, and pressed in his arms the supposed assassin with signs of affection.

'Ah! ah!' cried Creps, pointing his pistol at the red moustache, 'you would be the executioner of this poor Donatus! Make the slightest movement, and I will stretch you dead on the earth, like a dog that you are!'

There was a great disturbance in the crowd; some would have liked to see Lynch law take its course; others took the side of Donatus and his comrades.

It was very probable that knives and pistols would be brought out, and that a bloody combat was about to ensue.

But Roozeman, who still held his friend in his arms, was deeply moved at the danger which threatened him. He advanced into the centre of the circle, and said in very good English,—

'Gentlemen, I pray you let me speak for a moment. You will, I know, be grateful to me afterwards; for I shall save you from doing an act of injustice which men of honour like you would not deliberately commit. You shall judge; we will quietly submit to your decision. May I speak?'

His hearers were touched, less by what he said than by the pleasant tone of his voice.

'Speak! speak!' they cried from all sides.

Then Roozeman, in short but telling words, related with touching eloquence how they had found the mule on their journey; how they had saved John Miller from a certain death, and how they had seen the very man who was now standing on the barrel about to wreak his vengeance on an innocent victim by acting as his executioner in the society of a band of bushrangers. He told them, too, how John Miller had declared to them that it was the same man who had shot him in the foot.

This speech, although it did not actually prove the innocence of the accused, made a favourable impression on most of those present; but a half-drunken fellow now got up to speak. With many jokes he excited general laughter among the crowd, and asserted that all that was to be gathered from the words of the previous orator was, that there were now two bushrangers to hang instead of one. Most of those present applauded this sentiment. Ill-omened cries arose from all sides, and there was a decided wish to hang Donatus as well as the red moustache.

(To be continued.)





#### WREN'S NEST.

**I**N the eighth volume of the *Magazine of Natural History* a writer says, that in watching a pair of wrens building their nest, he noticed that one kept itself entirely to the construction of the nest, which it never left for a moment, while the other was as

incessantly passing and repassing with materials for the structure. These materials, however, this helper never once put into their places; they were always regularly delivered to the architect who was at work on the nest.





### SORROW ON THE SEA.

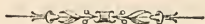
'There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet.'—Jer. xlix. 23.

I STOOD on the shore of the beautiful sea,  
 And the billows were rolling wild and free;  
 Onward they came with unfailing force,  
 Then backward turned in their restless course.  
 Ever and ever they rose and fell,  
 With heaving and surging and mighty swell:  
 Ever and ever scounded their roar,  
 Foaming and dashing against the shore.  
 In summer and winter, by night and by day,  
 Through cloud and sunshine holding their sway;

And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,  
 Lest the murmuring waves should fall asleep.  
 Oh, when shall the ocean's troubled breast  
 Calmly and quietly sink into rest?  
 When shall the waves' wild murmurs cease,  
 And the mighty waters be hushed in peace?  
 It cannot be quiet: it cannot rest,  
 There must be heaving on Ocean's breast;  
 The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,  
 Whilst the changing seasons come and go.



Still from the depths of that hidden shore  
 There are treasures tossed up along the shore,  
 Tossed by the billows, then seized again,  
 Carried away by the rushing main.  
 Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!  
 Sounding for ever mysteriously!  
 Why are thy billows still rolling on  
 With that wild, and sad, and musical tone?  
 Why is there never repose for thee?  
 Why slumberest thou not, O mighty sea?  
 Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,  
 Mournfully, solemnly sounding near,  
 Like a wail sent up from the caves below,  
 Fraught with dark memories of human woe,  
 Telling of loved ones buried there,  
 Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer:  
 Telling of hearts still watching in vain  
 For those who shall never come back again:  
 Of the widow's grave and the orphan's cry,  
 And the mother's speechless agony.  
 Oh, no! the ocean can never rest  
 With such secrets hidden within its breast.  
 There is sorrow written upon the sea,  
 And dark and stormy its waves must be.  
 It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,  
 This dark, relentless, and stormy deep.  
 But a day shall come, a blessed day,  
 When earthly sorrow shall pass away,  
 When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,  
 And even the roar of the waves shall cease,  
 Then from out its deepest, darkest bed  
 Old Ocean shall render up its dead,  
 And, freed from the weight of human woes,  
 Shall quickly sink in its last repose.  
 No sorrow shall ever be written then  
 In the depths of the sea or the hearts of men;  
 But Heaven and earth renewed shall shine,  
 All clothed in glory and light divine.  
 Then where shall the billows of ocean be?  
*Gone*, for in Heaven shall be no more sea.  
 'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,  
 But cannot share in the soul's new birth;  
 Its life is of murmur, and tossing, and spray,  
 And at resting-time it must pass away.  
 But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,  
 There is health, and joy, and blessing in thee.  
 Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice  
 Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—  
 Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,  
 Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;  
 Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,  
 Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;  
 Weep for the sin, the sorrow, the strife,  
 Rejoice in the hope of eternal life!



## THE PROFESSOR'S BOX.



WILL you help me to pack a box,  
 boys and girls—a very large box,  
 as broad as it is long, as wide as  
 it is high? We must not be  
 very particular about the packing,  
 the things can be thrown in any-  
 how, only we must have enough  
 of them, for the great secret of  
 packing is that the contents of  
 the box shall not rattle about or  
 shake out of place. How large is  
 the box, do you say? A cubic mile, I answer; a  
 German cubic mile, that is: for I am a German Pro-  
 fessor, understand, young people.'

'A cubic mile! oh, that must be a big box! How  
 can we possibly fill it? what can we begin with?'

'Towns, villages, trees, people—anything' on our  
 earth.'

'Oh, now we understand, and, collecting such big  
 things as these, we shall easily be able to fill the box,  
 even if it be a German cubic mile in dimensions. But,  
 Professor, please tell us how much larger is a German  
 mile than an English one?'

'Nearly five times, young people.'

'Nearly five times! Then our box is nearly five miles  
 broad, five miles deep, and five miles wide. That will  
 take a lot of stuff, Professor: but it shan't rattle, either.  
 Come along; a few big towns will cram it, that's  
 certain. Let's begin with Berlin, where you live. Toss  
 in the whole city just as if it was a toy town, and  
 then let us go on to Potsdam and do the same with  
 that.'

'All right! And mind you secure all the little vil-  
 lages on the road, for we shall need them.'

'Now, Paris and all its churches and monuments,  
 even the steeples, I suppose, will go in comfortably,  
 Professor? Is it pretty full now—our box?'

'Full, children? What are you thinking of? The  
 floor is not covered yet. Come across the Channel to  
 London and see what all its houses will do for us,  
 with St. Paul's and the General Post Office, and all  
 the shops and churches; and then rush back to Vienna  
 and do the same there, and afterwards put your hand  
 on St. Petersburg and its palaces, and pop them in.'

'Oh, Professor, Professor, stop! the box must be  
 full now!'

'Not a bit of it! it is not a quarter full: so make  
 haste and scour Europe for more material. Take  
 Rome and its ruins, Germany and its towns and  
 castles, and every town, village, and settlement in  
 Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Spain, Portugal,  
 Austria, and Greece. We are not anything like filling  
 yet, so we had better skim the seas for every ship afloat.  
 But as these will hardly help at all, we must now beg  
 from the new world even America's factories and rail-  
 roads, and from the old world the Pyramids of Egypt,  
 for which we shall have ample room. Not even all the  
 four quarters of the world, however, seem able to  
 furnish half the material we want in the way of  
 buildings, so now let us shake the box a little to make  
 things level and pack in a few people.'

'Ah! that will tighten it up a bit, I know!'

'We shall see. One row of people will require



12,000 persons, and 4000 rows make a nice layer of 48 millions; just enough for the North Americans. That these may be snug and comfortable, we will make them a bed thirty feet thick of straw and leaves—all, in fact, that the earth affords—and tumble that into the box. Now for another layer of people. Three million Australians, and 45 million Asiatics on the top of the Americans. This is the second layer, and there are still 800 million more Asiatics to go on with. But it won't do to waste time choosing; throw them all in—the rest of mankind, higgledy-piggledy: they will settle themselves. Now we have about thirty layers of human creatures.'

'And not full yet, Professor? Oh, dear, dear, what shall we do? was ever such a box?'

'Take courage, children, it is half full. Bring me some animals now, quick, elephants, lions, tigers, cows, horses. There! what are you standing and staring for when there is so much to be done?'

'Professor, we want to ask a question: when we have brought you the animals in the world, and all the birds and all the fishes, whales included, will the box be full then?'

'Not a bit of it, children! nothing like!'

'Then we won't go on, there is no fun in this game—your box is a great greedy thing! A mile big, indeed, and want it filled!'

'Well, children, it isn't much to ask: a cubic mile of material from a world that holds 2662 millions of these miles.'

'Go away, Professor—go back to Berlin! You make our heads whirl with even hearing of such things. How, ever, did you come to know all this? What a wonderful world we do live in! only we never have time to think of it—what with our lessons, and our play, and meal-time, and bed-time! Perhaps, when we grow up we shall be less busy, and you will drop us another call, and tell us a few more queer things—for you are rather amusing, I must say.'

H. A. F.

### AN ELEPHANT DETECTIVE.

**A**N elephant once proved a very successful detective. In India each elephant is attended by a keeper, who has to give it its food. A gentleman suspected that one of his elephants did not get his due quantity of rice, and one day he charged a keeper with stealing the rice which he should have given to the elephant. The man began to deny the charge, and was declaring his innocence in the most solemn way, when the animal, which was standing by, raised its trunk, lifted the man's turban from his head and shook it, when out fell a quantity of rice! The thief, thus convicted, at once fell down and confessed his crime. He was of course punished, and the elephant always afterwards got his proper amount of food.

A. R. B.

### 'NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.'

**I**NSTEAD of this phrase being one of reproach, its origin reflects the highest honour on the 'Sons of the Scissors.'

In the year 1742, a poor orphan boy applied at one of the fashionable West-end tailors' shops in London, in which nine journeymen were then employed. The

forlorn, yet interesting appearance of the friendless lad, touched the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the stranger. With this capital the little fellow purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit.

Years rolled on; and as the result of his industry wealth and honour smiled upon him, so that at length he was able to retire from business and keep his carriage. Instead, however, of applying to the College of Heraldry for his crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door:

'NINE TAILORS MADE ME A MAN.'

### A CLEVER MOUSE.

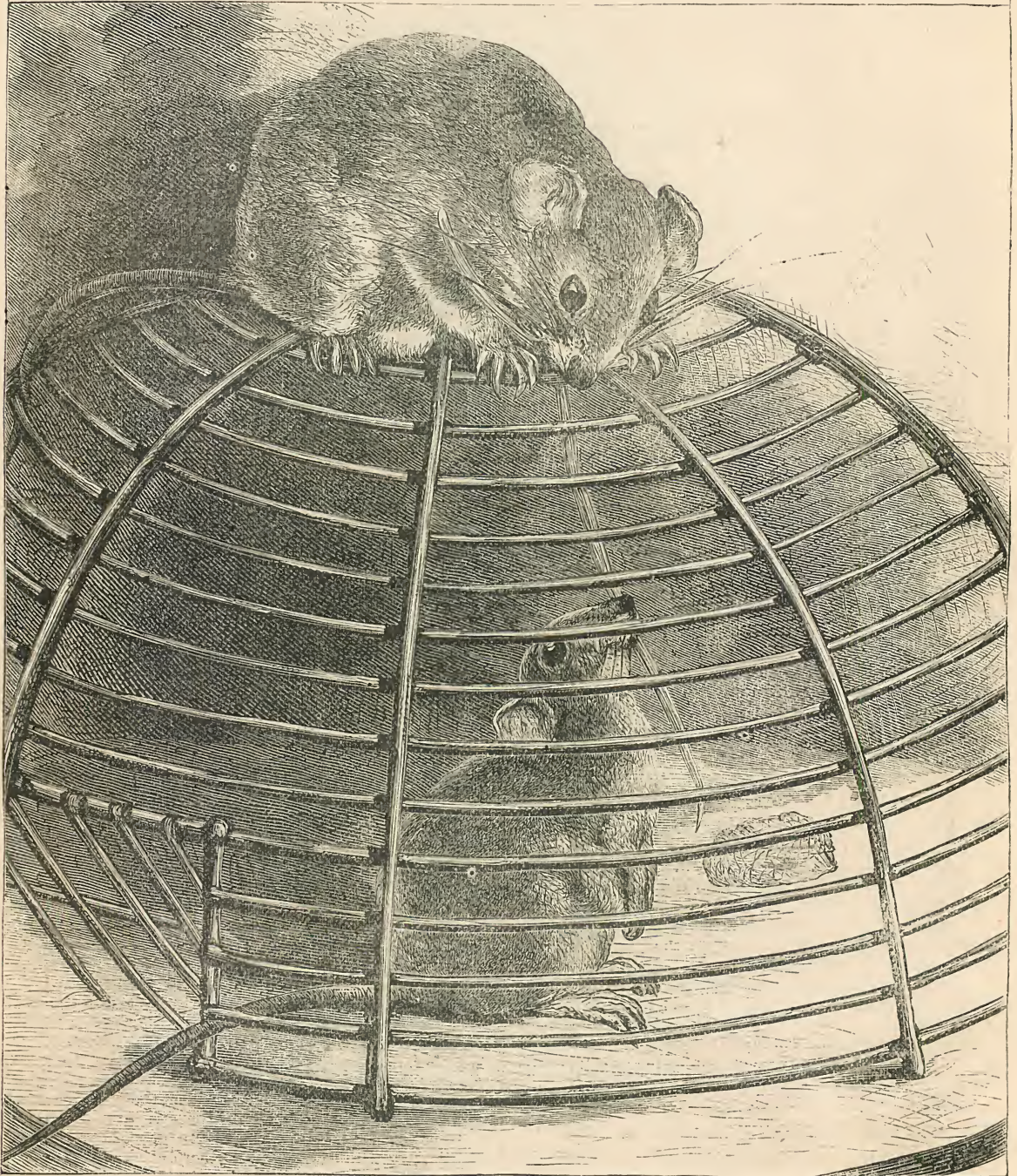


**B**EING troubled with mice, I bought two traps: one on the spring principle, fastened down by thread, on cutting which, to get at the tempting bit of cheese, poor mousey would be caught and soon put an end to. But after one or two were caught, no more mice would go to the same place. I then tried my second trap, which was made of wire, nearly round, with a flat wooden bottom, at the sides of which are placed two or three holes, through which mousey has to push to reach her coveted morsel; but once through, the points of the wires would close upon her to prevent her return. Poor mousey appears to discover her retreat cut off before eating her prize, because it is generally left untouched, unless two or more are in prison at the same time, which appears to lessen their trouble of mind. I have found on several occasions that one mouse caught in the night died before morning through fear, or from some cause which I could not account for; but such victims were young ones.

Now for the hero-mouse of my story. The trap was placed in a kitchen cupboard, where it could be seen when the door was open, as it happened to be when this incident was witnessed. A tiny young mouse was seen in the trap, doing all it could to get away, but every attempt failed. I was just about to take pity on the youngster and let it escape, when, lo! an older one, evidently the parent, appeared on the scene. She appeared to examine the trap all over, and seemed to try to coax her offspring after her, but to no purpose. At last she left, giving up her little one, as I thought, for lost; but no, she soon returned from amongst the rubbish in the cupboard with a piece of string in her mouth. One end of this she pushed between the wires into the cage, and soon made the young one to understand what it was to do. Whether the young one really understood itself, or whether the old one made it understand by a language of their own, I cannot say; but however, the youngster soon took hold of the end of the string, and the moment the old one saw she had a good hold she pulled away with a will, and got her out almost in a second. The wire at this particular place was a little more open than in any other part of the cage: whether this was seen by the old mouse, or whether the spot was chosen by accident, is another question which we cannot answer.

W.





A Clever Mouse.





Tired out with Play.



## TIRED OUT WITH PLAY.

**T**IRED out with play—with frolicking  
Through the bright morning hours,  
With chasing bee and butterfly  
Amongst the summer flowers,  
With gathering the summer flowers,  
And tossing them away,  
The little lad is fast asleep,  
Tired out at last with play.

And where are bee and butterfly  
Which led the merry run?  
And where the bright-hued summer flowers  
He gathered in his fun?  
The flowers fade, the butterfly  
And bee flit on their way;  
There is but one companion left  
Of that brief holiday.

Tired out with play: my little lad,  
If thus in years it be,  
And all the careless comrades fled  
Of youth's bright revelry;  
I wish thee this—a friend as true  
Beside thee, as to-day,  
The guardian of thy childish sleep  
When tired out with play.

E. M. A. F. S.

## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 163.)



**S**UDDENLY a man, whose costume showed him to be a muleteer, pushed his way through the crowd, and shouted, in a voice which overpowered every other sound,—  
‘Gentlemen, I was with poor William when the bushrangers attacked us. The fellow who shot my poor friend through the breast was none other than that rascal with the red moustaches. I remember him well, and I will stake my life on the truth of my words.’

A storm of cries for vengeance arose from the crowd.

‘The executioner to the gallows! Kill the red moustache! To the rope with the bushranger! sounded on all sides.

Perceiving that Creps had turned his eyes away from him, the red moustache sprang to the ground and fled among the tents; but a great number of gold-seekers followed him, shouting, and just as he reached the foot of the rocks he fell lifeless, pierced by ten bullets.

The crowd now rapidly dispersed, and each man went on his way, as if nothing remarkable had happened.

Donatus was very sad; he had, he said, by a special intervention of Providence, preserved his life; but he had lost his beloved mule, as its owners had led it away into their tent. He saw the animal in the distance, gazing sadly after him.

His friends had no little difficulty to make him

follow them. Tears started to his eyes as he murmured a sad farewell to the mule.

‘What are we to do?’ said Victor; ‘how can we pursue our journey to those unexplored diggings without a beast of burden to carry our stock of provisions for a whole month? Shall we ask if we may buy the mule?’

‘Impossible; it would cost too much,’ said Pardoes. Just then a man clapped him on the shoulder, and said,—

‘Gentlemen, my wife don’t want that mule any longer; it reminds her too much of poor William, who was so miserably murdered. Buy it; you shall have it for thirty dollars.’

‘Done!’ said the Brusseler, following the man to his store to pay him.

Before the money was paid Donatus hastened up, weeping with joy, with his friend now restored to him. He talked to it and caressed it with such delight that the storekeeper could not contain himself, and burst out laughing.

The Flemings purchased a week’s provisions at the same store, with which they loaded the mule, which had now a better bridle. To pay for all this Pardoes was obliged to open his leather belt and take out a few nuggets; but he concealed them as much as possible, for he heard cries of astonishment around him, and he saw the eyes of four or five men glaring enviously at his hands.

‘Comrades,’ he said, ‘we shall do well to return to the tent at once. The red moustache may have friends, and a pistol-shot is soon fired; moreover, I observe many faces here that don’t please me. Come, let us be off.’

His advice was followed. At half a league from their encampment he stopped, and said in a low voice,—

‘I believe those three men walking behind us yonder are following in our footsteps.’

‘They are only three,’ remarked Creps; ‘they would be very foolhardy if they dared to attack us.’

‘If they are really following us,’ said Pardoes, ‘that is not their intention. I think I recognise one of them as a fellow who was standing beside me when I was paying at the store. What they want is, to know where we found our nuggets. If they succeed in this we shall have them for our companions tomorrow. We have plenty of time; we won’t make for our tent yet, but wander here and there among the mountains, and thus tire out our spies. Come along; this way!’

## CHAPTER XXV.—THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

**N**EXT day, while the Flemish gold-seekers were busy digging a new pit, they suddenly perceived about thirty men, with sacks and tools on their backs, tall fellows, advancing towards them.

‘Didn’t I tell you so?’ growled Pardoes. ‘Here are our new companions; those spies tracked us yesterday, notwithstanding our efforts to mislead them. Nothing can be done; they are in their right. We can only demand a claim thirty feet long.’

The new band at once pitched their tents at the foot of the rocks. It was composed of five or six companions, each of which chose a claim and began to dig. This did not hinder Pardoes and his



friends from actively continuing their work. It was night before they reached the gold earth, but next day they obtained very fair results. This pit was richer than the former one, and they got more gold out of the sieve. On the fourth day they reached the rock, where, to their great delight, they found a great many little nuggets, which altogether were of considerable value.

But they were annoyed by the constant increase of new-comers to their diggings. Nearly every hour a fresh band descended the rocks. Since Monday morning this valley had swarmed with gold-seekers, and now at night, revolver in hand, they were obliged to make the limits of their claim respected. It was not a large valley, and a great portion of it was too elevated and too stony for any possibility of getting gold out of it. The crowd of diggers was, therefore, confined to a comparatively small space. Here and there quarrels arose, pistols were fired and knives brandished, for some of the new-comers tried to penetrate to claims already occupied, and they were naturally driven back by the owners. The Flemings were closely surrounded, and as they found that their claim was only productive at a certain distance from the river they felt sure it would soon be exhausted. They only hoped that they would be fortunate enough to collect sufficient resources to undertake their journey to the unexplored diggings.

On the pretext that their mule did not find sufficient forage in the valley they pitched their tent on a height, and out of sight of the other gold-seekers. They began to purchase their provisions secretly, one of them going alone every day to the stores by circuitous paths, bringing a load of corn, salt meat, and lard.

These precautions were needful to hide their intentions from the others, for had these suspected that they were preparing for a long journey into the interior many would have followed them. In fact, as they knew they had been the first to discover the present spot, they might fancy that they had some experience in such matters or possessed peculiar information to guide them.

The last provision brought to their tent was a stock of salt, and enough gunpowder to fill each of their flasks.

Next morning, an hour before dawn, the mule was loaded in the wood, the tent was taken down, and the Flemings began their journey quietly and without noise. No one had any suspicion of their departure.

For two days they tried to ascend the course of the Yuba, then they forded it, and marched northward to reach the Pen River. In was very difficult to keep in a certain direction, for their route was often interrupted by mountains, thousands of feet in height, and by torrents of great depth and force. Often they lost hours in seeking for a way through these mountain chains; sometimes they had to unload the mule to allow him to descend a dangerous precipice or scale some steep rocks.

They made, therefore, but slow progress, and on the seventh day were convinced that they had not advanced more than forty leagues from the Yuba stores.

The Baron, who was much fatigued, began to grumble, and accused Pardoes of rashness; but the latter, who was certain that he was in the right, laughed at his remarks, and said that he would soon

acknowledge that he had done well in undertaking the voyage.

Rooseman and Kwik showed more confidence and courage. They felt that the spot to which Pardoes was leading them might enable them to realise those hopes which had led them to California,—hopes of making happy and independent those who were dearest to them in the world; this gave them courage to contend with the difficulties and dangers of the way. They were glad, too, to be far away from the crowd of wild and savage men, from whose lips they heard little but curses and blasphemies.

For five days they had seen no one; they were certainly in a desert which had not been explored by the crowd of gold-seekers, for they had seen no traces but of wild animals. The only noise they heard, and which rather frightened Donatus at first, was the howling of *coyotes*, a sort of wild dog, which at night made the valleys re-echo with their dismal yells. But Pardoes had explained to him that these cowardly animals never attack man, and still less approach a fire. Donatus, too, was getting more inured to danger, and was not now so easily frightened.

Exhausted, weary, footsore, on the tenth day they pitched their tent an hour before nightfall in a wide valley, upon the confines of a thick forest, so that the mule could find abundant forage during the night.

It was now not the Baron only who murmured against Pardoes. Creps and the sailor had joined with him, expressing their discontent in bitter words. The Brusseler had told them that they would reach these diggings in a week, and they had now marched ten days without stopping, yet there seemed no signs of reaching their journey's end: perhaps, indeed, they would never find the place which Pardoes had been told about.

Pardoes defended himself by saying that it was impossible to fix within a day or two when mountains and valleys increased the length of a journey. He was sure they must be in the right direction, because the gigantic chain of the Sierra Nevada bounded the horizon to the eastward. They must not be discouraged, but await for three or four days the result of their enterprise.

They had nothing to fear with regard to the exhaustion of their provisions, for, in case of necessity, they could in a country which abounded with game support themselves by the chase. Up to this moment he had forbidden his companions to fire, so as not to betray their presence.

They were never sure whether there were not enemies around them, either robbers, or Californian savages; but if it were necessary they would shoot birds, hares, or deer, and thus save their provisions.

Whilst they were discussing their position they suddenly heard in the forest, at about fifty paces off, a howl so formidable that the whole valley seemed to tremble. It was a hollow growl, dull and prolonged, like the distant rumbling of thunder.

All turned pale, jumped up, and stared at the Brusseler, as if to learn from his mouth what new and terrible danger threatened them.

'They are lions!' stammered Donatus.

'No, it is a grizzly (the grey bear of California) which is attacking our mule, and which has perhaps already begun to devour it.'





Red Moustache running away.

'Come, come!' said Kwik; 'bear or no bear, I will not leave the poor beast to be murdered.'

But the Brusseler took him by the shoulder and held him back, growling out,—

'Keep still! hold your tongue, stupid!'

'That is all very fine,' said Victor; 'but tell us at least what we ought to do.'

'What we ought to do? I confess I do not know myself. It is a dangerous animal. He will some-

times remain alive and in full strength with ten bullets in his body. Keep as quiet as possible, my friends; perhaps the monster will have enough in the mule to satisfy himself, and will return to his lair after having dined.'

'But which of us can sleep with such a terrible neighbour?'

A new and more terrible howl resounded through the forest, as if the bear were approaching the tent.





The grizzly bear climbing the tree.

'Wait,' said Pardoes, 'I know a way! I will walk on in front, and climb up a tree, from whence I will fire at the bear; he will come after me and stand upright against the tree to seize me. At that moment you must fire altogether, aiming at his head; then you must all rush upon him, draw your knives and plunge them up to the hilt in the breast or stomach of the bear. Follow me about ten paces off, and do not fire too quickly, nor retreat a foot's

breadth, or else there will be two or three deaths among you.'

He slipped off into the wood, trying to judge of the distance by the growls, and climbed up a certain height on a pine-tree. His comrades were hidden about six yards distant in the bushes, holding their fingers on the triggers of their guns.

Soon the report of a gun was heard; the ball had evidently done its work, for a howl of pain and



rage resounded in the forest, and immediately afterwards the shrubs were pushed aside, as if broken by a furious and gigantic animal.

In fact the grizzly bear had discovered its enemy, who, to awake its attention, was waving his hat in the air.

With one bound the bear reached the tree, stood up against it, putting out his claws, raising a horrible growl, and licking the bark of the tree with his terrible red tongue, as if he already scented another victim.

Now a loud report was heard, and five bullets struck the monster, who fell back with pain and surprise; but he recovered himself quickly, cast a look of fury at his new foes, and rushed howling upon them. The sailor, for whom the bear was making, was seized with fright, and fled to take refuge in a tree. The furious animal, covered with blood, seemed as if he feared not the glittering knives, and ran after the sailor.

He came up to him just at the foot of the tree, and seized him between his large forepaws to strangle him, with a horrible roar, when happily, at the same instant, five knives were plunged into his sides at the same moment, and doubtless Donatus, with his long Catalonian knife, had reached his heart, for the grizzly bear turned round again as if about to seize him, but fell on the ground, where he remained stretched in death.

Donatus ran to the spot where they had first heard the growlings, and found the half-devoured remains of the poor mule in a large pool of blood. He shed many tears over the unhappy animal's body, and then returning to his companions told them with bitter lamentations of the sad end of his faithful companion.

All were much affected, they felt what a narrow escape they had had, and the loss of the mule deeply troubled them. In the midst of a desert, perhaps a hundred miles from any inhabited spot, with their strength exhausted, they would now have to carry their tools and provisions on their backs. Sad and difficult as their journey had hitherto been, how much more painful and discouraging was the prospect before them now!

An hour after all were rolled up in their blankets under their tent. The Brusseler acted as sentinel, and carefully kept up the fire to frighten away the savage beasts, if there were any still in the neighbourhood. He glanced into the tent to be sure that his companions were still asleep. By the light of the fire he saw that Donatus' cheeks were wet and shining.

'Simple fellow!' he muttered, 'crying in his sleep at the death of an animal! It might be at the prospect of having to carry the trough on his back; but no, it is out of pure affection.'

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE WILDERNESS.

ACCORDING to their custom, he whose turn it was to cook got up an hour earlier than the rest to prepare the breakfast, and did not awake his companions till that meal was ready.

It happened that it was Pardoes' turn that morning. He was specially careful to make no noise, lighted a large fire, and hung the saucepan over it. He smiled and chuckled to himself as if he had some secret.

When he saw that the fire was burning well, he drew his knife from his belt and went towards the wood.

When he reached the bear's carcase he cut off its four paws, hastily skinned them, and then hung them over the flames, suspended to the branch of a tree, to grill them, powdering them well with salt and pepper. He was very merry, rubbed his hands, and licked his lips, murmuring,—

'How surprised they'll be when they wake up! Bear's paws for breakfast! It is a royal dainty. In the desert they will eat it with better appetite than at the best hotel in Brussels.'

When the bear's paws were properly cooked he cried at the opening of the tent, 'Get up! get up, friends! the table is laid. I have got a piece of game for you, which will make you lick your fingers afterwards, I'm certain.'

They all got up.

'What! it that smells so good?' muttered Kwik, as he rubbed his eyes. 'Have you caught a hare, Pardoes?'

'Yes; such a big hare that his paws are enough to give you an indigestion.'

But when Donatus glanced at the tin plate he recoiled with disgust, exclaiming,—

'Why, those are the bear's paws! the horrible animal who was about to devour us yesterday! How cruel of you, Pardoes, thus to mock our poor stomachs! I feel ill at the sight of it.'

The Brusseler tried to convince his friends that nothing could be more delicious than the dish he had prepared for them. The Baron, the sailor, and Creps were persuaded to partake of it, and asserted that it was excellent bears' flesh. Victor at last was also overcome, and accepted half a paw, which Creps pressed upon him; but Donatus, seizing him by the arm, said imploringly—

'Oh, M. Roozeman, I beg you don't eat any of that horrible animal! he wished to devour us; he has probably already eaten other men.'

'You are really very silly, Kwik,' said Victor, smiling. 'Meat is meat, and this is very good and not unwholesome.'

'Not unwholesome!' exclaimed Donatus. 'Eat it, you will see. Without knowing it you will become malicious, ill-tempered, cruel —'

All burst out laughing.

'What absurd ideas come into your brain!' said Pardoes. 'Men's characters changing according to the food they take! We haven't eaten anything but bacon lately, so we ought to become as dirty and unclean as pigs.'

Kwik examined his companions and then himself from head to foot, and then replied, grumbling,—

'I do not know whether the bacon is the cause of it, but it's certain that in Belgium they wouldn't touch us with a pair of tongs. I looked at myself yesterday in the Baron's pocket mirror; the savage I saw then had an ugly stubbly beard, and dust and grease were so mixed together on his face that I nearly let the little glass drop with disgust. If Anneken, of Natten Haesdonck, met such a terrible fellow, she would run away crying out for help!'

'Come! come! eat a bear's paw,' said Creps; 'it's really very good.'



'I eat of a monster that devoured my poor mule? I would rather starve,' cried Kwik. He hastily fried himself a piece of bacon, while his companions devoured the bear's paws to the very bone.

'You may laugh, gentlemen,' said Donatus, 'but you will see I shan't be surprised to see you tearing out each other's eyes even to-day. I warn you, that you may fight; I shall not mix up in your disputes. The Ostender has no need to eat of that monster to—'

'Rascal! how dare you say that?' roared the sailor, darting up, his knife in his hand.

'There, gentlemen, is an example of it already!' groaned Kwik. 'He does not know what I was going to say, and yet he wants to murder me!'

All burst out laughing; but Pardoes now put an end to this joking by reminding his companions that they must resume their journey. The sun was already shining in a cloudless sky, it would probably be very hot towards noon.

Each took a portion of the tools on his back. It was Roozeman's lot to carry the sieve, but Donatus, notwithstanding Victor's protestations, insisted on carrying it.

*(To be continued.)*

### A CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY, TOLD TO ME BY HER WHO WAS THE CHILD.  
By Herbert Todd, M.A., Vicar of Kildwick, Author of 'Arvan.'

WHERE is a voice of crying,  
A plaintive, wailing sound;  
A little child is lying,  
Alone, upon the ground.  
A little child is lying  
Alone in her despair:  
It is the voice of her crying  
That troubles the quiet air.

'Father! father! father!'  
She wails, with her lips to the dust.  
In her eyes the tear-drops gather,  
Hear her he surely must.  
Perhaps her call was too feeble,  
Therefore 'twas all in vain.  
'Father!' wails the shrill treble;  
'Father! father!' again.

They've sent him over the water,  
Along with a mutinous band,  
Far off from his little daughter,  
Away to Van Diemen's Land.  
He had gone in a ship, they told her,  
To a country under her feet:  
She will know what they mean when older,  
But now the thought is sweet.

Under her feet is father,  
It seems to her very near,  
So she is hopeful, rather,  
At least, that her cry he will hear.  
Only an earth-wall to sever,  
Some day her need will be plain;  
He has not left her for ever,  
She will see father again.

So she goes on with her crying,  
With lips close-pressed to the earth;  
But there is no replying,  
To change her sorrow to mirth.  
Do not blame her for crying,  
Leave her with years to learn,  
There are lands 'neath our footsteps lying,  
Whence cries can win no return.

### THE TROOPER AND HIS HORSE.

By W. F. Wolfe.



HAVE read of many instances of attachment between the trooper and his horse, and the following, having come under my own observation, will perhaps be read with interest.

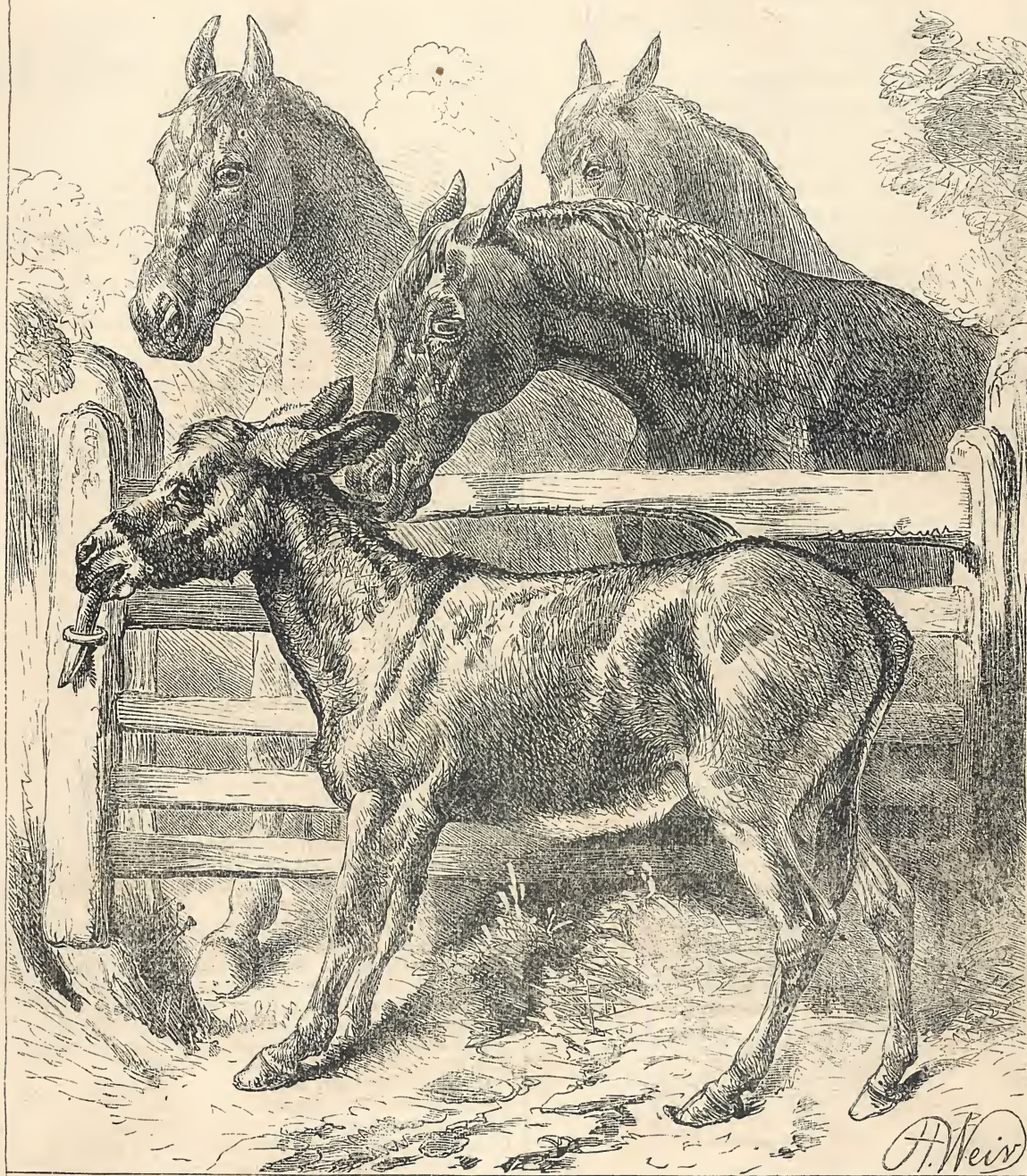
When the English returned to Sicily after the battle of Maida, and were disembarking their cavalry, one of the horses, a fine-spirited animal, probably tired of its floating stable, and finding itself approaching the shore, became restive, and plunged in such a manner that it broke its fastening, and in its eagerness to leap from the boat failed in the attempt, and was most severely gored by its body falling on one of the thole-pins on the boat's side, from which it could only be freed by human aid. The poor animal was released as soon as possible and dragged to the shore, where it lay in the greatest agony. The veterinary surgeon examined it, but was compelled to condemn it. In vain did its rider plead and entreat the surgeon to attempt its recovery, nor could he be convinced that it would be hopeless. The sentence was passed; the horse was condemned, and the rider ordered to shoot it. The man loaded his carbine, and approached the animal as it lay on the ground groaning most piteously. The soldier stood looking at his poor fallen charger, when the horse, sensible of his presence, raised its head. The man instantly dropped on his knee to kiss it, in such a position that as the horse's head fell back, it lay on the knees of its master. Nature could bear no more: the hardy soldier was overcome; he dropped the carbine, placed his arms round the neck of his horse, and both horse and rider lay stretched on the ground together, the man's face buried on the horse's neck, while his sobs were as audible as the groans of the horse, and his whole frame shook with agony. In vain was he repeatedly called by his comrades and officer. He could not do his duty, he could not shoot his horse. Had it been killed in the heat of battle he might have parted with it without a word; but to outlive the fight, and lose it there, just when a triumph awaited them, was more than the brave trooper could bear. It was soon settled. The man was almost raised by force. A comrade was then ordered to take his carbine and shoot the poor animal, so as to prevent any further suffering; the rider turning his back upon the scene and burying his face in his hands, until the report of the musket told him all was finished.





The Trooper and his Horse.





The Donkey Gate-keeper.



## THE DONKEY GATE-KEEPER.

IT happens, now and then,  
A dullard thinks a brighter thought  
Than very clever men.

Sometimes it happens, too,  
A plain bird is more beautiful  
Than fowls of gorgeous hue.

It chances, too, at times,  
A simple story moves the heart,  
More than a poet's rhymes.

The coward waxes brave;  
A gleam of worth, a noble deed,  
Lights up the robber's cave.

Things are not what they seem;  
Surprises meet us every day,  
To teach us how we dream.

We often judge amiss;  
We little know what treasures lie  
Deep in the soul's abyss.

Self-love, it makes us blind  
To others' merits; ours are all  
We care to have in mind.

And so we must be taught,  
By failing in our efforts, how  
We at our best are nought.

Look at the noble steed,  
So much belauded for his worth,  
His beauty and his speed!

What, puzzled? O my friend!  
And are thy wits, my bonny mare,  
So very near their end?

And thou, my filly fine,  
As deep as any in thy way,  
Say, where are those of thine?

Thou too, old honest grey,  
Best of the trio as I think,  
Thou know'st not what to say,

Except, 'The gate is barr'd,  
The pasture looks most tempting, and  
We think it rather hard.'

Now; come up, Neddy! Come!  
Exert thy powers, and show them how  
To do this awkward sum!

Thou hast the trick, I see,  
However learn'd—and may the nags  
Think more of such as thee!

G. S. O.

## A DEED OF HEROISM.

A True Story of British Pluck.

ON the night of the 30th of last November, a French vessel, called the *Mélanie*, was lying at anchor at the mouth of the river Adour, waiting for fair weather to cross the bar which separates the port of Bayonne from the Bay of Biscay. She was laden with 500 barrels of petroleum oil, and just as her crew were turning in for the night she suddenly, from some cause, which was not explained, exploded. Instantly flames of the fiercest kind shot out from every part of her, and owing to the peculiar nature of petroleum, which will burn upon water, the ship was soon surrounded by a belt of floating fire. The nearest vessel to her at the time was a British brig, the *Anna Bella Clark*, from Ardrossan. Her master, Captain Sharpe, knowing that there were some French sailors in the midst of the flames, shouted to one of his crew, John McIntosh by name,—

'Come on, my lad! let us go to their rescue!'

Then, without a moment's hesitation, these men launched their ship's dingy, and in two minutes were alongside the blazing vessel. In this short interval what remained of the standing gear of the *Mélanie* had become one blazing mass of fierce flame. Nothing daunted, the British sailors, with the certainty of incurring the greatest physical suffering, if not the loss of their lives, dashed through the floating circle of fire, and laid hold of the rigging of the burning ship. With a bull-dog pertinacity they hung on till they had succeeded in taking off the shrouds two men, in such a helpless state from wounds and bruises that they could not possibly have been saved had their rescue been delayed much longer. In the performance of this heroic action the British sailors were more terribly burnt than the men they had rescued. It was at first feared that Captain Sharpe would lose the sight of one eye, and his face is greatly and permanently disfigured. McIntosh fared still worse; so severe were his injuries, that his discharge from his ship was absolutely necessary. He was conveyed to the Bayonne hospital, where he lay for nearly a month, at times in the greatest suffering. I visited him repeatedly, and never witnessed greater patience in the endurance of suffering. He looked upon what he had done as simply an act of duty, and could with difficulty be led to speak of it. Every delicacy that was brought to him by sympathising friends he insisted on sharing with his fellow-sufferers in the ward. To show their appreciation of this act of heroism, the British community resident at Biarritz, in addition to some small subscriptions which were received in answer to a letter which appeared in the *Times*, raised a sum of 60*l.* for the two men.

On December 15th, McIntosh was sufficiently recovered to attend the service in the church at Biarritz. There, after having returned public thanks to Almighty God, he was presented with an illuminated address; the Consul, who presented it, himself an old soldier, telling him that no man who wore the Victoria or Albert crosses had ever earned them for greater bravery.

HERBERT COURT STURGES,  
Assistant Chaplain, Biarritz.



## PINCHER.

I HAVE lately read of a dog called 'Pincher,' who was clever enough to understand when people mentioned 'thieves' or 'robbers' in conversation, and who growled loudly at the bare sound of such words, as if to say, 'Just let them come near this house, that's all!'

If the housemaid was going upstairs, out of sound of the hall-door bell, she had only to say, 'Pincher bark when the bell rings;' and this good dog would leave the fireside to lie on the mat at the foot of the stairs, barking loudly at the least tingle of the bell, thus bringing Mary Jane at once out of her distant bedroom. He never barked when the bell rang at any other time!

Do you think this was a dog worth having? Mary Jane, at any rate, was ready to give him a character, and if thieves or robbers had chanced to come to the house, I believe they would have found out that his growling was not all talk.

H. A. F.

### SKETCHES FROM CANADA.



THE coast-line of Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic side, is pierced with deep inlets. The largest of these forms Halifax harbour.

The city, a handsome one, is built on a sloping ground on the west side of the harbour, in which secure haven (scarcely equalled in the world) a thousand ships may ride at anchor. And as Liver-

pool has its Birkenhead, so Halifax has, across the harbour, its Dartmouth.

How oddly jumbled are the old familiar names on the other side the ocean! Halifax and Dartmouth lie 'cheek by jowl' in New Scotland, and Windsor is the capital of Hampshire.

Quebec, as a modern city, was founded by a Frenchman, in 1608. Before that time it was called Stadaconna, and an Indian chief lived there, named Donnaconna. It was taken from the French by General Wolfe in 1759, after a terrible struggle, in which both Wolfe and the gallant French commander, Montcalm, were killed. As Wolfe, faint with loss of blood, leant on an officer, some one said, 'They run! They run!' 'Who run?' asked the dying General. 'The French,' replied the officer. 'Then I die contented,' said Wolfe. And those were his last words. His enemy, the noble Montcalm, was also content to die, for he could not bear the thought of giving up Quebec.

The city stands boldly on a promontory made by the river St. Charles meeting the river St. Lawrence. The promontory forms a steep, lofty cliff, on its south face, where it is washed by the St. Lawrence; but it descends gradually to the St. Charles. The steep cliff is called Cape Diamond, and is about 350 feet above the river. The St. Lawrence is narrow here, and as the word narrow, or strait, in the Canadian language is 'kebec,' some think the city is therefore

named Quebec. Others say the name arose from the French, who exclaimed, '*Quel bec!*—What a point!'

There are two towns in Quebec, the upper and lower towns. The upper town is surrounded by a wall with five gates. In it is the famous citadel, crowning the Diamond rock. From it you go down a steep winding street to the lower town, or if you prefer it, you descend by steps.

The winters are cold, but the river is not frozen more than once in ten years. When that happens, a great rejoicing takes place: booths are erected on the ice, sleigh races are the fashion, and the country folk from the other side bring their provisions to the city in their carioles. A cariole is a gig, or coach-body mounted on runners, which resemble the irons of a pair of skates.

When the intense cold comes on take care of your nose, or it may be frost-bitten. If this happens, the nose turns white, and, before you know what is wrong with it, some kind stranger will run up and say, 'Your nose, sir!' and commence rubbing it with snow. Snow well-rubbed in, will save your nose if anything will; but mind you don't go near the fire, or you will lose it for ever.

Quebec is a stronghold of the first class—the Gibraltar of the new world. It extends, that is the citadel, over forty acres. In front of the citadel are the famous 'plains of Abraham,' where Wolfe and Montcalm fought and died.

About 160 miles higher up the River St. Lawrence stands Montreal, or Mount Royal, as it was called by Jaques Cartier, a fisherman of St. Malo, in France, who reached the island in 1534.

The island of Montreal is of a three-cornered shape, about thirty-two miles long by ten miles broad. It lies where the great rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence unite their waters. It has a level surface, with the exception of a mountain rising about 600 feet above the stream. The city stands on the south side of the island, and is composed greatly of handsome greystone houses arranged in good streets crossing each other at right angles. Many roofs both here and at Quebec are made of sheet iron or tin, and they retain their brightness a long time, so pure is the air.

The Ottawa, or Uttawa, is called the Grand River, and is about 500 miles in length. It is a wild and romantic stream, much varied; here glassy, there broken up by falls and rapids. There are many lovely islands dotting its surface, and some parts of its banks are composed of white marble. This noble river seems to begin at the Lake Temiscaming, but, in reality, its source is a hundred miles higher up.

Ottawa, now the capital of Canada, is situated on this river, at a point where the Rideau Canal has been dug, uniting the Ottawa and Lake Ontario. No vessels of any importance can get up the Ottawa beyond the city, on account of the Chaudière Falls. The appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada is regarded by all loyal people with interest and pleasure. The presence of his royal wife, the Princess Louise, will doubtless call forth much good feeling, and strengthen the cord of love which unites England and Canada. May the two countries ever remain happy and flourishing under the temperate rule of our Queen and her successors!

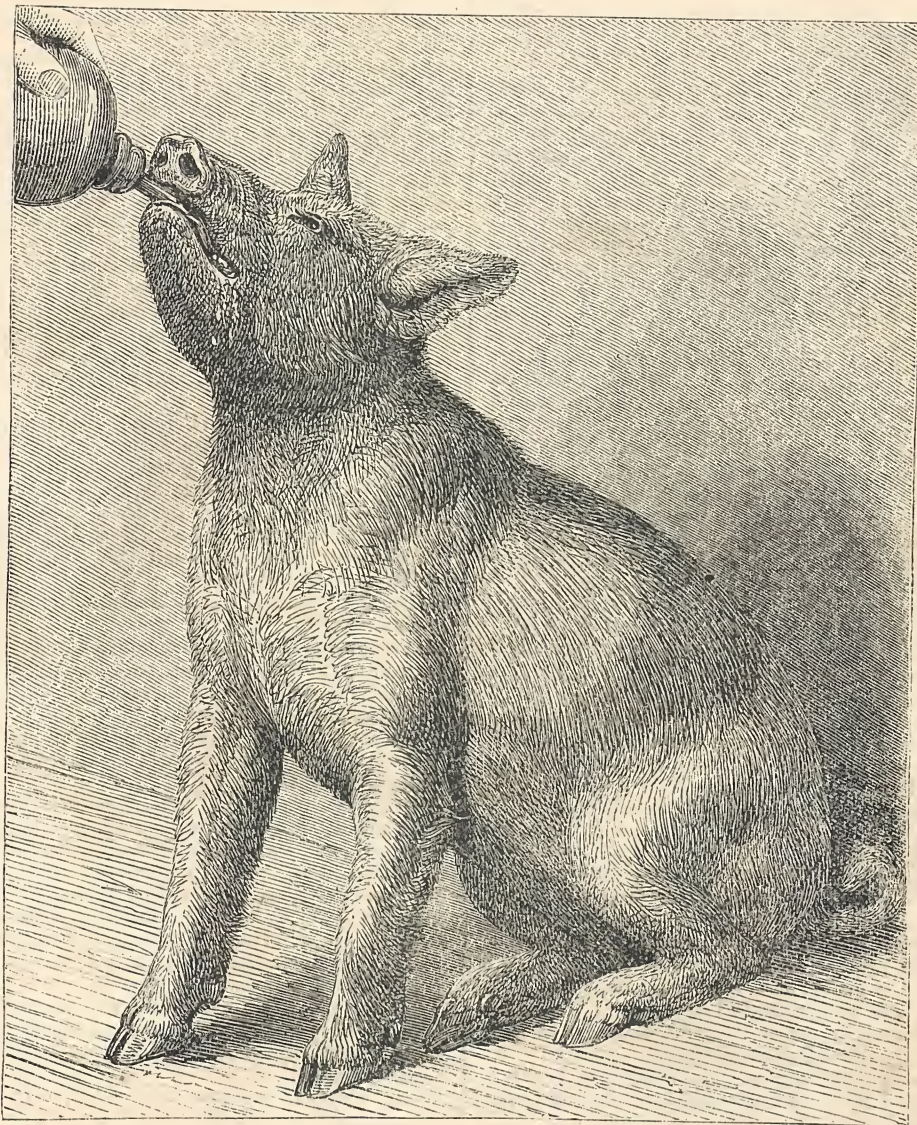
G. S. O.





Sketches in Canada.





THE SUCKING-PIG.



THE other day our children came home delighted at having seen a little pig drinking out of a bottle, just like a baby. I went to see it, and I was introduced to its owner, who lived in a cottage, the principal room of which was painted light blue. A good-natured old woman was there with her two orphan grandchildren. The red tiles of the

cottage floor were enlivened by a grey-and-white cat, and a shiny-skinned little pig, of about a month

old, which was fed out of a feeding-bottle. This was the hero of the place.

The little pig is grateful for good treatment, and as capable of attachment as a horse or a dog. The pig is intelligent, and it can be taught tricks. Performing pigs are often the attractions of country fairs. I have seen pigs in the poor neighbourhoods of London follow their masters through noisy streets, and into busy public-houses, where they laid down at their masters' feet like a dog.

The little pig in our picture was given to the old woman who owns it when it was only a day old, and she has fed it from a bottle since that time.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from p. 175.)



HEY were tolerably cheerful for a couple of hours. The Baron alone was silent, and seemed full of sad and gloomy thoughts. About noon they were all very much fatigued; they had arrived at the foot of a chain of steep mountains, which barred their route as far as they could see. There was nothing else to

be done, these heights resting about a quarter of an hour they looked for the easiest spot, and then scrambled over enormous rocks to the summit of the mountain, where they sank down breathless with exhaustion. When they arose to continue their journey, a secret horror seized them. They saw before them a range of mountains, several leagues in breadth, whose rocky soil seemed burned by subterranean fires, or by the rays of the sun, for, as far as the eye could reach, not a flower or a tree was to be seen in this vast desert.

'What is this?' sighed Donatus. 'I am frightened! Have we arrived at the end of the world?'

'Pardoes, did the Swiss gold-seeker tell you about this desert?' asked Creps.

'No.'

'Then we have lost our way! Pleasant news!'

'We can't lose our way here,' replied Pardoes; 'as long as we have the gigantic chain of the Sierra Nevada to our right we must be on the right road. By constantly advancing we cannot fail to reach the diggings. It is situated on a large river, which descends from the Sierra Nevada, and so it must be on our way; we could not avoid it if we tried. There is certainly something in this desert to inspire fear, and under this burning sun we shall probably suffer from the heat; but as we have come so far, we must keep on our way steadily. Perhaps we shall find some ravines, which we can't see from here. Come friends, don't lose courage; to-morrow we shall perhaps reach the gold field, and then be amply repaid for all our sufferings.'

Again they set forth through the bare and solitary wilderness. The sun dashed his fiery rays down upon their heads, which, radiating from the bare rock, redoubled the heat, and made the air feel like a furnace.

After two hours' weary march the travellers were well-nigh exhausted; silent, gloomy, and discouraged, they slowly advanced over the plain. The Baron appeared ready to sink beneath his burden; and absorbed in his sad thoughts, he often forgot himself, and remained behind. The sailor took a cruel pleasure in mocking at and annoying him. He had only replied to these insults by a smile of contempt, but when he reproached him with his high birth and his bodily weakness the gentleman could stand it no longer.

He turned pale, threw down his knapsack, seized his revolver, and cried in fury,—

'Stop, gentlemen, I command you!'

'Well! well! what is the matter? what do you want?' stammered the others with amazement. 'What are you about to do?'

'This coarse fellow is making fun of my sufferings; he thinks that a gentleman in the position in which I unfortunately find myself can be insulted with impunity. This is not the case. I might kill him with a bullet, I should only have to make a slight movement of my finger to do it, but I recoil from committing a murder. I defy him. He shall fight a duel with me, however. One of us two shall leave his bones in the desert.'

The others ran in between them to prevent the fight, but the Baron several times repeated the word 'Coward,' and the sailor, held back by Pardoes, declared that he would tear the gentleman in pieces.

'No pistols!' roared the Ostender: 'a conflict to the death with knives is best. It will last longer, and mere blood will flow.'

'Very well, knives then!' replied the Baron, whose cheeks were deadly pale, and whose fiery eyes seemed as if they would start out of their sockets.

'Alas! alas!' cried Donatus; 'they are about to murder each other in this terrible wilderness! The Baron, who was patience itself, has lost his senses, and become mad. This dreadful affair all comes of eating bear's flesh.'

'To arms! to arms!' cried Pardoes; 'here are Californian savages!'

This terrible exclamation made them forget their quarrel; each one hurriedly seized his gun and looked with surprise, mingled with uneasiness, in the direction where the Brusseler pointed.

'Savages!' cried Kwik, trembling like a reed. 'Savages! ah, where can we hide ourselves? None can help us but the good God!'

In fact, they perceived several miles off, on their right, about ten men walking among the crags of the mountains, and Pardoes knew them to be savages by their long, floating hair, and almost naked bodies. He gave his friends long explanations, and tried to persuade them that these men were a threatening danger to them. His wish was to turn the thoughts of his companions from their quarrel; but the Baron perceived this, and said,—

'These savages are more than two leagues' march from us; they have not seen us, and they will disappear behind the mountains. Take your knife in your hand, Ostender!'

'Ah, you will massacre each other, even at this moment, when we are threatened by an attack from Californian savages! Very well, we shall see, said the Brusseler in a great rage. 'Rooszman, Creps, Donatus, are you going to obey me to save our lives? Yes? Point your guns at the sailor; I will guard the Baron.'

Saying this, he advanced some paces, and said with an air of authority,—

'Baron, you made an agreement with us, you are not master of yourself; I declare to you that this duel is a breach of our contract, because it must deprive us of one of our comrades, at a moment when the lives of all may depend upon the help of one. The first of you who again defies the other I will kill without mercy. This, at least, will be a means of not losing any more precious time here.'



Pardoes exchanged a few angry words with the sailor in a low voice. This seemed to quiet him; he walked towards the gentleman, and said,—

'Listen, Baron, I do not wish to put my friends in danger of death. To satisfy you, I admit that I was wrong, and I ask pardon for my hasty words.'

Victor took the Baron by the hand, and tried to calm him by proofs of his esteem and friendship; Donatus joined him, and they both besought him so earnestly that he was overcome at last, and said,—

'Be it so! let us speak no more of it. This rude man will not insult me any more.'

'Come on then, my friends,' said the Brusseler.

'I remain here,' said the Baron, sitting down on the ground.

'Have you gone mad?' grumbled Pardoes.

'No,' replied he, 'I am at the end of my strength, my feet are one large sore; I must rest. You can continue your road, gentlemen; it is the same to me whether I am killed by the Californian savages or perish like a beast under a burden which I cannot carry any longer.'

He took off one of his shoes, the blood was really flowing from his foot.

'Well, remain there!' said Pardoes, angrily.

'I shall not move from here without our companion,' said Victor, who had pity on the gentleman's condition. 'If you or I, or another of us fell ill, or could not walk, we should not abandon him, or leave him to certain death like men without any feeling.'

'I shan't move either,' said Donatus.

'We will all stay here then,' said Creps in his turn.

'Well, let us rest a little, then,' said the Brusseler. 'Before coming to California, folk ought to know whether they have legs strong enough to take a journey.'

Victor began to wash the Baron's foot and to wrap it up in a piece of rag.

The Baron, after a short interval of rest, declared that now, thanks to his kind friends, he thought he could continue his journey; so they all shouldered their knapsacks again and advanced into the desert.

The gold-seekers now were all weary and silent; they only spoke to lament the lack of water, for they had nearly emptied their leather gourds, and there was scarcely half a pint left among them. In the afternoon even this was exhausted, while the sun continued as scorching as ever, and the atmosphere so suffocating that they could scarcely breathe. The boundless desert still stretched before the travellers, not a tree was to be seen, and not a trace of water on the parched and barren ground.

Every now and then they had to stop to rest. Then they would murmur loudly against Pardoes.

Towards evening, though it was not so hot, their fatigue had increased, and all were suffering terribly from thirst: perceiving no limits to the wilderness, they feared they must pass the night upon this plain without any hope of quenching their thirst, and then have to begin their journey next day under a torrid heat, and without a drop of water.

In fact the sailor, the Baron, and Creps, refused to go any further. Pardoes asserted that they could not be far from a river; there was a visible downward slope in the soil now, and calculating from the direction of the mountains, which on all sides bounded

the horizon, he predicted that in a couple of hours they would doubtless find water.

Holding out this hope to his companions, he succeeded after a long rest in persuading them to go on.

After another half-hour's painful march Pardoes, raising a cry, suddenly threw himself on the ground. The others rushed towards him, thinking that he had a fit, but he said in a trembling voice,—

'Silence! silence, friends! let me listen!'

After having applied his ear to the ground for several minutes, he sprang up and exclaimed,—

'Hurrah! hurrah! water! water!'

'Where? where?' stammered the others, not understanding what Pardoes meant.

'Yonder, before us—a cascade; I hear it falling from the mountains.'

Donatus now put his head to the ground. 'It's true! it's true! The good God be praised!'

The gold-seekers now hurried on in the direction where they hoped to find water.

Kwik, who was in front, suddenly started back with a cry of horror, falling heavily on his back.

'What is it? what have you seen?' asked the others, terrified.

'Oh, friends,' stammered he, 'a precipice! If my guardian angel had not held me back I should now have been lying some 600 feet below.'

They had come to a fearful precipice, out of which, about fifty yards from them, the cascade rushed from a crevice in the rock, and fell into the narrow valley below.

But the travellers regarded this with transports of joy, for, notwithstanding the darkness, they saw a large stream which came from the waterfall shining along the valley like a silver streak.

'Might not this be the Swiss gold-seeker's diggings?' asked the sailor.

'No,' replied Pardoes; 'it is situated in a broad valley, and there is no cascade near it: but this stream is a sign that we are approaching it, for it probably flows into the river on the banks of which the diggings are. In any case there is water down yonder, which is more valuable to us than gold. The most difficult thing is to find a way by which to get down this huge precipice. Come, I think I have found it. There, near the trees, we shall probably find a passage.'

Pardoes was right. At the spot to which he pointed a great portion of the mountain had crumbled down into the valley, and had formed a slope by which they might attempt a descent.

The darkness made this very dangerous; they had scarcely gone a few steps when the sailor slipped on the rock, and he would have fallen over the edge had not Creps seized him by his clothes. The same accident happened to the Baron, and he was saved by Donatus. After great difficulties they at last succeeded in reaching the bottom of the ravine, and all rushed to the stream.

When they had quenched their thirst they pitched their tent at the foot of a lofty rock, and enjoyed their usual supper.

Victor was the first to mount guard; the others, lulled by the sound of the falling water, soon forgot their sufferings in sleep.

(To be continued.)





The Baron proposing to fight a duel.





Donatus' joy after discovering Gold.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 183.)

## CHAPTER XXVII.—EL DORADO.



WHEN the sailor returned to the tent after being the last to mount guard he pulled Kwik by the leg and woke him up, reminding him that it was his turn to get breakfast ready, and that it had been daylight for the last hour.

Though the twilight round the tent made Donatus think that the sailor was wrong, he, nevertheless, went out and seized an axe to cut down the wood which was necessary for the fire. He was filled with wonder at the grand spectacle around him.

The place where he stood was a narrow valley, surrounded on all sides by walls of rock thousands of feet in height, some scarred and riven, others crumbling down towards the valley as at the spot where they had descended the previous evening. In the hollows of these rocks, pines, cedars, and cypresses, were growing. Through the ravine, over a rocky bed, flowed the small clear river.

But that which struck Donatus with most amazement was the magnificent cascade, which fell with one bound from a height above, more than 400 feet, forming a cataract as large as a river, and which roared like distant thunder. For some time he stood watching it, trembling and motionless.

'What a height it is!' murmured he. 'If a man fell down from up there, there wouldn't be much left of him when he got to the bottom. . . . Am I dreaming, or am I awake? I'm sure I don't know: I don't seem bigger than an ant! O my good God! if it is Thy work I see here, what are all the men of this world in comparison with Thee?'

Then he went up to the foot of the rocks and cut down some large pieces of wood. With as little noise as possible, so as not to awake his companions, he lighted a fire, stopping every now and then in his work to gaze at the roaring cataract, or at the gigantic wall of rock, clasping his hands in wonder and admiration.

Then taking up the saucepan, he was about to go direct to the stream, but he strolled in a dreamy way by the side of the cascade whose noise seemed to attract him. He came to a spot where the rock jutted out into the bed of the river, and forced it to take a sharp curve; at the end of this projecting rock the torrent had hollowed out a pool.

It was into this pool that Donatus was about to plunge his saucepan, but suddenly a shrill cry escaped him and he bent over the water motionless, with the saucepan in his hand. Then he sprang up, raised his arms above his head, began to jump and caper, rolling himself on the ground, dancing, laughing, talking of Anneken, and acting like one who had suddenly gone mad. He then ran to the tent.

Before he reached it his friends, alarmed by his shouts, got up and placed themselves on the defensive, their guns in their hands, ready to repulse the attack they expected.

'What is it? What do you see? Where?' they all cried.

But Donatus, without replying, flung himself on his friend Roozeman's neck, stuttering forth confused words, while tears fell from his eyes; then he ran to Creps, Pardoes, and the Baron, and was about to throw his arms round the sailor's shoulders; but he, thinking that he was mad, shook him off, giving him to understand that he would not stand such pranks.

'Come! come!' stuttered Donatus, in a voice half choked by excitement. 'Come! Castles! treasures! Anneken—Lucia—happiness—victory! My head is turned! I have lost my senses! . . . Come! come!'

Thus saying he seized Victor's hand, and dragged him to the spot where he had left his kettle. The others followed.

'Look! look!' cried Kwik, pointing with his finger into the well which had been hollowed out by the water.

'Oh! gold! much gold!' they all cried.

They threw themselves on the ground before the pool, plunged their arms into the water, and began to scratch under the water as eagerly as famishing tigers, who at last grasp in their claws a long-awaited prey.

Then, drawing their hands full of gold out of the water, they all began to jump, dance, and sing. Their eyes sparkled, their hands trembled, their voices were hoarse; they all talked at once like mad folk. Again and again they plunged their arms into the water, and it was not until they were exhausted by fatigue, and their hands and pockets were full of gold, that they sat down on the ground to rest.

In the Baron an extraordinary change had taken place; he appeared even more mad than the rest, but they were too eager in their search for gold to take any notice of him.

Creps, who was not so thoroughly bewildered by this wonderful discovery, began to fear that a new calamity had fallen on his companions just at the moment when they had reached the end of all their sufferings and miseries. He remembered hearing Pardoes say that it sometimes happened that gold-seekers were seized at a moment of unexpected good fortune with incurable madness. What he saw now was indeed enough to alarm him. He had never witnessed anything similar to the extravagant wildness of his friends.

'We have found a real treasure indeed, friends,' he said; 'a most fortunate matter, for which we have good cause to rejoice: but if you don't try to master your excitement you will lose your reason, and what would be the use of gold to a madman?'

'Let us see! let us see! Give me the gold!' cried Pardoes. 'I will weigh it to see how much we possess already.'

They threw all their gold lumps into the tin saucepan; the Brusseler weighed it, and then exclaimed,—'Nine pounds! nine pounds of gold! More than 14,000 francs in ten minutes! Ah, the world is ours! We shall be millionaires! millionaires!'

Roozeman, seizing Donatus by the hand, exclaimed,—

'Ah, my friend! how good God is to us! The happiness of my mother, the joy of my life! Lucia! Anneken! Providence bestows everything upon us in a moment! Thanks be to Thee, O Supreme Dis-



poser! We thank Thee for our sufferings; we thank Thee for Thy favours!' With upraised and trembling hands he offered to Heaven his fervent thanksgivings.

'Up, comrades! let us set to work! Perhaps before evening we shall be rich with treasures!' exclaimed the sailor.

'Yes, to work! Gold! gold!' cried the others.

They would not listen to Creps' advice. Discontented and murmuring, he had crossed his arms on his breast, whilst his companions, leaning over the pool, continued to gather up the gold, notwithstanding the icy cold of the water, which stiffened their arms and benumbed their muscles. But he, too, was obliged to dig with his hands in the well, for Pardoes and the sailor said that any who refused to work should forfeit his share of the gold, and be excluded from their company.

At length by Creps' advice, they agreed to stop work for an hour and breakfast, to restore a little heat and strength to their stiffened arms.

They returned to the tent, walking along the river's bank, their eyes fixed on the water, hoping to see gold perhaps glisten among its stones. Pardoes suddenly clapped his hands together and exclaimed,—

'Look, friends! yonder in the crevices, sparkling—that is gold! Fortune has not deceived us: by crossing the water we can reach those crevices. There is gold in the whole bed of the river. A field perhaps large enough to enrich a thousand men. Let us breakfast hastily. We probably don't know yet the extent of our good luck!'

The Baron appeared more and more excited; hitherto he had only spoken to himself; now he seized Pardoes by the hand, and began a long harangue, in which he related his past history: how he was the heir of the illustrious house of Alteroche, how he had squandered the inheritance of his ancestors and dishonoured his name. But now he could hope once more, new blood was flowing into his veins; he told them of the brilliant figure he would again make in Paris, in his splendid carriage, with his servants in green and gold livery—the envy and admiration of all, who would shout, 'Stand back! room for the Baron of Alteroche!'

At these words the sailor burst into a loud laugh, while the others stared at the Baron with amazement. Their looks recalled him to his senses, and casting a glance of contempt on the Ostender he said, calmly,—

'Pardon me, gentlemen; I saw the future before my eyes. It is an illusion indeed, but it will become a reality.'

'Come! come!' cried Pardoes, 'every hour is perhaps worth 30,000 francs to us. Let us to work!'

They followed him to the river; they tucked their trowsers up to their knees and entered the stream; they shivered from the icy cold of the torrent; but so strong was their thirst for gold that they braved this painful sensation, and walked on through the water, here and there picking up nuggets among the stones. This did not last long, for the pain in their legs made them leave the water one after the other, and all asserted that the strongest man could not stay more than a few minutes in the current. In fact, the water was only melted snow descending from the Sierra Nevada, probably through clefts in the mountains, on which the sun never shone.

Disappointed in this attempt Pardoes said that they had better return to the well, and get out of it as much gold as it was possible to reach. Following his advice they worked on all day; now and then one of them ran to the base of the torrent and forded the stream to look for nuggets. This attempt was generally more or less successful, but had to be given up, owing to the coldness of the water.

At night, when they retired to rest, the gold was again weighed. They estimated the day's product at twenty-two pounds, or about 28,000 francs.

As they were sitting round a large fire after supper, with a plate full of their nuggets before them, Creps remarked,—

'I should like to make a proposal, but I don't think you are any of you prudent enough to adopt it. You have nearly all lost your heads.'

'Let's hear it,' the sailor said.

'Well, I propose that it shall be forbidden to work after certain hours, which shall be determined on. At the rate we are now working, and which will probably be continued to-morrow and the following days, none of us will get to the end of the week without some severe illness.'

'Bah! what is there to be afraid of?' cried Kwik, laughing, and beginning to cut capers again. 'Look! I feel as fresh as if I had just awoke from twenty-four hours' sleep!'

'As to yourself, Donatus, you may be right; but it is not every one who is as strong as you are. My health and that of my friends is worth more than gold; and I don't wish to be buried in this lonely ravine, or to see any of our party buried here.'

Pardoes agreed that Creps' advice was good. They resolved to live exactly as they had done at the Yuba diggings, and to take their meals and rest regularly, and that no one should be allowed to seek for gold except at the appointed hour.

'Let us divide the gold now,' said the sailor.

'Divide the gold!' answered Pardoes. 'That may be all very well when we have not much gold, but I suppose that in a few days we shall possess sixty pounds, shall we then each run about with a weight of ten pounds round our necks? Who could work thus?'

'Never mind,' grumbled the sailor; 'let us share the contents of the plate.'

'Yes, yes!' echoed Donatus. 'That will give us strength and courage when as we work we feel the gold weighing on our necks.'

'You are mad!' replied Pardoes. 'We are nearly sure to find in a short time gold enough for us to possess at least 100,000 francs. That would be a weight of twenty-four pounds for each of us to wear always on our necks. Try to look at matters with a little common sense. Suppose we were attacked by bushrangers, or by Californian savages, they would take all the gold we had upon us. We must be wiser and more cunning. I propose to seek for a hole in the rock, some cleft or hidden spot, a little distance from our tent. There from to-morrow we will store all the gold we find. None may touch it till the majority consent, and then only in the presence of the others. He who without permission lays a finger on the common treasure, even only out of curiosity, gives his companions the right to shoot him at once, and he who





A Punctual Horse.

wishes to spare him shall be looked on as his accomplice. These severe measures are necessary for our safety. You ought to accept them, for there are no other means.'

After a certain amount of grumbling from the sailor all consented to the proposed law. They stepped into the tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and fell asleep with happy hearts.

(To be continued.)

#### A PUNCTUAL HORSE.

AT the close of last century and the beginning of this, my grandfather was clerk of a village in Surrey. Towards the close of his career, age and infirmity required him to use a horse to carry him to and from church on the Sunday. His house was in the middle of a common some miles in extent, where cattle of all kinds were wont to feed.





1. Hawfinch.  
2. Goldfinch.

3. Siskin.  
4. Redpole.

5. Woodlark.  
6. Crossbill.

#### OUR WILD BIRDS. V.

As the clerk had no use for the horse except for going to church, he was turned out on the common on Monday morning, and 'roamed at his own sweet will' till Saturday, and for some years the horse never failed to come home on that afternoon without any search being necessary after the first few weeks.

Often he was never seen during the whole of the week by any of my relatives.

HERE is another pretty group of our little favourites. The most familiar face is that of the dainty Goldfinch at the top. The big fellow in the middle with such a tremendous beak is the Hawfinch, and just below him on the same branch is the Redpole. That determined-looking bird at the bottom, evidently intent on inflicting some grievous wound on his perch, is the Crossbill, while the small one in the



middle is the cheery little Siskin. And now that I have introduced my friends to you—by the way, I forgot the one in the distance, who, as far as I can make out, is a woodlark—I must tell you something about them more particularly.

To begin with the Crossbill. It is a pity in the picture that the point of the lower half of the beak is not seen crossing the upper half: you would then understand at a glance why he is called a Crossbill. The attitude in which the artist has drawn him is very characteristic, as there is nothing he loves so dearly as pulling things to pieces. I kept a pair once in Spain, where they are not so scarce as they are in England, and I don't know what they didn't cost me in cages! Nothing would hold them! The great object was always to tear away that part of the wood-work in which the ends of the wires were set; this accomplished, their triumph was easy. They have a sweet little note; but for me their great charm was the legend which accounts for the blood-red plumage of their breasts. I dare say you know it, but if not, you will find it very touchingly and beautifully expressed in one of Longfellow's poems.

The Siskins and Redpoles are dear little fellows, and pay us visits in great flocks every autumn. But all who come do not return; for the bird-catchers lay wicked snares, into which, being guileless and unsuspecting, they easily fall. But they do not seem to grieve over their loss of liberty, as some birds do. The Siskin especially is continually singing, and his merry heart seems to spread contentment and good spirits among his cage-fellows. But of all our English birds the Goldfinch is the greatest pet in captivity. His dress is very lovely to look at: the glorious ruby of his face, the snow of his cheeks, the jet of his crown descending on each side of the neck, and the gold of his elegant wings, are a picture of harmony of brilliant colours. And he is not only pretty, but clever, and may be taught not only to draw his own water, and ring for his food, but much more wonderful tricks, such as to fire a cannon, feign sleep, run up a ladder, and many other such feats. I have read of an exhibition of Goldfinches, Linnets, and Canaries, so perfectly trained 'that one appeared dead, and was held up by the tail or claw, without exhibiting any signs of life; a second stood on its head, with its claws in the air; a third imitated a Dutch milkmaid going to market with pails on its shoulders; a fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out of a window; a fifth appeared as a soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel; and the sixth acted as a gunner, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and a match in its claw, and discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if it had been wounded. It was wheeled in a barrow, to convey it, as it were, to the hospital; after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of windmill; and the last bird stood in the midst of some fireworks, which were discharged all round it, and this without exhibiting the least symptom of fear.' All this seems very funny; but you will hate it when I tell you that the only way by which the poor little birds can be made to do things so entirely against their nature is the application of appalling and unsparing cruelty. It is not only a shame, but a sin, to indulge ourselves, for want of a little self-denial, with such an entertain-

ment, as by so doing we encourage cruel men to go on torturing the innocent little birds.

I have only time to tell you one thing about that grim old Hawfinch in the middle, and that is, if you ever should chance to be near a wounded one, keep clear of his terrible beak and claws.



## ABOUT SOME GREAT ENGINEERS.

ENGLAND owes much of her position among the nations of the earth to her machinery; and that has been brought to its present high state by many men of genius. The names of such heroes of peaceful progress as Arkwright, Brindley, Rennie, Smeaton, Telford, and Watt, are wreathed with garlands of evergreen fame.

Most of these men were born in lowly stations. One was so poor that he could not record his vote without borrowing some clothes; another was a farm servant; a third, the son of a shepherd; and so forth. Some, like James Watt and the Duke of Bridgewater, were weakly; Bramah, celebrated for his locks, was lame. Troughton was nearly deaf, and so blind that a cherry and its leaf looked alike. And, to the discredit of human nature, nearly every one of our noble discoverers has had more or less to contend with men who sought to rob them of the fruits of their toil. Boulton and Watt, having spent nearly 50,000*l.* on experiments with the steam-engine, had lawsuits lasting seven years before a final decision was given in their favour. Arkwright had to fight vigorously for his own invention. Five hundred of Cartwright's power-looms were burnt in one mill. The Frenchman Chappe, who set up the first telegraph, from Paris to Lisle, distant 144 miles, and sent a message from place to place in about fourteen minutes, died of melancholy caused by his invention being disputed. The same thing helped to shorten the days of the eminent Fulton, the first man who made a boat go by steam. Jacquard, too, the famous Lyons weaver, who invented the 'Jacquard loom, was obliged to struggle with the ignorant workmen of his own city. They wilfully spoiled their work to throw discredit on his machine, and his very life was in danger from their malice.

Most of these great men began to show their love of machinery very early. Boulton made his first improvements in buckles when he was seventeen. Smeaton, whilst a child, was found astride of the barn roof, fixing a tiny windmill of his own make, and at fourteen he had fashioned a turning-lathe. At the age of six Watt had solved a problem with a bit of chalk, and early in life had been scolded by his aunt for idleness because he took the lid off the kettle and put it on again, and held a cup over the steam, and counted the drops of water made in it.

Rittenhouse, a farmer's son in Pennsylvania, made a wooden clock before he was seventeen, and



covered his father's ploughs and fences with geometrical figures.

Hard brain-work does not seem to shorten life: Boulton died at eighty-one, his partner Watt at eighty-two. The latter, to try his own faculties, when he was over seventy learned the Anglo-Saxon language!

John Harrison, the inventor of an excellent pendulum, and the winner of 20,000*l.* (offered by the Government as a reward for the most exact reckoning of longitude), died at the age of eighty-three. Morland, who improved the fire-engine and invented the speaking trumpet, was seventy when he died; but he was blind and poor, and would have starved but for the kindness of Archbishop Tenison. Abraham Sharp, the friend of the great astronomer Flamsteed, would sit like a hermit in his study, engaged all day in calculations. His food, which he often forgot to touch from noon till eve, was put through a hole into a closet near his study. In spite of this hard work he lived to be ninety-one.

Jacquard and Troughton were both eighty-two when they ended their days. The latter prided himself on making the very best instruments that hands could make for sailors. He knew the extreme value of an accurate sextant to those who cross the great sea. The coarse and unequal divisions of minutes and seconds on a clock face made Bird of Durham so angry, that he set about engraving clock faces from that very day. Thus, finding where his strength lay, he went on to do greater things, and provided Greenwich with its celebrated quadrant, and made another for Paris, with the aid of which three famous French astronomers determined the positions of 50,000 stars.

To such men nothing seems impossible. Difficulties only call forth greater displays of genius. The Duke of Bridgewater had coal-pits at Worsley, and he determined he would make a canal to carry the 'black diamonds' to Manchester. With Brindley's help, the canal was taken by an aqueduct high over the Irwell, and coals dropped from sevenpence per hundredweight to half that sum. When Brindley's bold scheme was made known, some one said, 'I have often heard of castles in the air, but never till now saw where they were to be built.' The same sort of thing was said to Jacquard by Carnot, the war-minister of Napoleon. 'Are you the man,' asked Carnot, 'who pretends he can tie a knot in a stretched string?'

We might many of our wonderful inventions be thought things impossible, but God has given man wisdom and power to subdue the earth; and the once bleak and barren heath of Soho, near Birmingham, afterwards covered with pleasure-grounds, mansions, and workshops, the glittering show-rooms in our crowded cities, the blessed lighthouses, the mighty steam-vessels, the grand bridges, the docks and breakwaters, and a thousand things of beauty and usefulness, proclaim the triumphs of those great and patient men who, in their own line, have thought and laboured for us all. With all their greatness they were generally simple, humble, and amiable.

The Duke of Bridgewater was contented with the plainest fare, and scarcely allowed himself a servant. Brindley, a man of vast understanding, was said to be

'as plain a man as one of the boors of the Peak, or as one of his own carters; but when he speaks, all ears listen.' Smeaton was a most simple and unassuming person, though justly called 'the standing counsel of his profession.' Nothing pleased Telford better than to give his valuable help gratis. Vauban, the eminent soldier-engineer, was most humane, and beloved by all the army. When the king wished to assault Cambray and put the garrison to the sword, Vauban remonstrated. 'No,' said he, 'better save a hundred Frenchmen than slay three thousand of the enemy.' This great engineer repaired three hundred old fortresses and built thirty-three new ones, conducted fifty-three sieges, and was in one hundred and forty actions.

Watt had more varied information than any man of his time. He had a way of sucking something precious out of all he heard and saw. He had a wonderful memory, and was, in fact, an 'Enquire Within' on legs. And yet, withal, he was generous and loving, considerate of the feelings of all, ever ready with advice kindly given, and calm and thankful when death arrived. In the words of Lord Brougham, 'By directing the force of his genius to the improvement of the steam-engine he enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the illustrious followers of science and benefactors of the world.'

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

### MARSHAL BLUCHER'S ESCAPE.



HE battle of Ligny began at three o'clock in the afternoon of June 16, 1815, the French army, numbering 130,000 men, the Prussian army being 80,000 strong; the village of St. Amand being the first point attacked by the French, who carried it after a stout resistance.

On this day Field-marshal Blucher had encountered the greatest dangers. A charge of cavalry, led on by himself, had failed. While the enemy's cavalry was pursuing, a musket-shot struck the Field-marshal's horse; the animal, far from being stopped in his career by this wound, began to gallop more furiously till it dropped down dead. The Field-marshal, stunned by the violent fall, lay entangled under his horse.

The enemy's cuirassiers, following up their advantage, advanced.

Our last horseman had already passed by the Field-marshal; the danger was great: the enemy in their hot pursuit dashed by without seeing him. The next moment, a second charge of our cavalry having repulsed them, they again passed by him with the same haste, not perceiving him any more than they had done the first time. Then, but not without difficulty, the Marshal was disengaged from under the dead horse, and he immediately mounted one belonging to a dragoon.





Marshal Blücher's escape.





Donatus in the Pool.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 188.)

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE WELL.



DAY had scarcely dawned before the excited gold-seekers were already on their legs. Their sleep had been restless, for the certainty of soon possessing heaps of gold had had a most disturbing effect on their nerves. Their eyes were red, their features haggard, and their arms stiff and painful. After breakfast, having warmed them-

selves at a large fire, they felt ready to begin work.

They first sought for some cleft in which to conceal their gold, and soon found a suitable spot about thirty yards from their tent; it was a cavity under a mass of rock, scarcely large enough to thrust one's hand into, but which was broader lower down, and so deep that one could not touch the bottom, except by a long stretch of the arm.

Pardoes put all the gold into this hole, reminded the others of the law they had adopted, then went towards the pool, and after having looked into the water for a moment he said to his companions,—

'The dream which disturbed my rest during the night is there. The water which descends from this gigantic mountain loosens in its course stones which contain gold, breaks them, and dashes them into the abyss, during the rainy season. Then the violence of the swirling waters here rubs off a portion of the gold, and throws it up here. We should see it spread about in larger quantities in the river if that well did not stop it and swallow it up. The proof is, that we have found in the clefts and crevices of its jagged walls more than twenty pounds of nuggets. I believe if we could reach the bottom of that well that we should find heaps of gold.'

'We must empty the well,' said the Ostender.

'No, that won't do; the river falls into it.'

'It shall be emptied, even if we have to drink its contents!' cried Kwik. 'To have thousands of pounds of gold, and not—'

'Come, no foolery!' interrupted Pardoes. 'Let us cut down a tall fir-tree, we will measure with it the depth of the pool, and we shall then see if there is not some way of reaching the bottom.'

Having got a very long pole they plunged it into the water, till they felt the bottom at about thirty feet. They raised a cry of joyful surprise, convinced that, as the well was not deeper, they would be able, by some means or other, to reach the gold. But when they questioned each other as to this means, no one had any feasible plan to propose for emptying the pool. Discouraged and perplexed, the gold-seekers stood on the bank gazing into the water. At last Kwik, scratching his head, remarked,—

'Let us dive into the well, and pull up the gold with our hands.'

'We might, indeed,' said Pardoes, 'perhaps obtain in that way nuggets to the value of several millions. But who would venture into that whirlpool?'

'Who? I will!' cried Donatus. 'Bind the lasso round my body; let me down to the bottom, and pull me up when I shake the rope.'

Roomezan wanted to dissuade him from this dangerous enterprise, but Kwik said he knew how to dive and swim like a rat, and that there was nothing to fear from the whirlpool, as one could always get up again by the aid of the rope; and, besides, if one wished to become a millionaire, one ought not to flinch before a little danger.

His proposal was adopted, and it was decided that if this first attempt was successful the others should descend into the well according to lots. That their feet and legs might not be cut by the sharp points of rock, it was best to wear their shoes and trousers, but their other clothes were to be taken off. The lasso was bound under Donatus' arms, and lengthened by a thick rope which they had with them. When all was ready for the descent Kwik, after putting his finger in the water, said, laughing,—

'I am going; good-bye, my friends! I shall bring you news from the other—'

Saying these words he had descended to the middle in the water, holding on to the bank with his hands; but his voice stopped; he breathed in a strange way, while his eyes seemed to stand out of his head.

'Well! what's the matter? Go down, then,' said Pardoes.

'Bah! comrades,' he stuttered; 'I am frozen! I am burning with the terrible cold! Let me get used to it. Now hold the rope tight, I am going down.'

Then he let go his hold on the bank, and dropped down into the deep pool. His companions kept their eyes fixed upon the bubbling water. On the result of this attempt might depend their future fortune; all hands were passed round the rope to pull up the diver at the slightest signal.

They hadn't long to wait; a second or two after Donatus had descended into the water the lasso received two or three violent shakes. Kwik was pulled up and lifted on to the bank.

'Well! well! did you touch the bottom?' they asked.

But Donatus seemed as if he neither saw nor heard; his teeth chattered, his limbs shivered, he tottered on his legs, and stammered, gasping,—

'Oh this cursed gold for which a man must expose his life! I don't know where I am. I believe my heart is frozen in my body.'

'But gold! have you found any gold?' asked the others.

'A stone, or gold, or a piece of ice, I don't know which,' he murmured. 'Here! look at it; it's all the same to me. I shall run to the fire to thaw myself.'

At these words he opened his hand and let something fall at his friends' feet, and then ran staggering towards the tent.

'Incredible!' cried Pardoes: 'a nugget of pure gold, six pounds weight at least! What marvellous treasures must this pool contain! One piece six pounds! there are, perhaps, thousands of similar pieces, which in the course of centuries have been heaped up at the bottom of this pool! Oh! what a happy, good fortune!'

He hastily broke off five grass blades of different lengths, holding them to the others to draw lots. It



was evident enough that a dive into the well, cold as ice, frightened them, for they hesitated to take the grass blades, disputing who should draw first.

The lot decided that the sailor should be the first to descend, then Creps, Pardoes, the Baron, and lastly Victor, after which they would begin again with Kwik, and so on in rotation. Without hesitation the Ostender went down into the water, but he very quickly shook the lasso, and when he was pulled out he had brought up three or four nuggets, weighing altogether about a pound. He threw the gold on the ground without saying a word, and ran grumbling to the tent, where Donatus was making a fire big enough to roast an ox.

Creps bravely descended into the pool, but he found no gold. Pardoes was luckier, bringing back at least two and a half pounds of nuggets. Both with chattering teeth, and shivering violently, ran towards the fire, so that Roozeman and the Baron remained above at the pool's mouth.

The Baron seemed strangely upset; while Victor bound the lasso under his arms he trembled.

'Come, Baron, don't be afraid,' he said; 'it must be horribly cold in there: but it is only a disagreeable moment; I will pull you up as quickly as possible.'

The Baron took a step backward, murmuring with anxiety,—

'I am afraid—I can't swim.'

'You must take a long breath first, fill your chest with air, and then keep your mouth well shut. There is no danger; take courage.'

'Courage?' repeated the Baron. 'The day before yesterday I should have seen death approach me with pleasure. Now that fate restores me fortune and hope life seems precious to me. Ah! if this abyss should be the end of me!'

The sailor shouted that they must fairly go on with the work as agreed, and as he saw that no attention was paid to his cries he ran up, seized the rope from Victor's hands, and grumbled out while his teeth still chattered,—

'You are trembling, Baron? No foolery! each must take his share in the trouble as well as in the profit. It is a horrid bath, it is true: but the illustrious Baron Alteroche may fear as much as he likes, his noble bones as well as —'

The Baron cast a bitter look upon his insulter, and jumped so hastily into the water that the rope nearly escaped from the Ostender's hands.

After a few moments Victor exclaimed, seizing the rope,—

'Pull up! pull up! he can't swim; he will be drowned!'

'He hasn't given the signal yet; wait till he does,' said the sailor, resisting Roozeman's efforts.

There was a struggle on the banks of the pool, till the Ostender himself acknowledged that the Baron had been longer under the water than the others, before he pulled at the rope. They drew it up now, the Baron was hanging to it, his eyes closed, his body like that of a dead man.

Hastily they dragged him on to the bank: the sailor began to roll him on the ground, but Victor seized the drowned man by the shoulders and said,—

'Quick! take him by the legs; let us carry him to the fire: he will revive perhaps yet. Poor Baron! to die

thus by so terrible a death in the desert, far from his country!'

The others got up. Donatus began to weep and lament at the fate of the unfortunate Baron. Jan fetched the blankets and wrapped them round him; then they tried all possible means to restore feeling to the lifeless body. Pardoes and the sailor, considering these efforts useless, stood by the fire and took no part in them; the latter even began to talk of burying the body at once at the foot of a rock.

'He lives! thank God, he lives!' cried Donatus. 'I felt a movement in his hand.'

'Yes! yes! he lives!' said Victor; 'look! look! he breathes!'

'All the worse for him and for us!' growled the Ostender.

Movement had indeed returned to the Baron's stiffened body. Then he opened his eyes and rubbed his forehead for a moment, as one waking from a heavy sleep. Gradually a smile came over his face, and he began to speak of his happy return from California, and of the gold he had found there.

A cry of amazement escaped from his companions; the sailor alone laughed. Victor took the Baron's hand, and tried to remind him of his condition and where he was; but he took no notice of what he said, and began to address his groom, ordering his horses and carriage to be ready to take him to the palace. He raved also about a duel he was going to fight.

Then his head sank back on the blanket; he closed his eyes and appeared really asleep. Jan, Victor, and Donatus were deeply grieved at the Baron's condition. Pardoes told them that he was suffering from a sharp attack of fever.

Looking on the poor Baron, the gold-seekers trembling with cold sat round the fire, and big as it was they still shivered as if they had the ague.

Victor alone suffered no inconvenience, as he had not yet been under water. It was not long before the sailor began a violent attack upon him, asserting that the Antwerper was trying to shirk his dive. But Roozeman got up, and said,—

'Come, come! what others have done, I mean to do too. I am ready. Who will hold the rope?'

'No, no! let us talk no more of this mad project,' said Creps; 'we have already drawn up one of our party almost dead. It would be a crime to begin again this dangerous experiment.'

A violent quarrel arose. Creps and Kwik were opposed to Roozeman going down. The sailor and Pardoes asserted that he had no right to escape the work.

'Well, I say that he shall not dive,' exclaimed Kwik. 'For all the gold in the world I would not go into that well again; but to save M. Victor from an illness, or worse, is a different matter. Put the lasso round my body. I will be frozen once more to the blood in the place of Roozeman. I am strong: God will protect me!'

But Victor put an end to the dispute by expressing his firm resolve to be even with his companions. Though Donatus told him how painful was the sensation, he declared he would make the attempt, and requested Pardoes and Creps to hold the rope.

Without hesitation he let himself be lowered into the pool. He was scarcely in the water when





Victor after being pulled out of the Pool.

Donatus, who held a hot blanket all ready, began to shout,—

‘Pull up! pull up!’

‘Hold your tongue, idiot!’ growled Pardoes. ‘He is the hero; let him do his work.’

But half a minute after he said himself,—

‘He is a long time without giving the signal; we will pull him up.’

When Victor came up on dry land he was utterly

stupefied. Donatus threw the warm blanket over his shoulders, and was about to carry him to the fire; but Pardoes, who had seen something glisten among the diver’s fingers, opened his fists, from each of them fell some pieces of gold, weighing about 2 lbs. They picked up the nuggets, ran to the fire, and stretched themselves beside it, while Donatus did all in his power to restore heat to his friend’s shivering limbs. It was very necessary. Victor had remained





Mountain Passes of India.



longer under the water than the others; his lips were blue, his eyes were strangely glassy; he trembled so that he tried in vain to say an intelligible word. Gradually, however, he got better, and though the poor fellow was still terribly weak, he seemed cheerful, and thanked his friends for their generous care.

The Baron was asleep; he appeared to be breathing freely, though now and then he made nervous gestures, and muttered excited words. Meanwhile the sailor and Pardoes were busy examining and weighing the nuggets, and they announced with joy that at least 12 lbs. of gold had been drawn from the well: thus the common treasure had been raised in a day and a half to 45,000 francs.

The others expressed no pleasure in hearing of their brilliant success. On the contrary, Creps' lips curled with a smile of contempt. Donatus declared that, if the gold had made his poor friend ill, he would curse the moment when he had seen it; the two invalids remained utterly indifferent. At last Pardoes asked if any one was of opinion that they should resume diving into the well, and if not, what were they to do to continue seeking gold with success.

None of them—not even the sailor—dared to think, without horror, of a second descent into the pool; and all acknowledged that they must give up the attempt, unless they wished to risk their lives. Pardoes then expressed his intention of passing the rest of the day wading in the river seeking for grains of gold and nuggets, but Creps would not hear of working any more that day. He remarked, that in any case two of their party must stay beside the fire to recover, that they were all tired enough to require some hours of rest, and that they would be mad to exhaust their strength by more labour. Pardoes received this advice shrugging his shoulders, while the sailor burst into a furious passion against the weakness and idleness of his companions, as he called it. He even uttered the word 'coward.' Creps, jumped up and exclaimed in an angry tone, and with such fierce gestures, that all were amazed,—

'I won't stand your impertinence any longer. Do you think that I have come to California to ruin my health for you, or to die like a dog in this wilderness, with my hands full of gold? You talk and act as if you were the master, and we were the servants; but I will teach you that it is nothing of the kind. We have formed a company on the footing of complete equality. I speak now in the name of the majority. We decide not to work any more to-day; this decision each must obey, whether he likes it or not: so you had better make up your mind to submit.'

'I shall take my share of the gold, and dissolve the company, then,' growled the sailor, springing forward to run to the treasure.

But Creps drew his revolver, and exclaimed,—

'Stop, fellow! respect the law! Another step, and you are dead!'

Pardoes made a sign that they should stand still; and then, seizing the Ostender by the middle of his body, he tried to drag him back and quiet him. He said that Creps was right, and that as the majority sided with him the others must submit. He regretted that they had to lose half a day close to so much gold; but they would be all the stronger on the morrow, and would probably make up for lost time.

The sailor, though still grumbling, submitted at last, and resumed his seat by the fire.

Pardoes, fearing lest the quarrel might be renewed, led off the sailor to examine the bed and course of the river. They also tried to see if there was any chance of game in the neighbourhood, for they remembered that in four days their stock of bacon would be exhausted. They ascended, with their guns, among the clefts of the rock, and soon disappeared out of the sight of their companions.

Creps, silent and mournful, sat gazing at the bacon and his friend Victor; the idea lest the latter should, in consequence of his dive into the well, be attacked with a dangerous illness, filled him with grief and anxiety. He wished that he had never decided to come to California. In bitter words he reproached himself for his folly. What had they gained hitherto by leaving their happy country?

He concluded by asserting that they must leave this place as soon as possible, before misfortunes or unforeseen diseases made some of their companions incapable of returning to San Francisco. But neither Victor nor Donatus would hear of such a proposal. They reminded him that they had attained the object of their arduous journey, and that their happiness, and that of those dear to them, was about to be realised. A few days of courage and patience might put them in possession of the treasures they had so long dreamed of.

But Creps was bitter and out of temper, and he would have remained so had not Roozeman convinced him that he was quite cured, and that he felt a pleasant warmth circulate through all his limbs. Meanwhile the Baron awoke, and sat up in his blankets. The Flemings asked him kindly how he was, but he neither knew nor understood them. He believed himself to be in a mansion at Paris, surrounded by his servants, to whom he was giving orders for a princely dinner.

Sadly did his companions listen to him; all these efforts to dispel his illusions were in vain.

When, an hour before nightfall, Pardoes and the sailor returned to the tent, they showed their companions two water-birds they had killed. They could easily have brought back a dozen, but they had spent most of their time exploring the river to see if it contained gold. But they had seen scarcely any. They must, therefore, confine their labour to the valley in which their tent was pitched. Pardoes's plan was to dam up the bed of the river at some favourable spot, empty some of the shallower pools, and thus obtain the nuggets they contained, without being obliged to dive into icy water. It would be slow work, but the success would be certain. Pardoes, who wished to raise his friends' sinking spirits, spoke of the probably brilliant result of their enterprise.

Donatus became so excited on hearing Pardoes' words, that he shouted, 'Long live Baron Kwik! Long live Anniken, the baroness! Hurrah! hurrah!'

A cry of pain from Victor brought him to his senses; he read in his friend's eyes that he thought he was as mad as the Baron, so he went up to him laughing, and whispered in his ear,—

'Don't fear for me, good Roozeman; I am a poor simpleton, no doubt, but the little sense that I have



is not so easily disturbed; my brains are well screwed into my hard head.'

The two birds were soon roasted. Creps proposed to give up one of them to Victor and the Baron, as they were ill. To this all cheerfully consented, except the sailor, who demanded his full share. They gave it to him, and then he pretended it was too small. His mates, to appease his selfishness, gave him more than his share; this did not prevent him, when they had gone to rest in the tent, from still grumbling between his teeth against those who ate, but were too lazy to work.

*(To be continued.)*

## MOUNTAIN PASSES OF INDIA.

### THE BOLAN PASS.

**T**HIS celebrated pass forms the road into Beloochistan from Scinde. An English army has, more than once, travelled along its rocky steeps. The length of the pass is about 75 miles, and it is considered seven marches from end to end.

The only road through the pass is the bed of the Bolan river, 'a stream of clear water,' says Sir James Outram, 'about thirty or forty feet wide, and from one to three feet in depth.' This river, swelled as it sometimes is by heavy rains, completely fills the pass in certain places. An army caught there by the torrent could not possibly escape. In 1841 a party encountered such a flood at Sir-i-bolan, and it swept away all their baggage and cattle, together with forty-five persons. Sir-i-bolan is about fifty miles from the entrance on the Indian side. At this part of the pass, moreover, there is a clan of wild mountaineers, named Kaukers, who think nothing of robbing and murdering stragglers from an army, or travellers with a weak escort. Between Gurm-ab and Abegoom, the second and third halting-places, is a recess on the right side of the pass, in which is the tomb of a poor lady from Bombay, who was murdered on September 30, 1841, as she was on her way to Quetta, where she meant to join her husband. The chief of the gang who committed the deed conducted General Nott's army through the pass!

As the soldiers wind along this perilous defile, every eye is strained to discover the puggerees (turbans) and matchlocks of the Kaukers, but in general they lie so closely, and their dresses are so nearly of the colour of the rock, that it is not easy to descry them.

Mr. Allen, a chaplain in General Nott's force, tells us that the Bolan range rises to a height of 10,000 feet, and it is supposed the pass itself is about 5793 feet in its highest part. Of course the temperature is very different from that in the plain below; Mr. Allen found it intensely cold at night, while the sunshine was so fiery that he was glad to make his lunch under a rock. For a day or two the army was annoyed by a piercing north-east wind, which obliged the camel-drivers to wrap their beasts in large canvas cloths. In spite of all possible care, however, the camels and bullocks died by the score. Sometimes heavy falls of snow happen in the higher part of the pass, and this is a great trial to the Indian soldiers, several of whom died of cold there in the spring of 1842.

The mountains through which the pass winds its long way are almost without an equal for their nakedness and desolation. 'They are,' says Sir James Outram, 'the most abrupt, sterile, and inhospitable hills I ever beheld; not a blade of grass or vegetation of any kind being found, save in the bed of the stream, where there is some coarse grass, from which horses and camels pick a scanty subsistence. The mountains are everywhere of a dull brown colour.'

In fact, all is so utterly barren, that the wayfarer must provide grain, forage, and fire-wood. The road is rough and bad, like a shingle of rounded pebbles, most trying to cattle. 'Numbers of our camels have sunk,' says the same officer, 'owing to the ruggedness of the road and scarcity of food.' Indeed, the poor camels, which seem to be the chief bearers of the burden, have much reason to dread the savage pass of Bolan. Mr. Allen passed through a narrow lane made among the bodies of many dead camels, the stench from which was all but unbearable; and Sir J. Outram, who travelled through the pass three years previous, speaks also of the putrefying carcases of camels scattered along the whole route. As that was our first acquaintance with the pass, and its barren nature was not known, many of the poor animals may have died from want of food. Glad must the weary beasts be when, the pass surmounted, they can browse on the southern-wood and camel-thorn which cover the plains near Quetta.

G. S. O.

## HARE TAKING THE WATER.



**I** WAS pike-fishing one season on the Dorset Stour below Canford Major, when on passing from one field to another I disturbed a hare. The animal at once entered an open dry drain, and I lost sight of her. Presently, as I silently made my way plying my rod by the bank, I saw her, this time without any appearance of alarm, take to the water, and making her way through the sedges. She put her head to the stream, so that the force of the current, with but slight exertion by swimming on her part, carried her nearly in a straight line to the opposite bank. Here I watched her to see whether she would trundle herself like a dog, but she merely rested a bit, letting the water run from her, and then set off at a rattling pace across the mead, which doubtless soon thoroughly dried her. I have before seen hares take to the water, and I have often seen them to swim across the narrow neck of salt water between Branksen Island and Pool Harbour. But my observations were then made from a distance. In the above case, however, so close was I to pussy that I could have forced her under the water and perhaps drowned her with the weight of my rod; but I was too much interested in the novelty of the trip, and too kindly disposed towards her from her apparent confidence in me, to do her any mischief.

J. G. FENNELL.





Hare taking the Water.





"Baby."



### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.



HE Newfoundland dog is truly a friend of man. At all times the sagacious animal is ready to help and succour him in danger.

A gentleman bathing in the sea at Portsmouth was in danger of being drowned. Help was loudly called for, but no boat was ready: and though many persons were looking on none could be found to rescue the drowning man, until at last a Newfoundland dog rushed into the sea and brought the gentleman safe to land. He afterwards purchased the dog for a large sum, and treated him with great kindness as long as he lived.

On another occasion a person, in crossing a plank at a mill, fell into the stream at night, and was saved by his Newfoundland dog, who also recovered his master's hat, which was floating down the stream. The dog was well satisfied, imagining that he had finished his work.

At Windsor, not many years since, was often to be seen a fine Newfoundland dog, called 'Baby,' in front of the White Hart hotel. 'Baby' was a general favourite, and he deserved to be so; for he was mild in his disposition, brave as a lion, and very sensible. When he was thirsty, and could not procure water at the pump in the yard, he has frequently been seen to go to the stable, fetch an empty bucket, and stand with it in his mouth at the pump till some one came for water. He then, by wagging his tail and expressive looks, made his want known, and had his bucket filled. Exposed as 'Baby' was to the attacks of all sorts of curs, as he slumbered in the sun in front of the hotel, he seemed to think that a pat with his powerful paw was quite sufficient punishment for them, but he never tamely submitted to insult from a dog approaching his own size, and his courage was only equalled by his gentleness.

### THE STOLEN JEWELS.

From the Italian of Soave.

NOT long ago a young nobleman of Vienna, having wasted all his fortune in gaming, found himself in those difficulties into which the vice of gambling generally leads all who yield to it. He began, therefore, to think over plans for getting money. As he saw clearly that he could not do this honestly, and that it would be awkward for him to be known to steal, he betook himself to fraud and cunning.

One day, then, after having thought of various schemes without being able to decide upon any, he remembered his jeweller, from whom several years before he had bought the wedding present which he had given his wife. Knowing this man to be a simple, good-hearted person, he thought that he could trick him more easily than anybody else. To him, therefore, he went, and asked him to show him all that was most valuable in the way of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. Examining these, and asking their price, he talked about the best ways of

arranging and setting them, and he wound up by saying, 'These, I think, ought to please my wife. I intend making her a present. In how many days could you let me have them all finished and set, so that I may give them to her as an agreeable surprise?'

'There are a good many stones,' answered the jeweller, 'and the work they will need is long and troublesome. I would use all possible speed, but I cannot venture to promise them before two months.'

'Oh, dear! said the nobleman; 'that is much too long to wait. Besides, now I reflect, women are so changeable, that this arrangement which pleases us may not at all suit my wife. It will be better for me to take her home several sorts, and to let her choose herself which of them she likes best. To-morrow you shall have your answer, and then I will beg of you to make as much haste as you can.'

Thus saying, the jewels having been put in a case, he took them up and left the shop.

The jeweller, who had known him formerly as a rich man, and a good customer, and who was, moreover, quite ignorant of his ruinous gambling and of his great losses, suspected no treachery, and therefore thought it needless to require security or send some one with him.

On reaching his house the wicked young man was overjoyed at his success, and thought that he would have a joke with his wife, and at the same time end the regrets she still felt for her jewellery, which he had stolen and lost at play. Going into her room, then, he showed her the rich booty.

'Now,' said he, 'you will have no reason to din your complaint into my ears, and to make so much fuss over your jewels. Am I not now giving you far better ones? Ah! I knew fortune would be friendly at last. One lucky moment has well repaid me for all I have lost, and my affection leads me to at once restore to you what I took away. Choose now what stones you like, and I will order them to be set to-morrow according to your fancy. In the meantime, however, hide them in some secure place, and do not breathe a word to a living soul unless you want to lose them. I will not have anybody know of them till they see them on you.'

When morning came the jeweller began to feel anxious, and he resolved to go himself to the nobleman to get the order and carry back the jewels. On reaching the house he was told that the master was not yet up, and he must come again. The jeweller, however, would not leave without his property.

In a short time the nobleman went into a room where there was no likelihood of his being overheard; he had his dupe shown in, and bore himself as though the jeweller was a stranger to him, and asked him his business.

'I thought it wise,' said the jeweller, 'to come myself to learn what jewels you were going to take of those you ordered yesterday.'

'Jewels!' cried the nobleman, in tones of assumed wonder. 'What are you talking about?'

'Have you forgotten?' asked the jeweller, growing pale. 'Were you not yesterday in my shop, and did not you order me to show you my most valuable stones? I arranged them in various ways, and this done, you carried them away with you for your wife to choose from. Did you not say you were going to



give her a present, and did you not promise to bring them back to-day, with an order for those she would select ?'

'I know nothing about the jewels,' replied the nobleman. 'You evidently take me for some one else.'

The jeweller upon this was filled with terror. Throwing himself on his knees, he implored the nobleman, by all that he held most dear, by all that he loved most tenderly, not to ruin him. He told him if these jewels were not returned to him he was a lost man, and his wife and his children would be left to die of hunger.

But the nobleman, turning all this into fun, feigned to take it as a good joke; declared it was some mistake, and at last accused him of being drunk, stoutly maintaining that he had never had the jewels. The jeweller then began to clamour loudly; and the nobleman, pretending to grow angry, called him all sorts of names, and had him turned out of the house.

The unhappy man, knowing that without witnesses or written acknowledgment with which to confirm his statement all appeal to a legal tribunal would be useless, was nearly driven mad, both with grief at the loss and fury at the fraud. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. He would go to the Emperor and make him his judge.

'He is too wise,' said the jeweller, 'not to see who is speaking the truth; too just not to do me right.'

Accordingly he asked for an audience and obtained it, thanks to the kind heart of the monarch, which always made him willing to hear and redress his subjects' grievances. He related fully all that had taken place, and solemnly swore to the truth of his tale.

The Emperor, perceiving more from the good man's tears than from his oaths that things were as he said, ordered him to withdraw into the neighbouring room, and sent for the nobleman, strictly enjoining that, no matter where he might be, he should be at once conducted to the palace.

At first, thunderstruck at the unexpected summons, the unworthy man trembled from head to foot; but recollecting that the jeweller had no proof of any kind to bring against him, he called up his usual boldness, entered the presence of his sovereign with an unmoved countenance, and on being confronted with his accuser flatly denied all that was asserted.

The Emperor, seeing that no confession could be got from the hardened villain, was just about to order the latter's house to be thoroughly searched, when, reflecting that the stolen property might be in some place difficult to find, and wishing to get the truth promptly, he hit upon the following successful expedient. He deemed it probable that the nobleman's wife would not be wholly ignorant of the affair. He therefore ordered him to write this note,—

'If you care to save my life, give the jewels I showed you yesterday to the bearer.'

On receiving this order the nobleman turned pale, flung himself at the Emperor's feet and confessed his guilt.

Thus, through the sagacity and prudence of the Emperor Joseph II., the truth was brought to light, and the stolen goods were restored to their rightful owner; while at the same time the incident furnished the Austrian people with proof of their sovereign's wisdom.

CARLO VITI.



## A WALK ON THE CLIFFS.

HERE is nothing more delightful than, in the broad, breezy sunshine of a summer's day, to walk along the grassy summit of our sea-board cliffs and mark the busy vessels below, speeding hither and thither on the sparkling highway. Everything around us tells of life and health; it seems impossible to associate danger and human suffering with so fair a scene.

And yet these very cliffs, useful to us as natural fortifications, are in darkness and tempest a terrible danger to our shipping.

How many fearful scenes have been enacted on winters' nights in the frantic waters below them? God alone can tell the number. It is only now and then that some awe-stricken survivor of a wrecked vessel lives to tell the tale, and link for ever in our minds with these beetling precipices the remembrance of the direst human agony.

Such a story is that of the *Halsewell*, East India-man, outward bound, with the captain's two young daughters on board, besides other ladies. It is a wild January night off the Isle of Purbeck. The ship has been for hours in great distress and danger, her mainmast cut away, and some feet of water in her hold. She is driving, driving, ever nearer to the terrible cliffs. The captain knows the danger but can do nothing; yet as man is made to crave sympathy from man, he goes to his second mate and asks what can be done. It is his children he is thinking of, the pretty, fair girls, just taken perhaps from the quiet round of school and play in a warm English home, to be made women of in an hour by this fearful night.

Then, in a moment, the vessel strikes, and a shriek of anguish rings through the ship. Beating, beating, beating against the cruel rocks, she falls at last broadside towards the vast cliff above. The seamen are wild with terror, and indeed if they had their senses what could they do in the darkness, with no hope of scaling the heights above, could they even reach their base? In the round-house on deck the officers have collected the ladies. Captain Pierce's daughters are quiet, poor children! but then they have a father's arm pressed round them. One poor lady is shrieking vainly on the floor at their feet; one young man, a passenger, is crying out too. Him the captain cheerfully reproves, bidding him remember that though the tempest may destroy the ship, it cannot utterly destroy him. The mate lights candles and illumines the round-house, vainly hoping, good man! to attract help thereby; then he finds a basket of oranges, the only sustenance within reach, and these he offers to the exhausted women. And all the while the winds are howling and the waters breaking on the ruins of the doomed vessel—for doomed she is.

The people on board can just see the black face of the rock, and strong men are trying to make a way to it, but with ill success; many are drowned in the attempt. If they had known, perhaps, that close beside them, under the impossible precipice, was a great cavern which might afford shelter and a footing to refugees, it might have inspired them to try and





The Cliffs of Old England.

save life by gaining it. A few seamen did stumble on it, but the darkness prevented the officers on board having any idea of its existence. Captain Pierce wearies his eyes indeed with peering through the gloom, seeking in vain a chance for his children: he returns, however, sorrowfully to the round-house, and takes his old place between the girls, the lights shining warmly on their resigned young faces. It is a matter now of only a few minutes: one by one the men steal out; they can do no good to the helpless women, they must make one try to escape from the rapidly parting ship. Only the captain and a few other husbands and fathers remain.

Now the gale blows more strongly; a great wave engulfed the ship and the round-house gave way, with a shriek of despair from its poor inmates. Another

rush of water and the round-house is gone, and so is the *Halsewell*, East Indianman, outward bound.

Only a few battered, terrified men, among whom is the second mate, are left in that gaping cavern to make their way in the tardy daylight to the dry land above, and tell the fearful story of wreck and loss.

Only a few floating spars and timbers mark the spot where so short a time before living, loving human creatures clung together, and looked in each other's faces for a hope which had fled from their own hearts.

With such a scene before one's eyes, one cannot but rejoice that in that new country described to us in the Holy Book, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,' there is also 'no more sea.'

H. A. F.





### TEMPTATION.

**A**N old woman kept an apple-stall at the corner of a street. She had apples, oranges, cakes, nuts; and sold a good deal in pleasant weather. She was a good old woman, and people often bought to help her. Sometimes she thought her things went without selling. Every now and then she missed a cake or a great yellow orange. It troubled her. 'I'd rather give a boy an orange than have him take it behind

my back,' said the old apple-woman: 'I can better afford to lose it than he to steal it.'

One day she caught a boy in the very act of pocketing two oranges. A policeman was near, and saw it also; and the policeman was very glad, for he had long suspected some bad boys in that neighbourhood, and was on the look-out for a chance to catch them.



'Now, my boy, I've caught you,' cried the policeman, 'and shall march you off to the station.' Somebody went and told James's mother. She put on her bonnet and ran to see what was the matter. 'My James steal! *Never!*' cried the poor mother. She found, however, the proof direct, and James himself did not stand out. He confessed taking the oranges.

'Jemmy, Jemmy, why did you do so?' cried his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, 'it was because *I kept looking at them*.'

As this was James's first offence he was not sent to the House of Correction, but he was fined, and his poor mother had to pay the fine out of her small earnings.

'Oh, Jemmy,' she said, 'keep watch over your eyes, and never look a second time on forbidden things!'

## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from page 199.)

### CHAPTER XXIX.—TREACHERY.



NEXT day the gold-seekers were early at work; they had decided to make a semi-circular embankment in the river, so as to completely lay dry a portion of its bed. Pardoes did not think it would be finished till after twelve days' hard labour. The spot they had fixed on included many small crevices and cavities, in which they saw the gold glittering; and if they were successful, they would doubtless obtain very many nuggets. This hope gave them courage. They carried or rolled large blocks of stone from the rock to the river, which they piled up in the water to form their embankment.

The Baron was completely insane. Now and then he seemed to understand that they were working thus to get gold, but most of the time he imagined himself at Paris, where a superb mansion was being built for him. He would then work with activity, carrying heavy stones on his shoulders; but this was only to give an example to the workmen, so that his magnificent residence might be more quickly finished. All treated him kindly, except the Ostender, who, notwithstanding the reproaches and threats of Creps and his friends, lost no opportunity of illtreating the poor madman when his companions were not close at hand.

For some time the gold-seekers had to contend with the torrent, which ten times in one day overthrew their work, carrying away the stones they had heaped up. But they overcame this obstacle by dragging up an enormous mass of rock—a labour which for forty-eight hours demanded their united strength and all their skill. They succeeded at last, by using trunks of cedars as levers and supports, in placing this huge stone in the middle of the river, where it served as the central point of the embankment which was to be raised around it.

It was slavish work; but the comrades were all blinded by the thirst for gold. As they were forced constantly to walk through icy water, their feet were

nearly frozen, while their heads, exposed to the sun, burned as if their brains were on fire.

Victor Roozeman did not seem well; ever since his dive into the pool his face had been deadly pale. However, he assured his friends he was in good health, and capable of working as much as they did.

The Ostender's continual persecutions had wrought an unfavourable change in the Baron's condition. He no longer dreamed of the castle that was being built for him; his fixed idea was that he was the victim of a cruel tyranny. He seemed, too, to have lost all courage now, and he continued to work on in mournful silence.

As to Donatus, he was always in a good humour. He worked on bravely, cheering his mates by his jests, and talking about his castle and Anneken.

Pardoes had asserted that their work would be done in twelve days, but they had already been working ten, and at least a third part of their embankment remained to be constructed. Whilst they were at dinner on the twelfth day, Pardoes told them that on the following day their stock of bacon would be exhausted, and that there would be very little flour left. It was necessary, therefore, that one or other of them should go every day out hunting to obtain food for the rest. That their work should not suffer, Pardoes proposed to send Victor and the Baron on the morrow: it would be an amusement for them, and good exercise.

The sailor grumbled, and demanded that lots should be drawn. According to him, 'Every one for himself' was the law of California; and if any one was sick or crazy, all the worse for him.

Creps and Donatus flew into a passion with him, but as Victor refused to accept any privilege they drew lots. It fell to the Ostender and Kwik to go first to hunt. They returned at nightfall with three little birds, and an animal like a rabbit. It was not much, still it gave them hope that they would not starve in this place.

Next day, when Creps and Pardoes returned from a ten-hours' chase, weary and exhausted, they only brought back a couple of birds something like partridges. Every succeeding day they were less successful; there was probably very little game in the country, and their shots had frightened and driven away the few animals that were about. Besides, the gold-seekers did not dare to go far from their tent, except along the banks of the river, for fear of losing their way.

When all their provisions were exhausted, they saw themselves with terror threatened by famine, and more than once they had to go to bed with almost empty stomachs. They became very illtempered and quarrelsome with each other. Creps again insisted that they ought to quit this fatal spot; but as the embankment was nearly finished, he was persuaded to wait two or three days longer.

When they arose on the following morning, they saw with horror and grief that the torrent had during the night overthrown more than thirty feet of their embankment. Thus an entire week's work was lost. The sailor was furious; he reproached his companions, and behaved like a madman. The others, vexed and despondent, gazed on the remains of their painful labour.



'Well, friends,' said Pardoes at last, 'the disaster is great indeed, but it is limited to the loss of five or six days of work. We are too impatient, and ask too much of Fortune. This place that we are trying to enclose contains gold enough to repay us tenfold. We must carry on the embankment straight to the shore, it will be completed in two days. Three of us must constantly go hunting, while the other three work. In this way we shall not lack food.'

When Creps exclaimed in a fit of fury that they should depart at once, Pardoes replied bitterly that it would be thorough cowardice to give up the struggle against Nature, when they were sure of wresting from her, within three days, treasures which she was vainly trying to keep from them. Donatus and Victor took the Brusseler's part, so Jan withdrew his opposition.

Creps, Donatus, and Victor, started off to forage; Pardoes and the Ostender set to work to carry pieces of rock to the river: in this labour they obliged the Baron to help them.

During their dinner-hour the Baron was seated by the fire gnawing the remains of a bird. The sailor was, as usual, standing close to the well whence they had drawn so much gold; he was scratching his head, stamping his feet, and making gestures of impatience. Pardoes, who was walking at the foot of the rocks, had kept his eye fixed on the Ostender, he now approached him and said, joking,—

'The gold below yonder has bewitched you. Are you dreaming of some means by which to get it?'

'Dreaming!' repeated the other, in a strange tone: 'dreaming! I will get that gold, as sure as I live, I tell you!'

'Do you mean to risk the dive again? I would not advise you to make the dangerous attempt.'

The sailor took him by the hand and said, 'Pardoes, you are my friend: I could keep for myself all the gold enclosed in that pool, but I don't wish to. I will share it with you. Consent! and we are millionaires several times over!'

'I don't understand you; what do you mean?' asked the Brusseler, amazed. 'Do you know any plan of getting hold of the gold down there? Say if you do, and we will try it!'

A laugh of contempt curled the Ostender's lips as he said,—

'If two brave men alone knew the existence of this treasure, if they had gold enough to buy at Sacramento the necessary tools, would they not find gold enough here to lade two or three mules?'

'I have already thought of that,' replied Pardoes; 'we have gold enough; we will return here as you say, and work the pool with the proper instruments.'

'And our lazy, weak companions?'

'They will soon return, they are weary of gold-seeking. We will go with them as far as to Sacramento valley, and while they are travelling to San Francisco we will go and seek the necessary tools at Sacramento.'

'These cowards,' said the sailor, 'were born to be our ruin!'

'How so?'

'They will deprive us of our treasure.'

'What a foolish notion!'

'Foolish! you think it? Let them only go to San

Francisco, and the vast fortune which belongs to us is lost. They will live there in luxury with their gold, and when their health and strength are restored they will forget the miseries they have endured. Then their thirst for gold will revive, they will choose other companions, and return to this spot.'

'Don't fear that,' said the Brusseler, laughing; 'for all the treasures in the world, Jan Creps would never return here, and without him his friends would not move an inch. Roozeman is seriously ill, be sure of it!'

'That is all the worse,' growled the sailor. 'Stupid as they are, they will tell the secret, and hundreds of greedy men will come to dispute our treasure. Who knows if on our return we shan't find the place invaded by others?'

'Possibly; but what else can we do?'

'Oh! I know a way,' said the sailor, as he put his mouth to his friend's ear; 'certainly they would never come back here, and would still less speak about it at San Francisco . . . if they had to leave here without gold, without arms. Hunger, robbers . . .'

The Brusseler turned pale, and withdrew his hand from that of his companion.

'What do I hear?' he exclaimed. 'Is it a miserable robbery that you propose?'

'A robbery!' repeated the other, laughing; 'we shall only take what belongs to us; for without us . . .'

'What!' said Pardoes. 'Betray our friends in such a cowardly way! If you had not always been my friend, I should send a bullet through your head!'

The sailor was alarmed at the violence of Pardoes' anger.

'Why do you fly into such a rage?' said he, with feigned calmness. 'What I said was only an idea which came into my head. I would undertake nothing without you; I shall always remain your faithful friend, and I shall never do anything that you don't approve of. I was wrong, of course. As the plan doesn't please you, we will say no more about it. It would be cowardly, perhaps, but I believe most people would betray their own father and mother for the sake of gold.'

Pardoes replied sharply; but the sailor acknowledged he was wrong with such humility that the Brusseler promised to forget his infamous proposal, and not to breathe a word of it to the others.

All that day the sailor was very cheerful at his work. Even when Creps and his friends returned from the chase, only bringing five little birds, he neither swore nor grumbled, merely saying that he hoped that Pardoes, who was a capital shot, would bring them in a good stock of game on the morrow.

The supper was very sad, for there was not near enough to satisfy the famishing gold-seekers.

The sailor's strange conduct made Pardoes very anxious; there was something unnatural in it; it probably concealed evil intentions. On the other hand, he might wish to acknowledge sincerely how wrong he had been. Pardoes, who had a warm friendship for the rough sailor, tried to put his suspicions out of his head; but he resolved to keep his eye on his friend, especially when towards morning it would be his turn to mount guard.

(To be continued.)





The Gold-seekers making an Embankment.





Donatus discovering that the gold has been stolen.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Continued from p. 207.)

## CHAPTER XXX.—THE CORPSES.



THE morning dawn was descending like a grey mist from the summits of the mountains, when suddenly the gold-seekers' sleep was disturbed by a cry of agony.

They all rose together, felt about for their weapons; but they shuddered with terror when they found that their guns had disappeared.

'Treason! treason!' shouted Creps. 'The revolvers, friends! let us defend ourselves!'

They rushed out of the tent, looking round on all sides to find the weapons which had been taken from them.

'Where are the sailor and the Brusseler?' murmured Donatus. 'It seems to me that this smells of savages!'

But a groan of pain arose in the darkness some thirty yards off. They walked cautiously in that direction to the foot of the rock. Pardoes lay there stretched on his back, the blood was flowing from a large wound in his breast. Creps and his friends sank down by the side of the wounded man, raised his head, and tried to close the wound. Pardoes still breathed, and he seemed even to regain consciousness, thanks to the attentions of his companions, for he made efforts to speak.

The Baron did not seem to know what was going on, the poor madman raised shouts of laughter and cries of joy; but his companions were far too overcome to pay any attention to his strange and wild behaviour.

Creps and Donatus lifted up the wounded man and carried him to the tent, while Victor held a piece of linen to the wound to stop the blood as much as possible. The blankets were arranged with all the care they could under the circumstances, to form a couch on which the Brusseler was placed, while his chest was wrapped and bandaged up.

It was not daylight yet; the Flemings knelt beside the bed of their unfortunate friend, and with heavy hearts kept their eyes fixed on his face to discover any signs of life. At length Pardoes half opened his eyes, looked at his comrades, and moved his lips as if he wished to speak. Then he stammered out, gasping,—

'Sailor . . . stolen the gold . . . guns in the well . . . assassin . . . God . . . my mother . . . Brussels . . .'

After these words he closed his eyes and remained motionless, as if he had sunk under this last effort to explain matters to his comrades.

Donatus raised a cry and ran out. In a few moments after he returned with a handful of nuggets, and groaned out with tears in his eyes,—

'Alas! alas! the gold is indeed stolen! This is all that the rascally felon has left in the hole or dropped in his haste. Three pounds! not more than three

pounds! The robber! the wretch! He has fled into my castle. Alas! I must become a farm-servant again. But my Anneken, my poor Anneken! What will she say to me on my return?'

After a few moments' thought, he exclaimed suddenly,—

'The sailor cannot be far off; let us climb the rocks, we shall overtake him, and get it all back from him. I will blow out his brains! I must have my gold. Come! come!'

Creps dashed the nuggets out of his hand, and said angrily,—

'Hold your tongue! I won't take a step to get that horrible metal which changes men into tigers. Let the sailor go, he carries his own curse upon his head. Remain, I tell you; enough blood has been shed!'

Donatus picked up the nuggets, putting them into a little leather bag which hung round his neck.

'Gold is gold,' he mumbled: 'the less one has, the more precious is it. We can't tell what use it may not be—'

Whilst the others had turned away from the wounded man for a moment, the Baron was sitting close to Pardoes' head. A gleam of intelligence lightened up his features. With a strange smile, however, his eye remained fixed on the pale face of the dying man, while now and then he uttered words of triumph. His comrades looked at him with amazement, and listened trembling.

Then he looked with an imperious air as he gave orders to his companions, whom he took for his servants, as to his approaching funeral, which he desired should be conducted with the utmost state, and as grand as that of a king: at last he grew calmer and sat down again.

'Horrible! horrible!' murmured Victor.

'This spot is enchanted,' said Donatus; 'the gold here is guarded by invisible demons! Don't let us delay, let us start at once!'

'Start!' Roozeman said. 'We can't leave our poor friend Pardoes in this condition! We must wait until we see him buried, if he dies.'

'But what are we to do with a dying man and a madman?' cried Donatus in terror. 'No food, no guns, we shall die of hunger; and on the road, bush-rangers, savages, bears! Now I understand the Baron; Pardoes is indeed the happiest! It is all over with him. Alas, poor Kwik! why did you ever leave happy Natten-Haesdonck?'

Jan Creps arose and said resolutely,—

'Our lot is a horrible one, my friends; yesterday we scarcely ate anything. If we don't make an effort to get food, famine will soon make an end of us. "Help yourselves, and God will help you," says a proverb invented by men in as desperate plight as we are.'

And turning towards the Baron he asked,—

'Baron, will you watch over poor Pardoes? will you give him drink when he is thirsty? You will not forsake him?'

'Forsake him? Never! never!' replied the madman. 'I will stay with him always!'

'Will you make a fire?'

'A large fire.'

'Come, then, don't let us lose a moment, comrades.



The revolver is a bad weapon, we shall have difficulty enough in shooting down our game; but we must hesitate no longer, necessity is an iron law, and we must obey it.'

It went against Victor's heart to abandon poor Pardoës to the Baron's doubtful care; he expressed his desire to remain near the tent; but Creps had for some time remarked that his friend was thoroughly upset, and very pale, and he thought it best to get him away from this sorrowful scene. They once more enjoined the Baron to pay attention to the slightest movements of the wounded man, and then all three climbed the rocks in search of game, though at every step to encounter fresh danger.

They only saw a few birds, and, moreover, found that it was impossible to take proper aim with a revolver. After wandering about for two hours and discharging their revolvers twenty times they had not got a single bird. Gloomy and despondent they reached the verge of the wood. Roozeman was especially silent; he scarcely replied to his friends' encouraging words. Creps was deeply troubled at this; however, he concealed his anxiety.

At last Donatus hit a wild pigeon.

Creps gave it to Roozeman, saying,—

'Take it, Victor; go straight to the tent and cook it. We will follow you through the woods to see if fortune will smile on us a second time. Make haste; we are dying of hunger.'

When Victor descended the rocks he saw the flames of the fire. This sight cheered him; it made him think that the Baron had carefully performed his duties. With hasty steps he approached the tent, eager to learn poor Pardoës' state; but a cry of agony escaped him: the tent was empty, even the wounded man had disappeared!

Roozeman remained motionless for a moment. He thought of wild animals, and of Californian savages; but that was only for a second, for nothing was touched in the tent, everything was in its place, and everything else appeared just as they had left it.

He went out and called the Baron with all his strength; but the only reply was the echo of his own voice. Then he thought he observed on the grass traces as of a heavy body which had been dragged along the ground: these marks led him to the foot of a precipitous rock. Then he suddenly drew back with a shriek of horror; for his gaze fell on two human bodies. He fell back fainting on the ground.

A few minutes after he came to himself, and ran in the opposite direction beyond the tent, where he met Creps and Kwik returning from the chase without any game.

'What is the matter?' both exclaimed.

'Come! come!' replied he. 'It is horrible! incomprehensible! The Baron and Pardoës have disappeared from the tent. They are lying on their backs, mutilated, crushed!'

Arrived at the foot of the rock, they stood transfixed with horror at the dreadful sight.

'They have fallen from above: all their limbs are broken,' said Kwik, with trembling horror.

'The curse of God hangs over this place,' cried Creps. 'Let us flee from it; the gold will devour us. I will not die here! You, Victor, must not

stay beside these horrible corpses. Return to the fire. Cook the bird. Obey me. We will bury the corpses, then we will depart from this cursed land, where famine stares us in the face. Go, I tell you, and make all haste with our meal!'

Victor obeyed. Creps and Kwik dug a grave at the foot of the rocks, filling it up with earth and large stones to protect the remains of their unhappy friends against savage animals. Donatus tied a piece of wood to the branch of a tree in the form of a cross, which he placed over the grave to show that those who rested beneath this heap of stones were Christians.

Then both knelt down, uttered a prayer, and, weeping, returned to the tent.

The roasted pigeon was divided and eagerly devoured. On Creps' order they hastily removed the canvas from the tent, and got all ready to start. As they were putting on their knapsacks Donatus exclaimed,—

'We are not certain that we shall ever see a human being again. Still there is a chance for us. I mean to dive once more into that pool. Who knows if I shan't fish up my castle again?'

'Not another word about it!' cried Creps. 'Take up your knapsack!'

'Yes, but,' remarked Donatus, 'I have an idea if I were to dive in with the saucepan I could, perhaps, fill it with nuggets.'

'No, no! don't do it, Donatus; you will probably risk your life,' said Victor, imploringly.

'There's much to risk, indeed, in such a life!' murmured Kwik. 'The savages, hunger, or the pool, what do I know? But if you don't wish it, I give it up. Let us be off.'

Jan Creps, without listening to him, had already started, and was beginning to scale the rocks with Roozeman. It was plain that the latter had more courage than strength; for although he struggled against the difficulties of the road, he often stopped to take breath, scarcely being able to climb the mountain side. Donatus kept beside him, supporting and helping him, till they had reached the upper part of the valley, where they halted to rest, and to ascertain which would be the best way to go, either to ascend the mountain or to keep in the valley.

After glancing at the mountain for a moment Creps observed,—

'We must choose our road, friends. To return to the Yuba diggings by the barren desert does not seem advisable to me, even were it possible. I think we should do well to descend towards the valley, turning away from the Sierra Nevada. Perhaps in four or five days we may reach the Sacramento valley, and meet some people. Our lot is terrible, but let us keep up our courage, and hope to the end. On the way we must try and shoot some game. If we don't succeed we must eat roots and herbs; but let us make haste. On the delay of a few hours our safety may depend. Forward, then! let us descend the mountains, as much as possible to the edge of the wood, and may God be with us, and preserve us under this accumulation of miseries!'

They began the long and painful journey, and walked without stopping till noon, then they resolved to rest an hour. Victor remained with the knap-





The insane Baron carrying Pardoes to the precipice.

sacks, while his friends went into the forest to look for game. There were birds, indeed, on the trees, but they fired without hitting them. At the least noise all the game flew away to a great distance.

Silent and despondent they returned to their friend.

'Poor Victor!' said Kwik, sighing. 'It is worse for him. Haven't you remarked, Mr. Jan, that he

has scarcely any strength? He doesn't complain, but he seems very ill.'

'I see it, indeed,' replied Creps. 'His state alarms me more than all the dangers which threaten us. Still we must march and march on until we sink or meet with our deliverance. To rest is only to await starvation.'

(To be continued.)





1. Woodpecker.  
2. Wryneck.

3. Creeper.  
4. Nuthatch.

5. Wren.  
6. Cuckoo.

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### VI.



THESE are six favourite birds, which you must go out into the gardens and fields to see, as none of them can bear cage-life. One of the reasons for this is that they all feed upon insects, which, of course, cannot be supplied to them in captivity. People have, I believe, tried to keep young cuckoos, but, happily,

without success; in fact, I have heard of a person who, trying the experiment, said he would sooner rear a baby single-handed than a cuckoo.

The merry little fellow looking out of his nest in the hole of a tree, at the bottom of the picture, is the Wryneck. Just above him, clinging to the trunk, is the Woodpecker. At his left, standing on the branch, is our old friend the Cuckoo. Exactly over its head is the Nuthatch; while highest of all is the Tree Creeper: and as for pretty little Jenny Wren—you must find her out for yourself!



Now let me talk a little about them.

Four of them—the Woodpecker, Wryneck, Nuthatch, and Treecreeper—get their living by hunting for the insects which hide in the bark of trees, and in many ways are very curiously fitted for climbing about and clinging to the trunks. The Woodpecker has a short, strong tail, which serves him as a support when he is at work, as you see in the picture. He is also provided with a very long, narrow tongue, with which he probes the cracks and crannies of the bark, and draws out the insects which hide there. In this way all these pretty birds do a great deal of good; for many of the insects they live upon would do a great deal of harm. So you see God gives even little birds work to do, and has made it their greatest pleasure to do it. The Nuthatch gets its name from a way it has of fixing a nut in the bark of a tree, and then hacking at it with its beak, as with a hatchet, to get at the kernel.

Everybody loves little Jenny Wren and her confiding ways. She is almost as fond of creeping up to our houses and gardens for protection as Cock Robin himself, and like him has a song for us almost all the year round. In one of Mr. Wood's charming books on Natural History there is a story of a kind lady who used to try and make friends with all the little birds that came to her garden. Thinking the Wrens would like a more comfortable shelter in winter than the cold trees, she provided a bedroom for them. This was a square box, lined with flannel, and with a very small round hole for a door. This was fixed on a branch, and the birds soon took advantage of it, their numbers seeming to increase nightly, until at last upwards of forty wrens would crowd into a box which did not seem capable of containing half that number. When asleep they were so drowsy that they would permit the lid of the box to be lifted, and themselves to be handled, without attempting to move. How pretty they must have looked, all snuggling together so cosily! It is a pity that there are not more people who find a pleasure in making their little garden friends happy and comfortable.

The last we come to is the Cuckoo, that strange bird—or but a wandering voice—which we all listen for and are so pleased to hear each returning spring. We may well call cuckoos strange birds, as they neither pair nor have a home of their own, but lay their eggs in the nests of other birds. This seems unnatural; but as we do not know why God implanted this instinct in their breasts we have no right to complain of it. And year by year the Cuckoo comes to us like a solitary prophet—a voice crying in the wilderness—and unencumbered by those ties of domestic care which press upon other birds.

You very likely know the old rhyme about the Cuckoo?

In April,  
Come he will.  
In May,  
He sings all day.  
In June,  
He's out of tune.  
In July,  
He prepares to fly.  
In August,  
Go he must.

And there are many pretty songs about the Cuckoo,

which you are sure to meet with, and the oldest of all English songs is said to be that beginning,—

'Summer is a coming in,  
Loudly sing Cuckoo;  
Birds and flowers around are seen  
Bespangled o'er with dew.'

## THE LITTLE BROWN POT.

A FABLE

ONCE there was a very wise old man—so wise that his neighbours called him 'Mr. Dictionary.' He could spell the longest words, and could speak seven languages. People even said that he knew how to make green cheese out of moonbeams. But this was only a tale, and must not be believed.

He did not seem to be a happy old man, however; for when any one talked to him he used always to tell them how poor he was, and how hard it was for him, with all his learning, to earn a living. 'If he was rich,' he used to say, 'he should read books until he was as wise as King Solomon.'

One day he made himself a pair of spectacles; which were so large and so good, that when he put them on he could see and hear every one's thoughts, and know what they were. He then went into his kitchen and put the spectacles on his nose.

As soon as he looked through them, he heard such a sighing and groaning that he almost wished to take them off again. All the pots and pans seemed to be talking to themselves, and not one of them seemed to be in a good humour.

First, there was Sukey, the kettle on the hob. He often used to think that she looked the picture of happiness; but now he heard her saying,—

'Oh, dear! what a life this is! I wish I was like Master Tea-urn, who stands there on the dresser, looking so proud. He has brass sides, and often gets polished, and then goes into the parlour to be admired by the company; but I am black like a nigger, and all because Mrs. Cook is too lazy to clean me. Oh, dear! How hot it is! I am sure I shall faint!'

'Ugh!' said the Tea-urn, shivering. 'What a draught comes from that door! I am sure I shall catch a cold, standing here without any clothes. I wish I had a warm, black coat, like Mrs. Kettle on the hob there.'

Then Mr. Tongs began to groan, and said,—

'Oh, I do feel so stiff! I can't think why the man who made me did not put joints to my knees. It is so very unpleasant to have such long legs and such high shoulders, especially when one wishes to be polite and to make a graceful bow.'

And then Mr. Tongs threw himself down from the fender, with a clatter that made the old man start and turn round to see what was the cause of such a noise.

Miss Looking-glass then began to complain that she did not like to be stared at by servants. She thought she ought to be in the parlour, and be seen by the genteel folk.

'I had some fun, though, the other day,' said she. 'I made Mrs. Cook think she had a black spot on her face, and she had to go upstairs and wash



herself. It served her right for staring at me so rudely.'

And all the things in the kitchen were grumbling in the same manner. The Candlestick wished that the nasty grease from the candle would not run down his back, and spoil his brightness. The Candle thought himself too genteel to be put into a common brass candlestick: he should prefer china, or silver. The Saucepan-lids wished that the cook would not be always polishing them. They shone quite enough now; and it would spoil their eyesight if they were made any brighter. The Clock said that he had to tick so loud that it made his head ache; the Spoons did not like to be suffocated by being shut up in a cupboard; the Cupboard wished it had not to carry so many things inside it; the Chairs wished that some people were not so fat and heavy; and, in fact, everything in the kitchen seemed to be quite miserable.

At last the old man was tired of hearing all this grumbling, and was just taking off his spectacles, when he looked round and saw on the hob, opposite to Sukey the kettle, a little brown pot. He had not noticed it before, and he waited for a few moments to hear what it would say. It did not speak, however, and at last he said to it,—

'How is it that you look so happy and cheerful, while every one else seems so wretched and discontented?'

'Oh!' said the Little Pot, 'I have no time to grumble. The cook put me here to warm, and so I am trying my best to get hot as fast as I can. I mustn't talk any more, because talking let's the steam escape.'

'Why,' said the old man, 'I declare that is just the rule for me! I am always wishing that I was rich and had nothing to do but read; but I think that, if I was to try rather harder to get my living, and to do the work God has set me, I should be much happier than even if I had plenty of money, and no work to do for it. That is a very good plan of yours, Little Brown Pot. I'll try it at once.'

The old man has kept his word, and ever since he has had no time to grumble.

Young folk! cannot you and I follow his example?

R. Y. N.

### A CURIOUS STONE.

IN an Oxford museum may be seen a strange stone. It is composed of carbonate of lime, and was taken from a pipe which carries off drain-water in a colliery. The stone consists of alternate layers of black and white, so that it has a striped appearance. This was caused in the following way. When the miners were at work, the water which ran through the pipe contained a good deal of coal dust, and so left a black deposit in the pipe. But when no work was going on—as, for instance, in the night—the water was clean, and so a white layer was formed. In time these deposits quite filled the pipe, and it was therefore taken up. Then it was found that the black and white layers formed quite a calendar. Small streaks alternately black and white showed a week, and then came a white streak of twice the usual size.

This was Sunday, during which there was of course no work for twenty-four hours. But in the middle of one week there came a white streak of twice the usual size. On inquiry it was found that on that day a large fair had been held in the neighbourhood, and no work had been done at the colliery. Every change in the ordinary course of work had left its mark on this strange stone, to which has been given the title of 'The Sunday Stone.'

A. R. B.



### 'WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?'

WHEN I was a young lad my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles;

but my father called me back again.

'Stop, Willie,' said he; 'I have something more to tell you.'

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

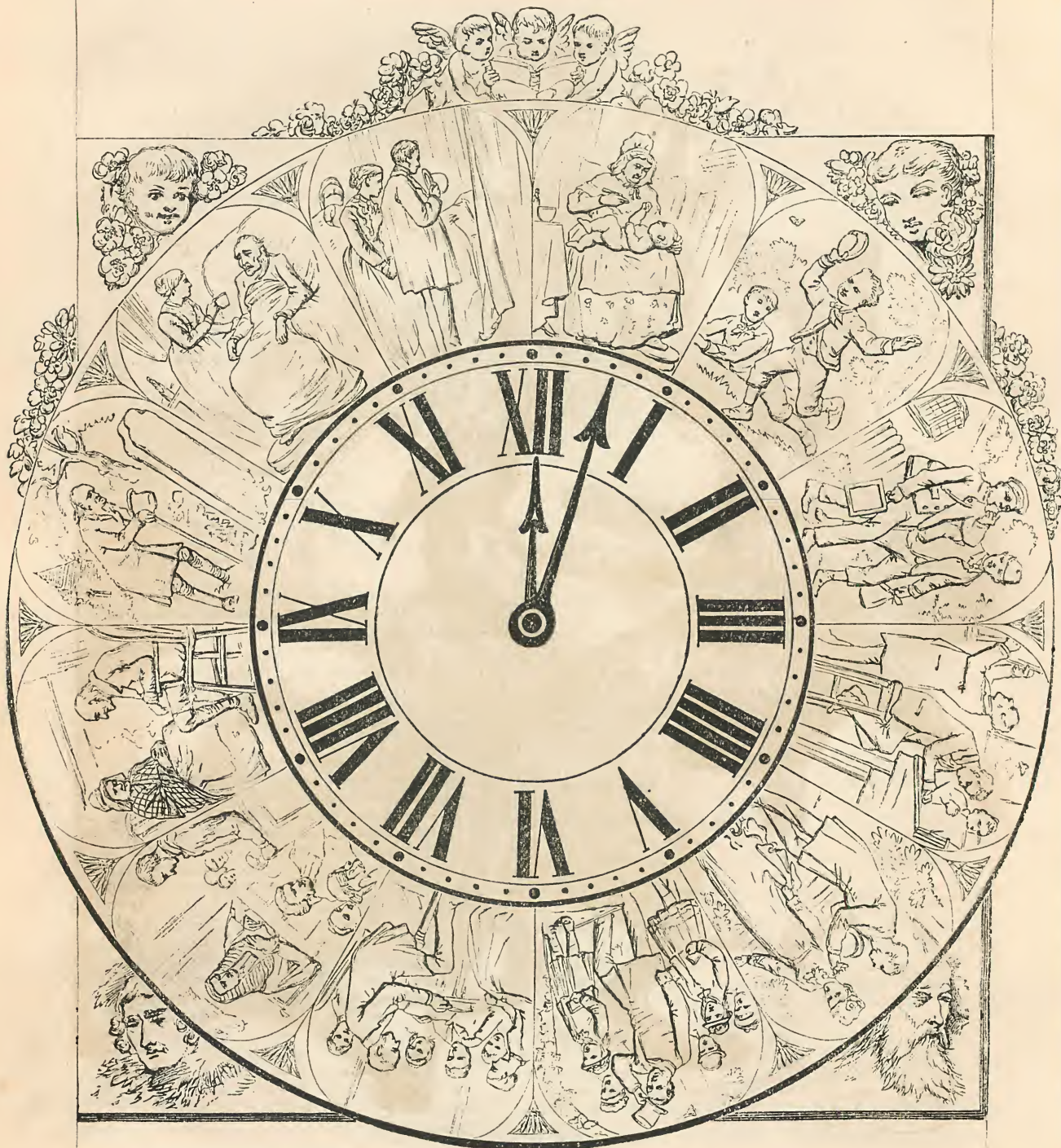
'Willie,' said he, 'I have taught you to know the time of day. I must now teach you the time of your life.'

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles.

'The Bible,' said he, 'describes the years of a man to be threescore-and-ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life: and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things.'

Seldom since then have I heard the inquiry, 'What o'clock is it?' or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.





“What o’clock is it?”

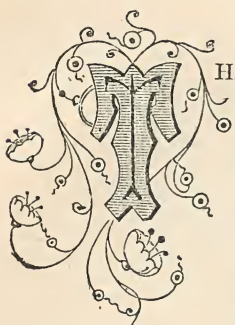




Highland Deerhounns and Collie.



### HIGHLAND DEER-HOUNDS.



THE Highland Deerhound has a great dislike to collies, or sheep-dogs, and never fails to attack them when he can do so.

A shepherd's collie, which had often been attacked by the deerhounds of Glengarry singly, always managed to beat off his enemy, but on one occasion he was assailed by a number of these dogs,

and he would have been killed by them if their keepers, who happened to be passing at the time, had not come to the rescue by calling off the dogs.

The poor collie was saved, and allowed to go home quietly without further injury.

### MAKING KITTENS OUT OF BEARS.

TOM'S sister Nell was pretty, and, being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy resents all meddling with his 'rights.' He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarrelled.

'Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!' Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

'What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in?' And Tom would whistle and march off.

'Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week!'

'Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour.'

'I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!'

'Oh, don't bother me! I'm reading,' Tom would say; and the boots refused to stir an inch; which, of course, was very naughty. And so it would go, from morning till night.

But little sister Bess had a different way with stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged into his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill she would say, 'Just try my footstool, Tom dear, and see how comfortable it is;' and though Tom now and then growled in a good-natured way about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would steal behind him and smooth it out in a way Tom liked so well that it was a temptation to let it go rough just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet for the next three days, at least, he would take pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet, loving

way, helped him to grow wise and man'y. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go.

'I can't understand,' said Nell, 'why you should always want that boy at your elbow! He's as rough and awkward as a bear.'

'Some bears are as gentle as kittens,' said Bess, slipping her arm through his, while 'the bear' felt a warm glow at his heart as he walked away with Bess, and determined to try harder to be courteous and 'gentle as a kitten,' for her sake.

### AN ICE HOME.



AN Act was once passed in Parliament putting a tax on a certain kind of carts, and obliging the owner to have his name painted on the side. There was a Mr. Amos Todd, who lived at Acton, who did not like this new law at all, and he managed to show his dislike by the way he divided the words

which he was forced to put on his cart. He should have put

AMOS TODD, ACTON, A TAXED CART;  
but instead of this he put

A MOST ODD ACT ON A TAXED CART.

Now some of my readers may think that the printer should have divided the words at the top of this paper in a different way, and instead of AN ICE HOME should have put A NICE HOME: but it is not so. It is an ice home that I am going to tell you about, though I fancy that few of you would have thought it a nice home if you had to spend a winter in it, as a party of brave men had to do.

You have heard, I dare say, of Sir John Franklin, who sailed away with two ships, called *Erebus* and *Terror*, to the far north, where there are high mountains of ice, where the seas are frozen over, and where the sun is not seen for months together! Sir John Franklin sailed away in 1845 to these Arctic regions, as they are called, and when months and years passed on and he did not return, nor send any tidings, people in England began to fear that some evil had happened to him and his sailors. Other ships were sent out to look for them, but they could find no trace of them in those dark and dreary lands. At last, in 1854, some relics of Sir John Franklin's ships were found. Some news of the Englishmen who had been seen was got from the Esquimaux, the only people who are ever met with in those lonely regions.

From this clue Lady Franklin knew in what part of the Arctic regions her noble husband had been compelled to leave his ships, and she resolved to send out one more vessel, to find out how and where he had perished; and on July 1st, 1857, the little *Porset* set sail under Captain McClintock, with twenty-two men on board, and with provisions for twenty-eight months.



All went well with the *Fox* till the 12th of August, when she was caught in the ice, which formed all round her sides; and she was frozen hard and fast into a vast 'continent of ice.' Though they were in the middle of the sea, the sailors could get out of the ship on any side and travel for miles over the ice; and in this great ice-cradle the *Fox* was bedded, as helpless as a baby, for 242 days, and in that time the 'continent of ice,' with the *Fox* in it, had moved more than a thousand miles.

This was a real ice-home, in which the sailors of the *Fox* lived for eight whole months. The ship was fixed in the ice, and as the Captain knew that she must be there for a long time, he set the sailors to work to make their home as safe and comfortable as possible. The *Fox* was housed all over with snow rolled smooth and hard, so that only her masts were to be seen: this was done to make a shelter from the loose and driving snow. The deck, too, was covered with a thick layer of snow, and a bank of snow was piled up against the ship's sides all round. Even the skylights—the windows of thick glass let into the deck to give light to the cabins below, were all caked over with snow, for there is no use in windows when there is no light; and for most of the time the *Fox* was laid up in her ice-home it was so dark that in the middle of the day a man with good eyes could hardly read the largest type in the *Times* newspaper, and reading two or three lines of it was enough to make his eyes ache.

You will wonder how the sailors managed to pass their time in this constant twilight in their ice-home, hundreds of miles from any other human beings.

Their Captain knew that 'occupation is the mother of cheerfulness,' so if there were no jobs to be done on board ship, he made some, to keep the men at work in the morning. In the afternoon they took their guns and walked long distances over the snow, to try to shoot ducks or seals: sometimes they had games on the ice, and skating. Some were fond of music, and they had plenty of room to practise their instruments without disturbing anybody. The Captain tells us that at midnight, on the 31st of December, the arrival of the New Year was made known to him by the band—two flutes and an accordion—striking up at his cabin-door, and that the other sailors followed the band, armed with frying-pans, gridirons, kettles, pots, and pans, with which to add to the effect of the *other* music.

In the evenings the sailors made themselves as comfortable as they could in the cabins, and they got on well; for the Captain says, 'Below hatches we are warm and dry, in excellent health and spirits.'

They had a beautiful little organ in the ship, which the Prince Consort had given to a vessel that went in search of Sir John Franklin in 1851. The men enjoyed listening to its sweet tones, for it had not lost them, though this was the third winter amid Arctic snow and ice. One of the two Greenlanders who were on board the *Fox* was specially fond of it, and used often to turn the handle with the greatest delight.

Some of the sailors used their evenings still more wisely. They got one of the officers to open a school for them, and eight or nine of these hardy fellows used to set to work at 'the three r's—reading,

'riting, and 'rithmetic,' for an hour or two every night; and then, after their lessons, they got their teacher to read something instructive to them.

In most happy homes there is a dog or a cat, and in this ice-home, though there was only one cat, there were twenty-nine dogs.

Pussy was a great favourite, and lived down below all the time the *Fox* was fixed in the ice; but when the weather got warmer poor pussy came on the deck one day, and one of the dogs pounced on her and killed her.

You must not think that the twenty-nine dogs were pets; they were ugly Esquimaux dogs, and were used for drawing sledges over the ice, which is the only way of travelling in the Arctic regions—a sledge with a man in it is drawn by a team of six or seven dogs.

These dogs lived in holes cut in the snow-bank that ran alongside the ship. Once the dogs seemed ill; the sailors thought their kennels were too cold for them, and so they allowed them to come on board for a short time, and gave them a better meal than usual. But they were sorry afterwards that they had done so, for the next night the dogs made a charge and boarded the ship. The men rushed up, very scantily clad, and chased the dogs with broomsticks up and down the decks; but the dogs got into all kinds of holes and corners, and the sailors had two hours' very cold work before they got them all out.

These dogs are not nice as to what they eat. Lieutenant Hobson made one of them very happy one day, without meaning to do so. He meant only to give the dog a kick, but his slipper was down at heel and flew off, and was never seen more, for the lucky dog went off with it and ate it up.

I dare say you will wonder what the sailors had to eat in their ice-home. When they left England there were provisions in the *Fox* for twenty-eight months, consisting of preserved meat and vegetables. The salt meat was soaked for some days before being used, and this was done by putting it in a net, and then lowering it through a hole in the ice. But beside these preserved foods, the men used to shoot birds and catch seals to help out their dinners. The Esquimaux are very fond of eating young dogs, which they say 'taste like the beef of sheep.'

In this ice-home one day was very like another. There were few events to mark them; but there were some days which the crew will long remember. One was the 28th of January, when the edge of the sun appeared for the first time after an absence of eighty-nine days. Another was the 4th December, when the little company were gathered round a grave hewn in the ice, for Death did not spare the ice-home, but cut down the engine-driver, who injured himself by falling down a hatchway. The greater part of the Church Service was read on board, under shelter of the housing; the body was then placed on a sledge and drawn over the frozen sea, by the light of lanterns, to a short distance from the ship, where a hole through the ice had been cut, and it was then 'committed to the deep,' and the rest of the Service was read by the Captain.

On the 24th April, 1853, the crew of the *Fox* escaped from the ice-home where they had been for eight months, and after visiting Greenland they sailed





Sunday in the Arctic Regions.

back into another part of the ice-fields, and spent another winter there in searching for some traces of Sir John Franklin. They found a paper which told of his death, and they found skeletons and clothes which told the sad fate of those who had been with him.

In September, 1859, Captain McClintock and his brave men reached their English homes again.

The lesson to be learnt from the story of these sailors in their ice-home is this, that however un-

comfortable our home may be, if we are doing our duty and trusting in God we may be happy in it.

'Oh righteous doom, that they who make  
Pleasure their only end,  
Ordering their whole life for its sake,  
Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern duty lead,  
Content to follow, they,  
Of duty only taking heed,  
Find pleasure by the way.'





Frozen up.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 212.)*

If we could only procure for Victor a little strengthening food! but without eating how can he hold out for half a day? What shall we do if we find nothing? Victor must not die. Even were I to give him my own blood to drink, I would rather die than he. Ah! silence! silence! I saw something there under that thick tree-root—an animal!

At these words he approached, bent down, and plunged his arm up to the elbow in the hole. He raised a sharp cry; his eyes seemed to start from his head.

'What do you feel? what has happened to you?' asked Creps.

'It bites! it scratches! Ah! oh!' cried Donatus.

'Let it go.'

'Let it go! no! it may devour one of my hands. I shall drag it out with the other. Let it go, indeed! perhaps poor Victor's life depends upon it. Ah! I've got it by the neck; I am strangling it. Here it is! Look!'

And he displayed an animal about the size of a rabbit, with very strong teeth and sharp claws, which resembled a weasel and had a very nasty smell. Blood flowed from Donatus' hands, but he shook it off, and holding the animal up in the air, exclaimed,—

'Smell as bad as you like, old fellow! in a quarter of an hour you will go into Bread Street! It is true that not a dog at Natten-Haesonck would touch you; but starving men can't be so particular.'

Giving the animal to his companion, he began to cut down wood with his knife. Then he made a fire, while Creps skinned the animal.

Donatus had become quite merry again. He had such a light heart, that in the most painful situations he could laugh and joke as soon as the smallest ray of light pierced the cloud of his sorrow. He tried to raise Victor's courage by the hope of a dainty meal, and talked of dear and happy Belgium, as if he were certain of seeing it again.

The animal was soon cooked. It was very nasty; hungry as they were they could scarcely eat it. Roozeman showed little appetite: his friends had to tell him that he would never be able to preserve his strength without food. He was silent and depressed; however, he did not complain, and even smiled at Kwik's efforts to amuse them.

They resumed their journey. They had many steep mountains to climb. Each time they reached a summit they gazed around on all sides in the hopes of discovering something encouraging and consoling; but they saw nothing but endless ridges of mountains and valleys.

After they had walked for three or four hours it was plain, though he would not confess it himself, that Victor's strength was exhausted.

They agreed to rest again, and make another attempt to get food; but just at the moment when they halted Kwik picked up something from the ground, and cried,—

'Men have passed here! This is an arrow—a strange

arrow, too, with a piece of sharp stone at the end.'

'You know what Pardoes told us: it is a weapon of the Californian savages,' answered Creps.

'Savages! savages!' groaned Donatus, turning pale. 'I would rather die of hunger than have the skin of my head torn off by those horrible men. Don't let us stay here! I will carry Mr. Victor on my back if need be.'

Creps agreed that it would be prudent to move as quickly as possible from a wood which might serve as a shelter for savages. Donatus made Roozeman lean on his arm, and he supported him so well and carefully that, worn out as his friend was, he managed to walk on for another league and a half before begging them not to go any further that day.

They were in a broad valley, through which a river had flowed during the rainy season. Now it was dried up to a little brook which they could step over. As soon as the tent was pitched Creps and Donatus went to the wooded part of the valley to seek for game. After looking about for an hour they lost courage.

'Let us cease these useless attempts,' said Creps. 'Rest is as needful as food; moreover, it is getting dark: we shan't find any game if there is any. For once an empty stomach won't hinder us from sleeping.'

'Nevertheless I mean to eat,' said Donatus. 'A hungry horse will eat thistles. I have seen many mustard plants round the tent. I am going to make soup of them, as my mother used to do for our cow. It may be nasty and bitter; I don't care. Our cow didn't die of it: perhaps I shall thrive on it. We'll try it, at all events.'

He gathered an armful of mustard-plants and put them on to the fire in the saucepan filled with water.

When it boiled he began to eat, inviting his companions to follow his example. It was so nasty that they could only swallow a mouthful. Donatus, however, devoured the whole, rubbed his hands, and said, laughing,—

'Certainly, pork chops and cabbage would be better; but so long as a ship has ballast enough it matters little of what the ballast consists.'

Overcome by fatigue, they all three soon fell asleep.

In the middle of the night Donatus was awoke by a piteous groan. He listened anxiously: it came from Victor.

'Mr. Roozeman, what is the matter? are you ill?' he asked.

'Give me drink! drink!' said Victor; 'I am burning with fever. But don't make any noise; don't disturb Creps' rest.'

Kwik put his water-bottle to his lips. When he had taken a long draught he said,—

'Sleep now, good Donatus; my sufferings are relieved.'

'How your forehead burns! You are shivering and trembling. Poor Victor! Oh that I had the fever and not you!'

'It is nothing,' murmured Roozeman: 'the excitement, the fright. Don't be anxious: it will be over to-morrow. Give me the bottle. If I want your help I will call you.'



With beating heart Donatus listened for a long time; but, as Victor was quiet and his breathing seemed natural, he soon fell sound asleep.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—DESPAIR.

It was broad daylight when Creps awoke. He saw that Roozeman, too, had opened his eyes already, and knowing nothing of the severe fever which he had suffered during the night, he rejoiced at his apparent good health.

Both arose and went out of the tent, with the firm hope of finding Donatus near the fire; but the fire was out, and though they looked in all directions they could see nothing of their companion. They grew very anxious. What could have happened to him? Had he gone out in the night to fetch water and been devoured by a wild beast? Now they felt how great was the worth of the simple peasant, who, with the appearance of ignorance and indecision, bore in his heart a treasure of strength and courage. What would become of them without his help?

For a few moments they remained crushed beneath the terror with which such a loss inspired them. Creps fired his revolver in the air as a sign to Kwik if he were within hearing.

Sounds in the distance, which they thought they recognised as Kwik's voice, answered to the shot. They looked round them; but though they heard the voice again several times they could not discover whence it came.

They walked towards some lofty pines and cypresses on the mountain side; another cry made them look up, and they now saw their friend in the top of one of the highest pines. At first they scarcely recognised him, for at three hundred feet above the valley he did not look bigger than a rabbit, but he waved his hat to them.

Before they reached the foot of the tree he came running to meet them; laughing, jumping, capering, and holding something in his hands whose possession seemed to fill him with the wildest joy.

'Oh! a breakfast! a nourishing breakfast!' he cried. 'We shall have quite a feast.'

And he displayed to them a bird's nest, in which were six eggs a little larger than pigeons' eggs.

'Come,' said he, 'come to the fire. This will do us good and refresh us. I have just climbed such a high tree that I daren't look down from it. The earth turned and danced round me. If I hadn't shut my eyes I shouldn't have been hungry any more, I assure you.'

They told him how his absence had alarmed them.

'Ah! I never thought of that,' he said; 'but I thank you for your good friendship. The mustard plants didn't agree with me, and I couldn't sleep. I was up before daylight, and in hopes of getting some game I went into the wood. I saw nothing but two large birds flying round and round the top of a tree. By their cries I knew their nest was there; so up I climbed, and stayed there a long time, hoping to catch the father and mother, or both; but I did not see them again.'

The eggs were soon boiled in the saucepan. Kwik said the eggs belonged to him, and he would divide them as he liked; he insisted on Victor taking three, and Creps two, while he kept one for himself.

His friends would not accept this sacrifice; but he was firm.

'Come, come,' he said, 'don't let us lose any more time. You can't eat green meat as I can. The mustard plants are not nice; still they are satisfying; so if I were now to eat as many eggs as you I should be doubly nourished, which would not be fair.'

His comrades at last consented to accept the eggs. Donatus looked anxiously at Victor's face, in which the fever had left ill-omened traces. In one night the poor young man seemed to have got thinner, and his cheeks hollow and yellow, and his eyes bloodshot.

Though inclined to be silent, Victor answered his friends' questions as cheerfully as he could, assuring them that he was able to continue the journey.

They had walked about an hour across mountains and valleys when they reached a wide vale covered with clumps of trees, small thickets, and high grass. The aspect of the vegetation here resembled what the gold-seekers had seen in the Sacramento valley. They were cheered by their hoping that they had taken the right direction, and had descended to Sierra Nevada, on the side of the sea-shore.

Victor did not say a word; he was extremely tired, and accepted Donatus' help without resistance, who held him with so much strength that he sometimes quite lifted him from the ground. Jan remarked how terribly weak his unfortunate companion had become; but convinced that their only hope of safety depended on the rapidity of their march, he concealed his pity and anxiety and tried to inspire him with courage.

Their joy was greater when they discovered traces of human footsteps on the grass. It was plain that quite a troop of travellers had passed along there but shortly before.

They implored Victor now to summon up all his strength. They would follow these footsteps as quickly as possible, and perhaps before night overtake the travellers ahead of them. They walked on for a couple of hours more.

As they were turning into a little wooded valley, Donatus, who walked first, started back with a cry of terror, and stuttered out:—

'A man! I have seen a man! He is there against a tree, straight before us! He is half naked! I believe it is a savage! What shall we do?'

'Stay here behind the shrubs and hide yourselves,' said Creps; 'I'll go and see what it is!'

*(To be continued.)*

#### CURIOUS INCIDENT.



ON Monday morning, October 19, 1874, Mr. Murless, of the Wynnstay Arms Hotel, missed from his yard a couple of fowls. On the following day they were returned to him by the coachman from Llanforda, who told him that when he drove home from the Wynnstay Arms yard after church—two miles—on Sunday night, he found the fowls quite at

home on the axle-tree of the carriage.—*Oswestry Advertiser.*





Curious incident.





A Young Turk.



## A YOUNG TURK.

LOOK at this Baby, who  
Thinks it a joke  
To be like an Eastern boy,  
Trying to smoke.

Scarce two years old is he,  
As you may guess,  
Yet he can imitate  
Speeches or dress.

Some one has lent him a  
Gay Turkish cap,  
Laid the narghilé stem  
Into his lap.

Now the rogue raises it  
Up to his lips;  
Hard task to grasp it in  
Fat finger-tips.

Blows he with all his might  
Down the long stalk;  
Eyeballs glare wildly:—too  
Busy to talk.

Vain are his efforts a  
Turk to be thought;  
Cross-legg'd he cannot sit,  
Legs are too short.

Vain, too, the breath that he  
Spends left and right;  
None of it reaches the  
Pipe's steady light.

Who can have taught him so  
Foolish a trick?  
If he succeeded he'd  
Surely be sick.

Has the Turk no better  
Habits withal,  
Which Baby may copy  
Though he is so small?

Few of us know how soon  
Children begin  
Aping their elders in  
Goodness or sin.

Did we think more, we should  
Never be glad  
When little lips repeat  
Rude words or bad?

Nor should we laugh when, like  
Parrots, they say  
Things that they ought not  
In meaningless way.

Teach them no naughtiness,  
Even in fun;  
Harm follows oft where a  
Joke was begun.

Let the example, then,  
We ever set,  
Be one that Baby may  
Take, nor regret.

Guide we his talent to  
Copy our ways,  
So that he grows in good  
With growth of days.

If when he's older a  
Turk still he'll be,  
Learn Eastern patience and  
Sobriety.

In warfare be brave, and  
Danger ne'er shirk,  
He cannot do better than  
Fight like a Turk. H. A. F. G.

## BONNIE DUNDEE.

WHICH of our young folk knows not the lively tune called 'Bonnie Dundee?' And who has not, now and then, sung some fragments of that popular song? But does one in a thousand know the stirring event which gave rise to it?

Dundee is a town, and a bonny big one; but it is not the town of Dundee which is alluded to in the song. By Dundee is meant the soldier, John Graham of Claverhouse, who was made Viscount of Dundee as a reward for his services to the Stuart kings.

When James the Second was obliged to flee to France for governing badly, William of Orange, who had married James's daughter Mary, became king of England.

But though the people in general were glad to have the wise William instead of the unwise James for their ruler, there were many who still held to the latter, and these were called Jacobites, for adhering to King Jacobus—Jacobus and James being the same. Among these Jacobites was John Graham, Viscount of Dundee.

When the Lords of Convention, that is, the members of the Scottish Parliament, met in Edinburgh to offer the crown to William, John Graham objected, as the song says:—

'To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke,  
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;  
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"'

The Duke of Gordon held Edinburgh Castle at that time, and he too was a Jacobite, but not a man of the same firm spirit as the Viscount. Dundee went to the Duke, and bade him 'let Mons Meg speak two words or three:' that is, he wished the Duke to fire the great cannon, and frighten the lords and people: but Gordon had not sufficient faith in the cause of King James to do what Dundee wished, and the Viscount therefore resolved to leave Edinburgh and set up the standard of James in the wild country of the Highlands.

It was now that he bade his people 'fill up his cup and fill up his can;' it was now he ordered his



officers to 'saddle their horses and call out their men;' it was now he wished them 'to open the West Port (or Gate) and let him go free,' with his bonnets and all, into a part of Scotland where they would join King James's friends.

In passing the Castle Rock, the Viscount and the Duke of Gordon had a few moments' talk near a postern gate, now filled up. Dundee entreated the Duke to leave the Castle in his lieutenant's hands, and to come out and raise his Highlanders; but the Duke would not, he was even now wavering. Gordon asked him which way he was going, and Dundee made answer, 'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose;' meaning, he would go wherever the spirit of the gallant Duke of Montrose should guide him. Montrose, after winning some wonderful victories for Charles the First, had been defeated and put to death. He was the idol of Viscount Dundee, who wished for no happier lot than to walk in Montrose's steps.

Finding he could not persuade Gordon to join him, Dundee left the Castle with these proud words:—

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;  
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You've not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

The Whigs, you know, were the supporters of William, and the Tories were the helpers of James and his house.

Away rode Dundee from the Castle Rock. The trumpets blew and the kettle-drums clashed. Down the Grassmarket he went, between lines of 'sour-faced Whigs.' These sturdy supporters of civil liberty and the Protestant religion had been brought from the west of Scotland, by the Duke of Hamilton, to overawe the Jacobites, and at the sound of Dundee's trumpet they left their cellars and garrets, armed with spits and spears, as if they meant to stop the troopers, but they were restrained by the warlike appearance of the Viscount's soldiers, and,

'They shrank to close heads, and the causeway was free  
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.'

The steep narrow passages between the high houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh are called 'closes,' and the top is called the head of the close. The causeway means the pavement.

The gate of the city was flung wide open when they reached it, for the Provost of Edinburgh was a 'douce man,' that is, a man of good common sense, and he thought his city would be all the better off if Dundee were out of it, and so the Viscount and his soldiers were allowed to file through the gate and get safely away, and soon,

'On Ravelstone's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lee,  
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.'

From Edinburgh the Viscount marched rapidly to Inverness, and thence through the Highlands, rousing the clans. He was soon at the head of a big army of brave men, and General Mackay was sent to fight him. About the end of June Dundee thought himself strong enough to attack General Mackay's army. On the 16th of July the General advanced up the romantic pass of Killiecrankie, and a little beyond it fell in with Dundee and his host. The brave Highlanders broke through Mackay's line, and threw it

into confusion, so much so that the English cavalry was taken, and the artillery as well, while many of the foot-soldiers threw down their arms. In fact, General Mackay was beaten, but the enemy was terribly disheartened by the death of the Viscount, who was killed, it is said, by a silver button, which a soldier tore off a coat and put into his musket. It was supposed that John Graham had a charmed life, and could not be killed by common bullets. With the fall of Dundee the Jacobites lost heart, and by the end of that year all Scotland was obedient to the government of King William. G. S. OUTRAM.



## SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

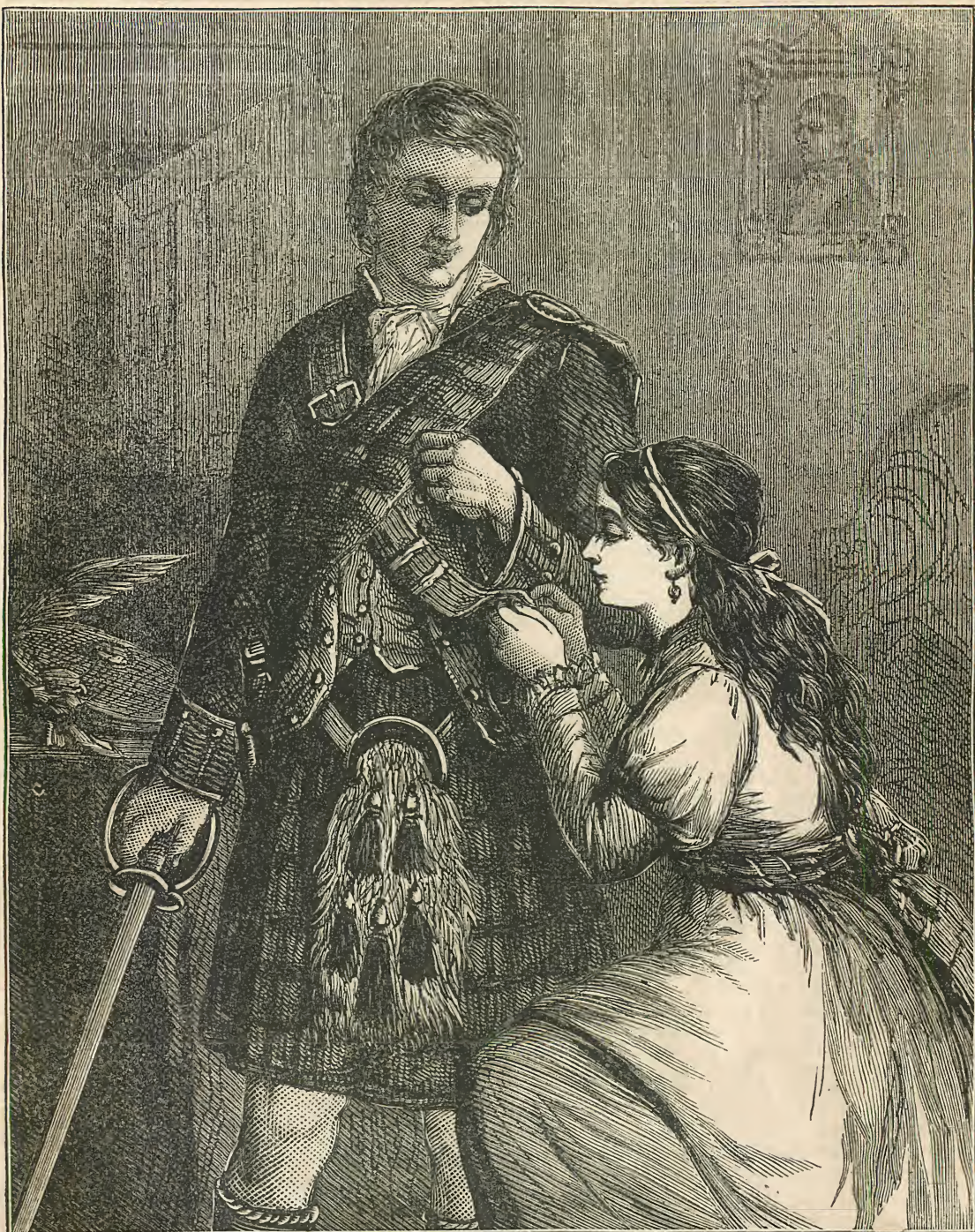
SIR ROBERT STRANGE, called the father of the art of engraving in England, was born in the Orkneys, in the island of Pomona. His father dying while he was still young, he imagined that he had a natural taste for a seafaring life. He had been accustoming himself to the practice of drawing from prints or anything that came in his way, but living in such a remote place he had no opportunity of receiving instruction.

However, he had a very affectionate half-brother, who recommended him to the commander of a man-of-war, and to sea he went. The first voyage gave him quite enough of it, for he says, "For many days our fire was extinguished and the vessel left to the fury of a pitiless storm." It will be easily guessed, that after landing he was quite cured; no thought of being a sailor ever afterwards occurred to him.

At this time Cooper, an Edinburgh engraver, saw some of Robert's sketches, and in due course he was apprenticed to him. Strange's apprenticeship ended in 1741, and he was now pursuing successfully the art for which his genius was so well adapted up to 1745, when the landing of Prince Charles Stuart excited the whole kingdom, and for a time made Strango a soldier. His taking part in the Stuart cause arose solely from an attachment to a young lady, whose ardour for 'Prince Charlie' was so great that, though she was betrothed to Robert Strange at the time, she persuaded him to go off and fight for the Prince. He did so, and bore himself bravely in the mounted corps called the Life Guards. He was present at the battle of Culloden. Previous to this he engraved a portrait of the Prince, a half-length, and it is one of his first known works; and on the evening of the ball at Preston he was sent for by the Prince, who gave him a commission to engrave a plate for their bank-notes. After the defeat at Culloden, Strange, with many others, had to fly to the mountains, where he endured great hardships.

On one occasion, when closely pursued, he fled to the house of the lady whose zeal had well-nigh destroyed him. She was singing at her needle-work, and wore, according to the fashion of the time, a large hoop, which she quickly raised, and her affianced





lover disappeared beneath it just as the soldiers entered. The lady, no way daunted, continued her song with great self-possession while the house was being searched, and he remained undetected. After many other hair-breadth escapes he married this lady privately, and afterwards escaped to France in 1747, his finances being in a very low state. Some time after he went to study design in Rouen; from Rouen to Paris, where he got first prize at the Academy of

Design in that city—his wife remaining in Scotland, living, with her infant son, on the work of her needle. In October, 1750, Strange left Paris for London, where he had very great success as an engraver, living with his wife and family in much comfort, and receiving in due time the honour of knighthood from the king. He died in 1792, at the age of seventy-one. Lady Strange died in 1806, having survived her husband fourteen years.





Sunday Bells.



## SUNDAY BELLS.

By Mrs. Hawley.

SUNDAY Bells are round us ringing,  
 Calling to the house of prayer;  
 On the trees the birds are singing,  
 Joyful everywhere.

Through the green lanes the country people  
 Walk, arrayed in Sunday best;  
 While the clang from tower and steeple  
 Tells the day of rest.

In the towns, the busy crowd now  
 Cease their daily toil and care;  
 Haughty men are humbly bowed down,  
 In the house of prayer.

All through England's Isle, extending  
 North and south, and east and west,  
 Young and old to church are wending,  
 On this day of rest.

Put away all evil feeling,  
 Vengeful thoughts and worldly greed,  
 And within God's Temple kneeling  
 Ask for what you need.

Yielding then your spirit wholly,  
 On this one brief day in seven;  
 Keep the Sunday calm and holy,  
 For it points to Heaven.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from page 223.)*

AUTIOUSLY Donatus crept along the ground up to the edge of the wood. After a few minutes he returned to his companions, and said,—

'It's horrible! The man you saw is dead; he seems bound to the tree. Come! let us go nearer!'

Kwik was in no great hurry. He followed slowly.

Silent and trembling, they gazed on the corpse, which the

numerous wounds with which it was covered made it impossible to recognise.

'How that poor man must have suffered!' said Creps.

'Shall we dig a grave for the unhappy man?' asked Victor.

'Dare I believe my eyes?' cried Creps. 'What we see here is the justice of God! This corpse is the sailor!'

'Impossible! You make a mistake!' stuttered Kwik.

'No! look! the little finger is wanting on the left hand!'

'Who has done it?' cried Donatus.

'Who? the Californian savages, of course! God has chosen thus to avenge Pardo's murder!'

Donatus could not listen to another word. He seized Kwik by the arm, and murmured, 'I have had enough of this terrible spectacle! Come away! We are in a den of savages. Come, or I shall run away alone as fast as my legs can carry me.'

The others were obliged to follow him. After walking on for some time, Victor implored for a rest.

'What a terrible punishment! What a horrible death!' sighed Creps.

'He was a cowardly vagabond,' said Kwik; 'but such a fate seems hard even for him. Do these savages treat people thus for their pleasure?'

'It's their custom, as we've been told, to bind their prisoners to a tree, and make them the mark at which they shoot their arrows. God knows how many hours this sailor heard these arrows whistling about his ears before he died! What a horrible end!'

'And what can have become of our gold?' said Donatus.

'The Californian savages know the value of gold. You see they have taken everything from their victim, even his clothes.'

'Pleasant, indeed!' growled Kwik. 'We have dived into an icy pool which a white bear might have been afraid of; we have risked our lives for a little gold; and why? To enrich these savage monsters!'

Creps took up his knapsack again. Donatus followed his example, offering his arm as before to Victor.

On leaving the forest they saw before them an extensive plain, with a few patches of green on its rocky soil, but no trace of a tree. Kwik, still fearing the savages, hesitated to risk himself in this open space, where they could be seen afar off and from all sides; but Creps would not diverge from the direction he had decided to take, so they continued their march.

The sun was scorching, and the air stifling. Every quarter of an hour they had to stop to let Victor rest—they perceived how exhausted he was, and that his legs had scarcely strength to carry him. They could not remain where they now were, for there was neither wood nor water, and so no hope of finding anything to eat. About half a league before them they saw a thick wood. If they could reach it they would pitch their tent there and rest till the morrow. They encouraged their poor friend, supporting him on both sides, thus dragging him slowly along, weak and worn out as they were themselves.

Suddenly they felt how heavily Victor weighed upon their arms; they stopped and asked him if he felt ill. He had not strength to reply. His head fell back on his breast, his arms hung motionless at his side.

His companions laid him on the ground, and with his head in their arms, they moistened his forehead and lips with water.

Victor lay before them in a faint, pale as a corpse. Notwithstanding all their efforts to revive him he remained motionless, as if he could never awake from this deathlike slumber.

Donatus threw himself on his friend, and appeared so distracted that Creps did not feel less pity for him than for Victor.

A cry of joy arose from the poor fellow's heart when at last he saw Roozeman open his eyes; he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed:—



'Oh, thanks! thanks, most merciful God! Do unto me as Thou wilt; heap upon my sufferings upon me; but he has a mother! Oh, let him live!'

After gazing at his companions for a few moments, like a man awaking from a deep sleep, Victor tried to calm them. He said he had had an ordinary fainting fit. He was extremely tired and exhausted, but there was nothing else the matter with him. Creps and Kwik did not believe him at first, but when they saw him smile their fear decreased.

They were very near the wood; so their tent was soon pitched, and Kwik announced that he meant to spend the rest of the day looking for food. Commending Victor to Creps' care, he disappeared among the trees.

In less than a quarter of an hour after Roozeman showed a strong desire to sleep. Creps threw his own blanket on the ground, and arranged a sort of bed for him as well as he could. In a few minutes Victor was in a deep slumber.

Creps sat near the fire, his head on his hands, weighed down by the saddest thoughts. It was nearly dark when Kwik returned with an armful of mustard plants. He had only been able to shoot two little birds; but this small success pleased him, for it would serve at least as a meal for poor Victor.

The birds were roasted at once, and they awoke Roozeman to offer him the inviting food. He replied, in a very weak voice, that he was not hungry—that all he wanted was to sleep quietly. They must keep the birds for to-morrow's breakfast.

They returned to the fire. Creps did not seem to hear what Donatus said to him as he boiled the mustard plants in the saucepan.

However, he took some of the food; but they were both soon disgusted with it. Even Donatus could not digest it.

After a long silence, Kwik asked his gloomy companion anxiously,—

'Mr. Jan, you are quite different from usual. Are you really afraid that our poor friend will die in this wilderness?'

'What assurance have we that any of us will leave it alive?' he replied sadly. 'Our fate is terrible, but we have deserved it. It is a punishment for our folly and ingratitude to God. We lived in a free and happy land. We had parents, friends; we were not even poor. Yet we despised all these bounties of Providence—insane as we were, renounced them all—you for gold, I for independence! You have gold now; can it restore strength to our poor friend? Can it prevent us from dying of hunger? I am free and independent—yes, like a wild beast who has all nature for his enemy, who feeds on plants and is devoured by animals of his own species. Our folly has led us into this misery and ingratitude to God.'

Donatus took Creps by the hand, and said calmly,—

'Come, come, Mr. Jan, don't lose courage. Very likely our terrible fate is a just punishment from Heaven. But look, our friend is sleeping quietly now; perhaps he will be better to-morrow. With the exception of his illness I don't think we have so much to complain of. We haven't yet met with any wild beasts, bush-rangers, or savages. For this I think we ought to thank God. Come, Mr. Jan, I know it is only Victor's sickness which makes you so sad; but

take courage, he will get well I tell you. As long as there's life there's hope; but we must bear our lot to the end.'

Jan remained silent for a few moments; then he got up, and said,—

'Go and lie down, Donatus; I will watch and attend to our friend if he requires anything. In a couple of hours I will wake you, and you shall take your turn.'

'You alarm me,' cried Kwik; 'do you think then that Mr. Victor is dangerously ill?'

'No, but he must not be left without being watched. Go to rest, I pray you.'

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—DELIVERANCE.

VICTOR had only slept a couple of hours; then a burning fever had shown itself, which seemed as if it would consume the poor young man. His head was burning, his breath weak—he was quite unconscious. The only word he could articulate was, 'Drink! drink!'

Creps and Donatus sat beside him in the tent, a bottle in their hands. Towards midnight the fever seemed to decrease a little, and their hopes revived; but it was not for long, the fever soon returned with redoubled violence. By-and-bye he began to talk wildly about Belgium, his beloved mother, and Lucia. He thanked God for bringing him back a happy millionaire to his native land.

Each of these words cut his friends to the heart.

For a long time he continued thus talking, till his voice grew weaker and weaker, and he sank at last into a peaceful sleep.

'Ah! the terrible fever has ceased,' exclaimed Donatus: 'there is some hope, Mr. Jan; some hope!'

'Hope!' murmured Creps. 'And if he did recover it would be of no use! Oh, what will become of us? I am tormented with hunger.'

Donatus took up something in the darkness, and said, 'Come! come! eat this!'

'What, the birds? his food?' cried Jan. 'I would rather die.'

'Eat, I tell you; I will go into the wood; yes, I will find something else even if I have to burrow into the ground. It isn't quite dark outside. Come, take the birds or I will run away, and you never will see me again.'

'Hunger is a cruel tyrant!' groaned Creps. 'But you must eat one of the birds, too.'

'I?' cried Donatus. 'I didn't pretend I'm not hungry, but I can wait some hours longer. Watch beside Victor. Possibly I shan't be back till dawn. This time I won't stop my hunt till I have game enough to provide us with a plentiful dinner. Farewell!'

With these words he disappeared.

Victor appeared asleep and did not move. Creps sat beside him till daylight entered the tent. He had eaten one of the birds, and put the other aside in his knapsack. He looked at it often with eager eyes, scarcely being able to resist the temptation of taking that, too; but the idea that Donatus might return with empty hands, and that Victor on awaking might ask for a mouthful of food, prevented his touching it.

(To be continued.)





Donatus creeping along the ground.





Donatus Kwik with all the game he could procure.



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

*(Continued from p. 232.)*

HE sun had risen when Kwik appeared and asked anxiously how Victor was. He had been disappointed in his hope of game, but he brought back enough to keep them from starvation for half a day. In one hand he held an animal like a rat, in the other a bird like a crow.

No sooner were these animals cooked than they were devoured with a ferocious appetite. They kept, however, the best and tenderest parts for Victor.

'This meal has restored me my reason and courage,' said Creps. 'Yes, there is still some hope of deliverance. We must start, and walk on till we get out of the desert. We must carry Victor and rest very often.'

Just then they saw Victor standing up in the tent resting on the pole which supported it, and looking at them with a quiet smile.

Their pleasure was of short duration. When poor Roozeman wished to take a step forward his legs gave way beneath him, and he fell back heavily on the ground. The others ran to him, took him in their arms, addressing him in kind words of encouragement and comfort. They trembled with alarm; Victor's face was pale as death. He took his companions' hands, and said, in a weak but clear voice,—

'My good friends, listen to me, I have one prayer to make to you, a last kind act to implore of your friendship. Promise me you will consent.'

'Everything, even to our lives,' they both replied.

'Look at me, my life is near its end. Nature within me may struggle for hours, perhaps for another day, against death; but I shall never see the Sacramento valley again.'

Donatus wished to close his mouth, the tears poured down Creps' face.

'No, listen. I can scarcely speak,' he went on. 'You are wrong, friends, your love can help me but little. I am only a hindrance to you. In wishing to save me, you sacrifice yourselves. Oh! I implore you don't leave me to die with the terrible conviction that I am the cause of your deaths. Leave me to my fate; fly from this wilderness, and save your precious lives.'

His friends declared that they would perish together or escape with him from the terrible fate which threatened them, but he continued as if he had not understood them,—

'You love me, I know; but do you doubt of my love for you? Why should there be three victims when fate only asks for one? Be reasonable. Return to your fatherland; take to my mother my last farewell; tell her—tell Lucia—that I died with their beloved names on my lips, that my last sigh was a prayer for their welfare.'

Creps and Kwik, in their despair, knelt in silence beside their sick friend.

Suddenly Donatus arose, seized the lasso and the axe, and said to Creps,—

'Ah! it isn't with tears that we conquer misfortune, remain with Victor, try and comfort him: I will seek a way of saving him.'

Half-an-hour after he returned with something which resembled a ladder on his back. It consisted of two long, straight branches of a tree, connected together by several cords of the lasso, over which smaller and more flexible branches were placed. Taking it from his shoulder, he said,—

'Here is the way. This is a litter. Over it we will stretch the sail of our tent, and make a pillow of our blankets. Yes, Mr. Victor, you can't refuse, you are not the master. We will try and carry you out of this desert, and you shall be with us so long as your heart continues to beat. Come, Jan, every minute is precious to us. Forwards! forwards!'

Notwithstanding his protestations, Victor was placed on the litter. The least shake seemed to cause him pain, but his friends were not kept back by this, and crossed the forest as if they were being pursued by slave-drivers.

Every time that his friends stopped to rest did Victor implore them, with clasped hands, to save themselves and abandon him. He said that the litter caused him unbearable pain. After they had advanced some two leagues, and with much difficulty had reached a wide plain, the poor fellow groaned.

'Ah! you torture me pitilessly. Stop, stop, or I shall die!'

They put down the litter. Victor continued,—

'Take me off it! I can go no farther! Oh, friends, don't be so cruel, let me die in peace.'

Creps uttered a cry of despair, and said,—

'We are powerless! God wills it, this desert must be our grave! Well, let us die together here.'

Suddenly Donatus sprang up.

'What is it? What do you hear?' asked Creps.

'Silence, silence, all! I am not wrong; listen down there, a long way off—yes, yes, mules' bells! Oh, God be praised! deliverance!'

And quick as an arrow Donatus disappeared from his friends' sight.

Turning his steps in the direction of the bells, he saw, in about a quarter of an hour, a troop of at least fifty mules, forming with their muleteers a long chain. When he reached the head of the troop he fell down on his knees with uplifted arms, and in a supplicating voice invoked the aid of the amazed muleteers. Though he tried to explain his distress in four or five languages, no one understood a word. They took him for a madman. Some pitied, others laughed at him.

They formed a circle round him; with all sorts of gestures the poor fellow tried to make them understand his meaning.

Suddenly a young man, who walked lame, came towards him, looked at him for a few minutes, and then pressed him in his arms.

'Oh, what happiness!' cried Donatus. 'John Miller, the Englishman! God Himself has sent you. He who once saved your life, Victor Roozeman, is at the point of death, beyond yonder hillock. Come, come! return his good deed. Perhaps you will yet be able to save him.'



John Miller called an old muleteer, exchanged a few words with him, gave some orders to those around him, and then hurried across the plain with Kwik. All the mules followed.

When they arrived at the foot of the hillock Kwik shouted out with all his might,—

‘Hurrah! hurrah! God is almighty! Here is help! here is deliverance! Our friend John Miller!’

After shaking Creps warmly by the hand, the Englishman bent over the poor sick man, trying to rouse in his heart the hope of recovery. In their party was an old Mexican, who knew well all the sicknesses of California, and the remedies used to cure them.

This Mexican already stood beside them, with some ten others, and three or four mules.

‘Well, Pablo,’ said John Miller, ‘examine this young man. If you succeed in saving him I will give you a hundred piastres.’

Pablo for some moments kept his eyes fixed on the invalid.

‘Strange!’ he muttered, shaking his head. ‘I don’t understand it. Perhaps that gentleman who speaks English will tell me how his companion fell ill, and how long he has been in that state?’

Creps told him of all their misery, of their hard labour, and their dives into the icy pool.

At hearing this the Mexican exclaimed,—

‘I have it! I will cure him!’

The Mexican began by spreading on the ground near Victor four or five blankets, one above the other, so as to keep out the cold of the ground. On this they placed him, covering him with so many others that they threatened to stifle him. Then they brought hot wine in a tin bowl. Old Pablo poured into it a powder which he called *Extracto de la quina*, and put a spoonful of the hot liquid to Victor’s lips, whom he forced to take a great quantity of it. Creps and Donatus joined their prayers to his efforts; at last the Mexican exclaimed with joy,—

‘Very good! all right! leave me alone with him now. Go away a little; I shall win my money; he will recover.’

Meanwhile the muleteers had unloaded their beasts. Some were putting up the tents, others were making a large fire and preparing the dinner. They had heard of the starving condition of the poor Flemings, and they now invited them to have a good meal.

All Kwik’s gaiety had now returned, he ate so fast and plentifully, making such curious gestures all the time, that the muleteers could not help laughing at him. There seemed to be no end to his appetite.

While the party were watching him in amazement, he suddenly jumped up and began to cut a number of merry capers, saying,—

‘It’s worth being well-nigh starved to be able afterwards to enjoy such a meal as that. I feel after this that I could carry a mule on my back. But I must go and see if our invalid is not better.’

Victor seemed to sleep; his face was red, the perspiration streamed down his forehead, his bed steamed as if he were placed over a vapour-bath. The Mexican was seated by his side between Creps and Miller.

Victor remained for nearly three hours in the same

state. After placing his hand on his heart, the Mexican got up and said,—

‘He is saved! I have won my hundred piastres! He will recover. He will be very weak for some time. In about a quarter of an hour he will be cooler; he will awaken; then bring him a little flour boiled in water!’

By-and-by the invalid opened his eyes and gazed around him with wonder, and muttered,—

‘Give me something to eat. Oh! I am fainting with hunger!’

Creps thanked God in a loud voice. Donatus cried,— ‘Hold me! bind me! I am half mad! Oh! dear old Mexican, let me embrace you!’

They now brought the plate with the boiled flour for the invalid. Though he begged for more, the Mexican would only allow him a few spoonfuls, promising him that in an hour he should have some more, and a little piece of meat.

Victor informed his friends with joy that he only suffered now from fatigue; he felt neither pain nor sickness. Meanwhile, some men of the party were arranging a sort of easy seat on a mule’s back. The invalid was now taken up, wrapped up in the warmest clothes, and put on the mule.

Creps and Kwik walked on each side of Victor, encouraging him as they talked to him of their beloved country.

Before nightfall Victor had eaten twice. He was no longer ill, and enjoyed that night a refreshing slumber. Some days later they reached the little town of Sacramento. John Miller lodged his friends in the best hotel, and did not let them spend a single dollar. He charged the muleteers, who were to return to the diggings on the Pen river, with a letter for his father, in which he told him how he had found the Flemish gold-seekers, his preservers, and that he would remain for some days at Sacramento to watch over them.

As soon as Victor felt himself strong enough to undertake a fresh journey, he urged their departure for San Francisco. Creps and Donatus were not less eager for the moment when they should be able to bid farewell to the shores of California, and set sail for their native country. John Miller conducted them to the steam-boat, which twice a-week made the voyage between the two capitals of Northern California.

When they arrived at San Francisco they went directly to the harbour, and inquired if there was any ship about to sail for Europe. They met an English captain who was going to start in a week for London, and who consented to take them at a reasonable price.

John Miller wished to pay their fare, and assured them that his father would be very much annoyed if he did not give this slight proof of gratitude to those who had preserved his only son’s life.

Creps and Roozeman refused this last kindness, because the three pounds of gold which Kwik carried in his breast would be more than enough. Upon the earnest entreaties of their generous protector they at last consented, on the condition that Kwik kept the gold he had as his own personal property. What they might spend in London to dress themselves suitably should be only a loan, and they would return it to their comrade after their arrival in Belgium.





The Mexican preparing a draught for Victor.

When this was settled Kwik secretly rejoiced at an arrangement which put him in possession of more than three thousand francs, without his friends having lost anything thereby. At the sight of such a sum the police-officer might perhaps grant him the hand of his Anneken.

Victor employed the week which they spent at San Francisco in writing a short and faithful account of

their adventures in California. He added a letter to his mother, in which he told her that he and his friends would stop two or three days in London to provide themselves with fresh linen and clothes, and from thence he would inform her of the exact hour of their arrival in their native city. Creps wrote a letter to his father, and Donatus scribbled a few lines to Anneken and to her father.





On the appointed day, when the ship weighed anchor and the sails swelled with a fair wind, they took an affectionate farewell of their generous friend, John Miller. Favoured by wind and tide, the vessel rapidly passed through the Golden Gate, and the Flemish friends raised their loud hurrahs over the ocean, whose waters also bathed the shores of their beloved Belgium.

*(Concluded in our next.)*

#### LINES WRITTEN ON A DISTANT VIEW OF PENHOLDING.

THE girl's a goose, the boy's a muff,  
That holdeth pen like pinch of snuff;  
From crumpled fingers, stiffened thumb,  
Right sorts of writing cannot come.  
Your thumb be bent, your fingers straight;  
And then you'll write like copper-plate.



(Not straight as rulers, but as quills:  
Curving a wee the need fulfils).  
Which fingers? Only the first two:  
The third you may as well unscrew,  
And put it in your pocket, till  
You've climbed Penholding's difficult hill.  
But if unscrewing prove no joke,  
Inside your hand the finger poke:  
At first you'll find it rather queer;  
But all's well that ends well, my dear.  
Rest your hand firmly on your wrist  
And little finger. Now be kissed.  
Elbow to side; sit upright; then  
Over your shoulder point your pen:  
And, dear, remember, after this  
Repay my teaching and my kiss  
By doing just as I have said;  
Else you'll be whipp'd and sent to bed. J. F.



### ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

I AM sure that most of you have seen an elephant in captivity; would you not like to hear something of his habits and way of life as he wanders free in his native land? But first let us say a little about the outward appearance of this enormous animal. The elephant is from seven to fifteen feet in height. His ears, as you may have observed, are very large, and the eyes extremely small; the feet are round at the bottom; on each foot being five flat horny risings; these seem to be the extremities of the toes, which do not appear outwardly. The hide is without hair, and full of scratches and scars, which it receives in its passage through thick woods and thorny places. At the end of the tail there is a tuft of hair, a foot and a half long. But the most remarkable feature in the elephant's body is the trunk, which serves for all the purposes of a hand, and is possessed of the most wonderful sense of touch. Properly speaking, it is only the snout lengthened out to a great extent, hollow like a pipe, and ending in two openings, or nostrils. It is hollow all along, but with a partition running from one end of it to the other; so that though outwardly it appears like a single pipe, it is inwardly divided into two. It can be moved in any direction, lengthened or shortened, bent or straightened, and is so strong that nothing can be torn from its grasp. Through this trunk the elephant breathes, drinks, and smells; and at the very end, just above the nostrils, there is an extension of the skin, about five inches long, in the form of a finger, and answering all the purposes of one; for, with the rest of the extremity of the trunk, it can assume different forms at will, and by means of this the elephant can take a pin from the ground, untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen. In some respects, however, the elephant is a helpless animal. The neck is so short that he can hardly turn his head, and he is obliged to wheel round in order to discover an enemy from behind. This of course helps the hunters, who find plenty of time for renewing their assaults while the elephant is turning

to face them. The tusks of the elephant are two in number, proceeding from the upper jaw; they are most valuable, for they supply us with ivory.

Elephants are found in Africa and Asia, the African elephant being larger than the Indian species. In a state of nature the elephant is not savage, but when molested becomes extremely formidable. They are generally seen in herds of from thirty to fifty, or even a hundred. When fodder is not plentiful they will divide into parties of from ten to twenty, taking care, however, to keep themselves informed of each other's whereabouts, chiefly by their fine sense of smell. So keen is this sense, that tame elephants can discover the presence of wild ones at a distance of three miles when the wind is favourable. When a herd of elephants is moving along, the females with their calves always go first, and the herd is led by a female; the reason of this arrangement no doubt being that the mothers know best how to fit the length and time of their marches, and the places in which they rest or feed, to the needs of their young ones. On their way from one tract of forest to another they march in strict Indian file, in showery cool weather being often on the move all day long, and seldom staying more than one or two days at the same place, as the fodder soon becomes exhausted. During the middle hours of the night they rest, rising at about three o'clock in the morning to feed or march; and by ten o'clock in the day they are again collected together and rest till the afternoon; then they rouse themselves once more and are on the move till about eleven o'clock at night, when they again rest. When a calf is born the herd stays with the mother for two days, at the end of which time the little one is able to march with the rest. The youngest climb hills and cross rivers, being supported in swimming by their mothers' trunks, and held in front of them. Should an alarm occur during the march, they vanish under their mothers, and are then seldom seen again. When a few months old they scramble on their mothers' shoulders to cross a river, helping themselves by holding on with their legs, or they swim alone. Elephants swim perhaps better than any other animal. I have heard of a number of elephants that were sent from one part of India to the other, having the Ganges and several of its tributary streams to cross. In one swim they were six hours without touching the bottom, and after resting on a sandbank they swam for three more.

I have said that elephants are usually seen in herds, but there is the rogue, or solitary elephant, that loves to wander about alone, spending its days and nights in making excursions into the extensive rice-grounds that abound in the neighbourhood of Indian villages, and doing a vast deal of mischief.

Elephants are obedient, gentle, and patient. They take the greatest care never to push against or step upon their attendants. When once tamed the elephant attaches himself warmly to his conductor, or keeper, and soon learns to comprehend signs, and even to understand the different sounds of the voice. He is quickly taught to kneel to receive his rider, and suffers himself to be loaded with heavy burdens without resistance; and will draw chariots, cannon, or the like, with wonderful strength and willingness. 'An elephant that was used by the French forces in India for



drawing their cannon, was promised by his conductor a reward for having performed some painful service; but being disappointed of his expectations, he killed him in a fury. The conductor's wife, who was present, could not restrain her despair, but running with her two children in her arms, threw them at the elephant's feet, crying out that since it had killed her husband, it might kill her and her children also. The elephant, seeing the children at his feet, instantly stopped, and moderating his fury, took up the eldest with his trunk, and placing him upon his neck, adopted him for his conductor and obeyed him ever after.' 'In India, where they were at one time employed in launching ships, an elephant was directed to force a very large vessel into the water; the work proved beyond his strength, but not to his efforts; which however, the keeper pretended to despise. "Take away," said he, "that lazy beast, and bring another better fitted for service." The poor animal instantly redoubled his efforts, fractured his skull, and died upon the spot.'

Elephants are also remarkable for their timidity. A female elephant was once employed in a Ceylon forest to push down large trees when only cut half through, in order to lessen the labour of the men. On one occasion a squall of wind suddenly broke a tree close by, causing it to fall upon the elephant's back, and ever afterwards she would at once rush off through the forest if she heard the slightest crack while the felling was going on. Another large elephant, after being capized with a vessel, could never be got to enter a ship.

As you may suppose, elephants eat a great deal. The Government allowance in Bengal for an elephant of full size is four hundred pounds a-day of green fodder, viz. grasses, branches of trees, sugar-cane, and such-like, or two hundred and forty pounds of dry fodder, viz. stalks of grain.

Water is as necessary to them as food itself. They delight to live along the sides of rivers, and to keep in the most shady forest and watery places.

In communicating with each other and in expressing their wants and feelings, elephants make use of a great variety of sounds, some of which are uttered by the trunk and some by the throat. Anger and fear are expressed by a shrill roar, or trumpet, but if enraged by wounds, and brooding in solitude, they express their feelings by a continued hoarse grumbling from the throat. Pleasure is expressed by a continued low squeaking through the trunk; want, as when a calf calls its mother, is chiefly expressed by the throat.

And now I must tell you how elephants are caught in India. In the midst of the jungle or forest a space is enclosed with strong palisades, made of the thickest and strongest trees, protected from the inside by a ditch, in order to diminish the power of an elephant's attack, should he try to force the barrier. This enclosure has an entrance large enough to admit a single elephant, above which is suspended a powerful gate, which can be dropped like a portcullis upon the entry of the rearmost animal, by cutting the rope upon which it hangs. To this enclosure a herd of wild elephants is easily guided by excavating a deep ditch in the right direction. Elephants being very much afraid of an open trench or ditch, which they look

upon as a trap or pit-fall, trenches may be so arranged as to direct their course into the jungle whither the hunters wish to conduct them. When the elephants are all inside the enclosure, each one has to be separately secured by ropes round the hind-legs. This cannot be done without the help of tame elephants, a certain number of which are brought into the enclosure, where they assist the mahouts, or drivers, in securing the wild ones by dragging and pushing them. Various means have been sometimes resorted to in order to soothe the captured animals, such as throwing buckets of water over them, rubbing the body with leaves, and pouring oil down the ears, while the tame elephants caress them with their trunks. When secured, the captive elephants are led out of the enclosure, and picketed in the forest, keepers being appointed to each. At first the elephants kick or rush at their captors, but gentleness and kind treatment soon overcome their resistance, and before many days have passed they are quite subdued. Sometimes their keepers sing to them, which generally has a soothing effect, for elephants are fond of music.

You will find in the Bible that ivory was sent to Solomon, so you see that elephants were taken for the sake of their tusks many a long year ago!

No doubt some of you will remember how elephants were used by the Carthaginians in their wars with the Romans, and in former days the princes of the East used always to have a number of elephants trained to accompany their armies in time of war. The people of India are more enlightened now, but formerly many of them believed in the transmigration of souls; that is, they thought that when a man dies his soul enters the body of some animal, and they imagined that the elephant must be animated with the soul of some great man or king. They believed white elephants to be the living representatives of the Indian emperors. Each of them had a palace and a number of servants to wait upon him, and was fed with the richest food, which he ate out of golden vessels.

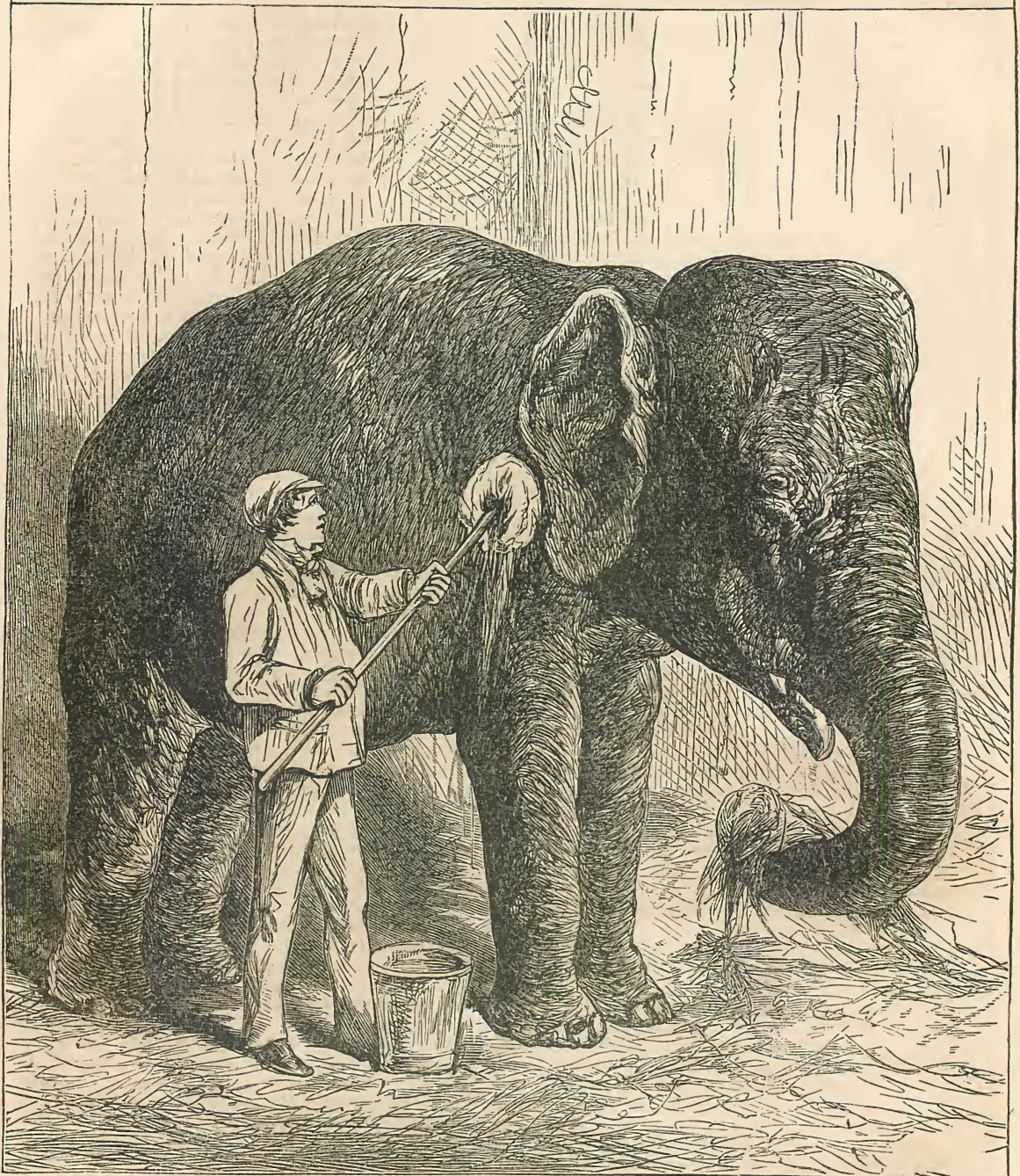
I must not forget to tell you that elephants live more than a hundred years; it is believed that some reach the age of one hundred and fifty years.

And now I will conclude by giving you two instances of their courage and sagacity.

During one of the wars in India, an elephant received a flesh-wound from a cannon-ball. After having been taken to the hospital two or three times, where he stretched himself out and allowed his wound to be dressed, he afterwards used to go alone. The doctor did whatever was necessary, sometimes even applying fire to the wound, but though the elephant evidently suffered great pain, he never showed anything but gratitude to his benefactor. In another war a young elephant received a wound in the head, the pain of which made it so frantic that it was found impossible to have the part dressed. At last the man who had the care of it contrived by a few words and signs to make the mother understand what was wanted. She seized her young one with her trunk, and held it firmly down, though groaning with pain, while the surgeon dressed the wound; and this she did every day till the young elephant was completely cured.

M. H. F. DONNE.





Washing the Elephant. By HARRISON WEIR..





Singular attachment of a Cat to a Rat.



### SINGULAR ATTACHMENT OF A CAT TO A RAT.



HE landlord of the only public-house in the village of Oxtan has a cat, which has been noted as a first-rate mouser and rat-catcher. One Sunday morning the cat caught a young rat, which, instead of killing, she took into one of the rooms of the hostelry and put it along with a kitten she was nursing. She then lay down and suckled both the cat and the rat, and appeared to be more fond of the little rat than of her own offspring. The interesting family were visited by a number of people living in the district. The cat continued to nurse the rat until another cat found its way into the room, and seeing the young rat along with the kitten pounced upon it, and quickly killed it.

### BRAVE DEEDS BY BRAVE WOMEN. CATHARINA, COUNTESS OF SCHWARTZBURGH.

WHEN, in the year 1547, Charles the Fifth was returning through Thuringia to his camp in Swabia, the Countess of Schwartzburgh procured from him a promise that his soldiers should not harm her people while the army was passing through the territory. She, however, took the precaution of having her castle strengthened, and troops gathered there. In due course the Spanish general approached the city, and sent forward a message to the effect that he and his attendants would take their morning meal with the Countess. To this she returned a courteous answer, and prepared to receive her guests. When they came they were welcomed with every honour, and sat down to a splendid repast. They had scarcely taken their seats when a messenger arrived in great haste, and demanded to see the Countess. He brought the news that the Spanish soldiers were ill-treating the people in every village, robbing their houses, and driving away their cattle. On hearing this Catherine was filled with anger. Arming all in the castle, barring all its gates, and raising the drawbridge, she returned to her guests. Then she told them of their soldiers' conduct, and reproached them for their bad faith. They heard her reproaches with laughter, saying that such was always the custom of soldiers, and could not by any means be prevented.

'We shall soon see if that be so!' said the Countess in a loud voice. 'Princes' blood shall pay for oxen's blood, if my peasants get not their own again.'

With these words she gave a signal, and the room was soon filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, surrounded the astonished generals. The Spaniards started to their feet, but seeing that escape was impossible, sat down again with anxious hearts. But the Countess only wished for justice. A messenger was sent to the army, ordering all that had been seized should be given back; and when this had been done the Spaniards were allowed to leave the castle.

A. R. B.

### PAUL PROUDMAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### MR. TORRINGTON'S WAREHOUSE.



T was a sunny morning in June. The clocks were striking ten—such clocks, that is, as were made to strike; those that were not were contented with simply pointing at that hour with silent hands, and went on ticking in a dignified way, which put the strikers to the blush.

The clock in Mr. Torrington's warehouse, staring at you as you entered, was one of the noisier kind, and more talkative that morning than usual. It had struck ten times in a loud, sharp tone; but not satisfied with that, it went on striking in a merry style until, just as the little grey-haired gentleman, who had been engaged in conversation with Mr. Torrington, had given up the hope of ever hearing the last of it, the saucy-looking clock gave a jerk, and stopped short at twenty-five.

The little old gentleman whom we have mentioned looked at it with great attention through his spectacles for a few minutes, as if to make sure that it had quite finished, and then turning to Mr. Torrington, said,—

'An extraordinary clock!

'Yes,' said Mr. Torrington, with a smile, which came every now and then to relieve the somewhat stern and anxious look he usually wore, 'it is a striking piece of machinery: is it not?'

'Very striking, indeed!' laughed the old gentleman; 'very much so, in fact: too much so, perhaps. But now to business.'

Mr. Torrington was a wholesale stationer and printer, and at that time his business was at its height.

The number of people who kept passing in and out of the warehouse; the clatter of machines, which swept through into it from the workshops behind every time the glass door swung open, and that was pretty frequently; and Mr. Torrington's smile of satisfaction and look of importance, were among the many signs of the flourishing state of the business.

Everything was bustle and drive except where Mr. Torrington himself stood. He being the centre and pivot, as it were, of the concern, was calm and still, as the centre should be.

The little old gentleman in spectacles shook hands for the fourth time with the master-printer, and said in a half-doubtful way, as though he were not sure about it, 'I think that is all I have to say at present, so I wish you good morning.'

With these words he bustled towards the door, and was about to open it, when he turned back his head, the handle of the door in his hand, and said,—

'You won't forget the bills, Mr. T.: be sure and not forget the bills.'

Mr. Torrington once more assured him that the bills should not be forgotten, whatever else might be; and the talkative little gentleman, looking very much relieved, and nodding his head up and down as fast as he could, backed out of the warehouse into a man who was entering the same moment. He begged the man's pardon, however, and walked away, with his spectacles glistening in the sun, and smiling so at



everybody, that several persons nodded to him, supposing it to be somebody who knew them, but whom they had forgotten.

Much as we should like to follow this pleasant old gentleman, and find out who he was, we are compelled to take our readers back into Mr. Torrington's warehouse, where for a time the scene of our story is laid.

The man who had been run into was a shabby-looking person, in a brown overcoat, which served for all seasons; a hat which, if it had not been sat upon, looked very much like it; and trousers which writhed round his thin legs as though in pain, and curled off at the ends two inches or more short of a pair of boots which were in keeping with the rest of his attire, and seemed only to be held together by the mud with which they were encrusted.

He shuffled through the warehouse as quickly as he could, as though he wished to escape either Mr. Torrington's quick eye or the saucy round face of the clock, which stared at him over the glass door with a look of surprise, as he disappeared in the direction whence the noise of the machines came.

'Proudman is late, as usual,' observed Mr. Torrington. 'I am sure I do not know what is to be done with a man like that—two hours late!'

These words were spoken to a clerk, who for some time past had been busy with a pile of papers.

He looked up for a moment with a perplexed expression, which said plainly, that if Mr. Torrington did not know what was to be done, no one else could be expected to.

'One thing must be done, at least,' Mr. Torrington added, with a firm look in his lips, that proved him a man likely to keep his word. 'There must be a change.'

'You'll have to make it then, sir,' said the clerk, with a respectful air; 'I am sure he will not. I've advised him enough. It was only the other day I told him what this drink must bring him to if he did not leave it off, and he seemed to be sorry for it; and when I had done talking to him, and I thought I had had some effect upon him, he positively asked me to have a glass with him!'

'A sad thing!' said Mr. Torrington, more to himself than to the clerk: 'he was a smart man once.'

With these words he left the clerk to his papers, and with his hands folded behind him walked thoughtfully into the shop, where the noise of busy machines and busy tongues was stunning, till one got used to it.

The voices were hushed whilst Mr. Torrington stayed, which was only for a short time; for after a few words with the foreman he went out again.

'I want a word with James Proudman,' said the foreman, as the door closed on the principal.

The man of the brown coat came forward, and the foreman took him aside.

'Mr. Torrington has noticed you are always late, and he says that you must give up one of two things, drink or shop, so look out.'

Later in the day Mr. Torrington himself called him into a little office, which he kept for private use. He was a just man, as well as strict, and kindly disposed to all his workpeople.

'Proudman,' he said gravely, 'you have a wife and

children; it is for their sakes that I have borne with you as long as I have, and it is for their sakes that I speak to you now. No man could do better than you if it were not for this tipping. Give it up, man, in time. If you have a grain of manliness in you, give it up, or I'll be as good as my word.'

James Proudman shuffled away, promising to do better, and intending to do so.

Mr. Torrington had spoken the truth when he said that James Proudman was once a smart man. Bright in his intellect, sound in health, and blessed with the affection of a good, home-loving wife, there seemed little fear of him.

'He will do well!' was the opinion which the world had of James Proudman.

The world was wrong.

The very good nature and generous impulses which he had, made him a favourite, unfortunately, with those whose good opinion was not worth gaining.

His downfall began with joining these worthless fellows in a foolish practice they had of drinking together whenever they chanced to meet.

By this means he acquired a taste for the excitement of strong drink. His once clear mind became cloudy; he grew irregular in everything, except his visits to the 'Red Lion,' and other pothouses, where he paid so much towards the publican's rent that he failed to meet his own, so that his landlord turned him away from the decent house to which he had taken his young wife, and where his eldest son, Johnny, was born; but kept the best of their furniture for arrears. Now they were forced to live in a dirty court, in two small rooms, without light or comfort, and all this for the sake of one foolish indulgence.

His workfellows, meanwhile, were doing well. Some had bought houses of their own; others had gone into business on their own account, and were making their fortunes, whilst James had been turned out of his house, and made nothing but resolutions.

It might have been expected that the warning which Mr. Torrington had given him, as well as his own promise, would have had a lasting effect upon him.

The craving, however, and the dread of becoming unpopular with those false friends, who were really worthy only of contempt, were too much for him.

The next Monday morning came, and with it came James Proudman to Mr. Torrington's warehouse, two hours late as before, and tumbling through the door, he fell within a few inches of Mr. Torrington's feet.

It was quite in vain that he grumbled something about people throwing orange-peel about, and made a pretence of looking for what his feet had tripped at. The fault was not in his feet, but in his head. If this had been clear and done its duty, it would have been all right.

Mr. Torrington had nothing to do but to keep his word; and he kept it. James Proudman was dismissed; and, scarcely conscious of the full extent of what he had lost, he staggered away in the direction of home, or the little that was left worthy of that sacred name.

He had nearly reached his destination when, as luck would have it, he met an old friend of his who, not long before, had also been discharged for drunkenness.





James Proudman tumbling through the office door.

'Well, my boy,' he said, shaking the hand of his friend, who was even more unsteady on his feet than himself, 'where have you been to all this time?'

'Knocking about town a-bit,' said the other, who looked as though he had been knocking about town a good deal, and had got a few bruises in doing so.

'What have you been doing?' asked Proudman.

'Nothing,' was the reply. 'Just nothing at all; things were never down so low before.' Here the

effort of keeping himself up became almost too much for him. 'But let's turn in somewhere and talk about old times,' he said, by way of finish, hooking his arm in Proudman's.

James was willing; and the 'Red Lion' being near, the two pushed open the easy swinging door, and were soon deep in their cups, and their talk about old times, whose lessons they were so loth to learn.

*(To be continued.)*





"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world."

#### HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

**T**WO boys were returning home from school talking together, when one of them said, 'I wish I had all the pasture land in the world.'

The other said, 'I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'

'What would you do then?' said his friend.

'Why, I would turn them into your pasture land.'

'No, you wouldn't,' was the reply.

'Yes, I would.'

'But I wouldn't let you.'

'I wouldn't ask you.'

'You shouldn't do it.'

'I should.'

'You shan't.'

'I will.'

And with that they began to fight. And was not the cause of the boys' fight a specimen of the way in which quarrels begin amongst people who ought to be wiser?



## MAMMON WORSHIP.

(Concluded from page 237.)

## CHAP. XXXIII.—THE RETURN.



HE steamboat, the *Soho*, performing the service between London and Antwerp, was going up the Scheldt as usual. Passengers stood on the deck eagerly gazing towards the city. Their attention was more than once diverted by the extraordinary delight of three young men, with faces bronzed by the sun, who stood near the bows.

It is needless to say that they were our old friends, Donatus Kwik, Jan Creps, and Victor Roozeman.

The steamer had approached the city, and Donatus' noisy joking was interrupted by a cry of joy from Victor, who exclaimed, quite beside himself,—

'There! there! my mother, Lucia, and her uncle!'

'And my old father!' cried Creps. 'They see us; they are making signs to us; they are waving their handkerchiefs: the Captain is calling out his welcome to us, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands.'

The young men waved their hats, sending back a loud hurrah to the quay. They were wild with joy.

Amid these gestures of delight the steamer touched the quay. As soon as it was possible to land, Mrs. Roozeman was in the arms of her beloved son, who pressed her to his heart. With equal affection Creps embraced his old father. Kwik said nothing, but he sympathised in his friends' happiness.

Lucia stood trembling as she waited for Victor's greeting. The young man stammered an excuse in his mother's ear, and hastened towards her.

'Lucia! my good Lucia!' cried Victor. 'Thanks! thanks! you have not forgotten me. I have suffered so much; death has stared me in the face: but what are all these pangs and sorrows now that I have the happiness of seeing you again?'

The girl spoke some hardly intelligible words of joy; then, as if glad to find a pretext to change the subject, she exclaimed,—

'Victor, where is the good Donatus? Next to God it is to him that we owe your preservation.'

'Here is my deliverer!' replied Victor.

Lucia grasped the honest fellow's hand with the warmest gratitude. Victor's mother, the Captain, and Creps' father, also heartily shook him by the hand. The young man was quite overcome, but he managed to say that he did not deserve these marks of kindness; that indeed Mr. Victor had really helped and protected him during the journey.

The happy party left the steamer to go to their own homes.

When Kwik saw his friends turn down a side-street he pressed Victor's hand and said,—

'Now, Mr. Victor, good-bye; yonder is my road.'

'What do you mean, Donatus? Where are you going?'

'Can you ask? To Natten-Haesdonck.'

'No, good Donatus, come with us,' said Roozeman's mother. 'We have prepared a good dinner to celebrate Jan and Victor's return. You, their best friend,

must not be absent from the feast. Stay and sleep at our house; to-morrow morning you can start early.'

'Impossible, ma'am!' said Kwik, sadly. 'I shan't have a moment's rest till I know at least whether she is still alive—she for whose sake I went to that horrible country—California.'

'Anneken of Natten-Haesdonck? She lives!'

'Ah! you know her, ma'am?'

'Certainly. Since I received Victor's first letter I have been four times to her father's house.'

'Is she married, ma'am?'

'No, not yet.'

'God be praised!' cried Kwik; 'what a weight is taken off my heart!'

'She has been ill, the good girl,' said Lucia; 'but now she is well again.'

'Ill, miss? dangerously ill?'

'Rather so, Mr. Donatus. She is always thinking of you, and is very sad. Her father wishes to marry her to the blacksmith's eldest son.'

'And she has refused out of love for her poor Donatus!' cried Kwik. 'Thanks! thanks to the brave girl!'

Victor's mother sighed.

'What do you mean, ma'am, by that sad sigh?' cried Donatus.

'Nothing, good friend; only this policeman is a very obstinate man, and it is by no means certain that he will give you a friendly welcome at first: but don't lose courage.'

Kwik looked thoughtful. He muttered,—

'Ah, indeed! the blacksmith's son! He is a famous fellow; his father has money. Alas! alas!'

Lucia took him by the arm, and tried to restore his hope and confidence. They had reached Mrs. Roozeman's dwelling; they passed through the shop into a large room, where quite a feast was prepared.

Mrs. Roozeman sat between her son and Donatus, the Captain and his niece opposite, Creps and his father on either side. All did full justice to the repast. A hundred questions were put to the travellers about their adventures.

Victor, as he gazed on Lucia, was now and then troubled by an anxious thought. He had come back without a fortune, without gold. The Captain would without doubt hold to his first conditions, so that Victor would have to begin his long probation again, and the dearest wish of his heart could not be realised until he was independent. However, he tried to drive away those gloomy thoughts, and give himself up to the joy which filled all around him.

Jan Creps replied seriously to a remark of his father:—

'Listen, good father. I have returned poorer than when I started. This voyage, however, has taught me that one ought not to run after fortune in foreign lands, and that our own dear country offers enough happiness to him who tries to obtain it by work and industry. The folly of youth has now passed away. I shall look out for a fresh post in an office. The desk shall no longer weary me. Be certain of this, you will have no fault to find with me.'

His father did not seem to think much of these fine promises, and replied, with a smile, that they would settle that business later



At dessert Captain Moreels said that he wished to propose a toast: and he spoke as follows,—

‘My young friend Roozeman, I was the cause of your departure to California. I have attained my object; you have seen the world, and become a man of experience, with a strength of mind and with a beard on your chin. But as I was at the same time the cause of all the dangers and sufferings you endured, it is but just that I should do something to discharge my debt towards you. Come, friends, drink to the health of Victor Roozeman and his betrothed, Lucia Moreels. In six weeks the wedding shall take place! To my arms! to my arms!’ cried the Captain.

Scarcely were the words out of his lips when Victor and Lucia were clasped to his breast, while they blessed and embraced him. Freeing himself from them he said, laughing,—

‘Come, come, that will do! You need not choke me. I know very well that you love me sincerely, and that you will be happy.’

Creps’ father now got up, as he too wished to make a speech. Turning to his son he said,—

‘Jan, you promised me just now that you would work zealously to win an independent position in the country. This has pleased me, for it doubles the value of the good news which I have to tell you. My trade has been very flourishing during your absence, and I can now make some sacrifice to insure my son’s happiness. I have agreed with Captain Moreels; we shall unite between us the necessary capital to establish a house of colonial produce. We place this capital in the hands of those dear children whom God, after so many pains and trials, has brought back in safety to our arms. Well, friends, I wish the prosperity of the new house of business about to be founded under the firm of Jan Creps, Victor Roozeman, and Co.’

Loud applause followed these words; and Creps was especially delighted that this arrangement would link his fortune with that of Victor Roozeman.

But now Donatus hung his head over the table to hide his tears. All did their best to console him.

It was some time before Kwik could master his feelings and raise his head. Then he said,—

‘Well, I was thinking of my poor Anneken, but I must not be unhappy; the joy of my dear companions should console me. God is good, but the lot of all cannot be equally prosperous.’

‘We are forgetting the good Donatus,’ said the Captain. ‘A happy thought strikes me! At Aertselaer, not far from Natten-Haesdonck, I have a small farm, which might be increased in time. It is good, fertile land. The farmer is dead, and his widow leaves the farm next month. Would our friend Donatus like to rent this farm of me? If so, he shall have it on reasonable terms. I will help him by every means in my power. In the hope that he will accept, I wish all success to Master Donatus, farmer of the Blue Farm.’

Every one applauded, and congratulated Kwik. When silence was restored, he said,—

‘I don’t know how to thank you! You are too kind, my good friends. But without Anneken I can do nothing; without Anneken I won’t stay in this country; but I shall go to Holland and enlist as a soldier for Batavia.’

The servant came in and said to Victor’s mother, ‘There is a man in the shop, ma’am, who insists on speaking to you. He is dressed like a police-officer.’

‘If it were only Anneken’s father how I should dance with joy!’ cried Donatus. ‘Oh, how I wish it might be!’

Madame Roozeman left the room. Donatus was pale with anxiety.

The door opened, and he exclaimed, ‘Anneken! dear Anneken!’

‘Donatus! Donatus!’ was the reply.

And Kwik jumped up from the table, throwing two plates and three glasses to the ground, and ran to press Anneken in his arms.

But the police-officer stood between them, and pushed Donatus back, saying indignantly, ‘What boorish manners these are! Do you know where you are? Behave properly!’

His severe look made poor Donatus turn pale, as if he foresaw his sad fate. Holding out his trembling hands he stuttered, ‘Dear sir, have pity on me and on your good Anneken!’

‘Everything must take its course regularly and properly,’ said the police-officer. ‘I wish to say something to you, Donatus, which will give you pleasure; but I shall first, as it is proper to do, ask permission of these ladies and gentlemen.’

‘Yes, yes! make him happy, the good Donatus! We shall all be grateful to you!’ exclaimed everybody.

‘Donatus Kwik,’ said the police-officer, ‘you have brought 3000 francs in gold back from California: have you not? No, no, leave it: I believe what you say. You will be brave, honest, industrious? Well, then, make my Anneken happy: I accept you for my son-in-law. Come!’

Kwik threw himself into the arms which were opened to him, and embraced his future father-in-law.

He ran to Anneken, and pressed her also to his heart; but the police-officer separated them blaming him for his rude manners.

‘Pardon me,’ he cried, ‘I can’t help it: I am mad. Am I awake or in a dream? No, no, it’s all true! Anneken, the good Anneken, is to be my wife! I am to be the husband of Anneken! Ah, Mr. Victor, who could have hoped for this day when we dived into that abominable pool of icy water?’

Then, he added, ‘My friends, I pray for the health and long life of my Anneken, the farmer’s wife of the Blue Farm at Aertselaer! I bless God, Who has brought us safely back from all the dangers into which our wicked thirst for gold led us, and Who makes us now so happy with the prospect of honest work in our dear Fatherland.’

Here we leave our heroes, whose fortunes we have followed through many terrible scenes, into which their Mammon-worship had led them. These scenes, repulsive and savage as many of them have been, are not overdrawn pictures of the reckless wickedness into which the maddening thirst for gold leads its victims, and the purpose of the story is to encourage lads to be content to do their duty in such commonplace work as falls to their lot, and not to be too eager for money; remembering the proverb in the Divine Word, ‘They that make haste to be rich shall not be innocent.’





The betrothal of Victor and Lucia.





Potiphar Reed, the Chair-mender.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 244.)*

## CHAP. II.—PARADISE PLACE.



T the entrance of a court or blind alley, which, as if in mockery, had been named Paradise Place, for a dirtier, darker spot could scarcely be found, stood the 'Red Lion.'

The contrast between the 'Red Lion' and the black interior of Paradise Place was never more complete than at night-time, when the lamps of the former

were all a-blaze, and the entrance to the latter looked like the mouth of some dark cavern. Then it seemed as if all the light that might ever have shone in Paradise Place had been drawn out of it by the 'Red Lion;' and small doubt was there that the darkness of the one was to be explained by the glare of the other.

Whilst James Proudman the printer was standing with his boon companion at the bar of the 'Red Lion,' a group of women was assembled in Paradise Place, in front of James Proudman's house, gossiping on those topics which interested them.

They all, more or less, spoke in a very high tone, a manner peculiar to Paradise Place and other places of the kind, and probably it came from their speaking to each other, as they were in the habit of doing, from first-floor windows of opposite houses.

A little woman, who, with a pail of water, a bit of brush with no hair on it, and some pieces of hearthstone, was cleaning the doorstep of the house, was the centre of the group, and paused now and then to answer one or another of the women who addressed her.

'It's all very well, Susan Proudman,' said a tall, young woman, with arms that would have done credit to a blacksmith; 'it's all very well for you to preach about peace and quietness, but if peace and quietness can't be got cheaper than by letting those drunken men have it all their own way, I for one will do without peace and quietness.'

To tell the truth, the young woman looked as though she could do without, better than with, peace and quietness.

Susan Proudman, the little woman who was cleaning the doorstep, was of a mild disposition, so she blamed the other for showing such a quarrelsome spirit. 'You'll never do any good, Betsy,' she said, 'by railing at them.'

'And pray,' retorted Betsy, 'since you are so successful in your treatment of them, as any one knows who has seen your husband, perhaps you will be good enough to tell us how you do it.'

This was said in a sneering tone, which cut poor Susan to the quick, for she was only too well aware that her husband was far from deserving the praise which Betsy seemed to give him.

'Maybe,' she answered, quietly, 'if I went on like some of you he would be worse.'

'What ought we to do?' asked Betsy.

'Make your homes more comfortable for them,' said Susan, 'and try to please them instead of driving them away as some of you do.'

'That's what you call a Christian spirit, I suppose!' said Betsy, with a scornful toss of the head. 'I call it want of spirit, myself. I can keep my husband in order without lowering myself in that way.'

Betsy's husband was a meek little man, who gave no one any trouble, least of all his muscular wife; so that whatever plan Betsy had of keeping her husband in order, was certainly not one that could be adopted by all.

'It's my opinion,' she went on in her shrill voice, 'you have yourselves to thank if you are put on; if a man is bad at heart, your goodness won't have much effect on him, except to make him take advantage of you. Can't you keep that child of yours quiet, Polly?'

Polly was a meek-looking creature, and very small. She carried a large baby in her arms, and the weight of it seemed too much for her, whilst its cries, which were painful to hear, were certainly too much for Betsy's patience.

'I don't know what to do with the brat,' said Polly, in a peevish way, that showed her to be far from the gentle creature she looked, and hugging the poor child till it seemed on the point of choking.

Some one thought it must be hungry, and another fancied it must be a pin; but after its fit of choking it became quieter, and the buzz of talk began again.

'I believe,' said Betsy, 'we were all of us sent into the world to stand up for our rights.'

'I believe we were sent into this world to stand up for other people's rights, and not think about ourselves further than to fit ourselves for a better world,' said Susan, warmly.

'Bravo, bravo, little woman!' cried a voice from one of the houses opposite at that moment.

All eyes were turned in the direction of the speaker, a stout little man, who, as he sat at his work of chair-mending and wicker-weaving, had been singing and talking to himself all the morning for company's sake.

'It's old Reed,' said Betsy, scornfully. 'He is as drunk as a fiddler, and when he's like that he talks to himself like a madman.'

Here Polly's baby began to scream again in a heart-rending manner, so the women dispersed. Polly alone remained a little, and said in a tone of impatience,—

'Mrs. Proudman, whatever shall I do with this dreadful child? All night it was like this, and I thought Harry would have killed it.'

'Poor little innocent!' said Mrs. Proudman, rising and taking the child tenderly into her arms, after wiping her hands dry in her apron. She hushed it up in her bosom, and it fell asleep.

'They're not like older babies,' she said; 'they never cry when they are out of pain.'

'Mr. Winter is such a passionate man,' said Polly, in a complaining tone, 'I don't think he knows what he is doing when he's upset.'

At this moment a boy of some eight years of age ran out of Mrs. Proudman's house crying,—'O mother! baby's fallen in the fire, and burnt all her hair off!'

Dropping Polly's child hastily into its mother's



arms, and waking it up as she did so, she ran into the house to see after her own, and expecting to see her in flames.

It was not quite so serious, however, as that. In her fright she had forgotten that there was scarcely any fire in the grate. The only harm that was done was that Lucy had been frightened, and had singed her hair a little. The worst was already over.

Mrs. Proudman took little Lucy into her lap, kissed her, and soothed her, till she fell into a sound sleep, as children do after an accident; laying her then in the cradle, she went to her work again.

This work consisted for the most part in drenching the boards with water twice a-week, and scrubbing it partly with a piece of wood, that had long ago ceased to be a brush, partly with her knuckles, which she rubbed along the coarse floor without mercy, and which were never, therefore, quite free from sores. After this she would wipe them as dry as she could with a piece of cloth, with more holes in it than the most glorious old flag ever had after being torn to ribbons with cannon-balls and bullets.

It was a warm day, and the place steamed with moisture. There was not a dry spot anywhere, when the door opened and a head was thrust in, and a voice whispered hoarsely, 'Susan!'

Mrs. Proudman knew before she looked up that it was her husband.

'Jim!' she said, 'whatever has brought you home?'

'My legs, Susie dear,' said the drunkard, lurching in, and propping himself up against the door; 'arn't you glad to see me?'

He smiled at her in a silly way. He seemed to be anxious to win her good nature before he told her what had befallen him.

'Is there anything wrong at Torrington's?' she asked.

'Anything wrong at Torrington's?' Proudman stuttered. 'What should there be wrong at Torrington's? what's Torrington's to do with me.'

'You're discharged, James!' said Susan, beginning to weep.

'Well, Susie, what if I am?' said James, moving awkwardly towards her, and trying to put his lips to hers, as she drew back.

'What if you are, James?' she said, with a look of surprise and sorrow. 'How can you ask such a question?'

The thought of the ruin that was contained in these unhappy tidings swept over her; she buried her face in her apron and wept aloud, as she rocked herself to and fro on her seat.

The drunkard stood and looked at her with a stupid, helpless stare. He could not make out why she should take it in that way. To him it was rather a joke than otherwise in his present mood.

He tried to put his arm round his wife's neck, but she pushed him away. He stepped back, and in doing so, upset the pail of dirty water over the clean boards. Just then their eldest son Johnny came in. He stopped short when he saw what had happened.

Susan looked up at the sound of the opening door, and seeing her son, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Johnny! your father has done it at last!'

Johnny thought it was the pail which had been upset that his mother meant; and with an indignant

look at his father, whom, alas! he heartily despised, he said, 'What did he do it for?'

'Drunk, I suppose,' sobbed his mother. 'I knew it would come to this; and now we shall have to go to the workhouse, and I'd rather starve first.'

Johnny could not quite understand why the upsetting of a pail should make so much difference as that to them, and was going to say something of the kind, when he remembered, for the first time, that it was unusual for his father to be home so early in the day, and that led him to suspect that there was something else besides the pail to account for his mother's words.

'Why is he home here?' he said, putting his arm round his mother's neck. She had repulsed her husband, but not so Johnny; she drew him towards her, and said,—

'He's lost his place.'

These few words threw all the light upon the scene that was needed. Johnny put his face against his mother's, kissed her, and said in a hopeful tone, 'Never mind, mother, I'll go out to work; I'm twelve, you know, and I'll soon get a place. It will be all right.'

As he was speaking, little Paul, the second of Susan's three children, had crept in, and completed the family group.

He stared, as Johnny had done before him, at the scene; and began to whimper, when he heard his mother's sobbing and saw the apron up at her eyes.

He caught the meaning of Johnny's words, and wishing to console his mother, stole to her side, and whispered, with a trembling voice, 'So will I, mother. I'll go out to work, too; Johnny and I will go out together, won't we, Johnny? and bring home lots of money.'

The mother put her arms round the two boys, and felt better for their brave hopes, in spite of herself. It was a sad group. Alas! how happy might they not have been, with their loving hearts, but for the one miserable sin; the sin which is the cloud and curse of so many homes, the breaking-up and scattering of so many families, who would otherwise be happy and united!

What did the drunkard and author of their misery do? It was impossible but that he felt some bitter twinge of regret, although he did not show it. Whether he felt shut out from that sympathy with his wife and children which he ought to have claimed, and he was angry at it, or not, is uncertain. He only scowled on the little family group and stumbled out of the house, leaving them to themselves and their sad thoughts.

(To be continued.)

### THE INEVITABLE.

**B**EHOLD that boy in naval blue,  
With auburn locks so soft and rich,  
And earnest eyes that look one through:  
His toy-ship sailing in the ditch.

I know him well: he hath a love,  
An eager hankering for the sea,  
All other hankerings above,  
And strong as life itself may be.





And I am sure, if he should live,  
Ere ten more summers deck the plain,

This cottage by the ditch will give  
Another landsman to the main.





1. Kingfisher.

2. Nightjar.

3. Martin.

4. Swift.

5. Swallow.

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### VII.

**K**INGFISHER, Martin, Nightjar, Swallow, Swift, this is the order in which the birds are placed in the picture, beginning from the bottom. And what a pretty picture it is, with each bird just in the attitude most natural to it! There is the Kingfisher, sitting on a stone at the margin of a brook, across which a tree has fallen, ready to dive after any little

fish that may come in sight. Then there is the Martin, resting after one flight, and just preparing for another. The Goatsucker (or Nightjar), you notice, sits *along*, not *across* the trunk of the tree; while above, the Swallow is soaring in graceful circles, and further off the Swift is dashing through the air with shrieks of joy at the ecstasy of such tremendous speed.

The Kingfisher is not only the most beautiful of English birds, but one of the most beautiful of all birds. To see it flying along the surface of a stream



makes you think of how a diamond, or, more lovely still, a dewdrop glistening in the sun, would look were it flying! But, alas! the gift of such exceeding beauty too often proves fatal to the poor kingfisher, as he gets persecuted and shot down in order to be stuffed, set up in a case, and sold. But for all this he is not uncommon, and if you sit quietly by the side of some large pond or stream you will very likely see him; and if you do, you will be able to go home and thank God for having made such a lovely creature.

If you have ever walked at evening in some unfrequented wood, you may have heard a sound, something like the humming of a large spinning-wheel. It was the Nightjar—the fellow sitting along the branch, and a most singular bird he is. His plumage is as soft as an owl's, and his flight is therefore just as noiseless; his great eyes enable him to see in the dark like a cat; and his enormous mouth must strike terror into the heart of any moth or beetle that sees it. You may watch him for an hour at a time hawking round the trees for these insects, for it is on these that he lives exclusively; but as for his sucking goats, he can no more do it than he can eat soup with a spoon! And yet people once thought he did, and so gave him the name of Goatsucker: but what they really saw was his catching the insects which were teasing the goats. So, you see, half seeing is as dangerous as half hearing, and is just as sure to lead us into error.

We now come to the Swallows, our graceful summer visitors, whose return every spring gladdens our hearts, as it is the assurance that 'the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.' At the same time we know that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' as dear old Æsop reminds us in the fable.

There are some five or six sorts of swallows which come and spend the summer with us, but the best known are the three in the picture; of these, the Swallow himself is the first to arrive, and towards the end of March we may begin to look out for him; the next is the Martin, while the last to come and the first to go is the Swift. He is seldom to be seen before the first of May, and by the fifth of August he is off again, so he only spends about three months of the year in England. It seems pretty certain that the whole family pass the winter in Africa, most likely in the great forest region south of the Sahara. And now I will tell you what a very celebrated and clever man, Sir Humphry Davy, said of those charming visitors:—

'The swallow,' he says, 'is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he cheers my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the glad prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the liveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy and for the palms of Africa.'

And to complete this picture we may add, that his life is as useful as it is beautiful; as but for him we should be overrun with swarms of gnats and other insects.

### A TERRIBLE BLANKET.

WE were on the Continent when I met with my terrible blanket. We were going up one of the passes on foot, and somehow I lagged behind. I had an alpenstock in my hand; and as I went swinging it away, it struck against a lump of rock which hung over a precipice, so deep that, sailor as I am, I trembled as I looked down. The stick bounded from the rock against my shin, and so I resolved that the granite should take a run.

But it was tough work; for the stone was big, and well set in the rock: but, after a deal of straining and pushing, down it went.

The job must have taken me longer than I thought, for when I looked before me, I could see no one; and as I looked I began to see that twilight was coming on; and since among mountains night follows almost immediately on twilight, I hastened onwards.

I do not think I had gone twenty yards when I saw that a storm was brewing, and it was on me in no time; and as the snow came down, it grew so dark that a great curtain seemed to be drawn over the sky.

Well, I groped on, but I didn't like it. If it had been a storm at sea, I should not have cared much; if the mountains about me had only been of water, I should not have cared at all; but when I knew that a false step might send me toppling down, as the rock had toppled before me, I don't mind owning that I grew to like it less and less.

I stooped down to look at the path, as well as I could in the little remaining light; and I found that I was in no path at all.

As the last rays of light died out, and as the snow whirled about me, I turned cautiously towards a slope of rock, feeling with my stick before I took a step (for the snow will fill up a crevice in no time, and you may sink twenty feet before you know where you are); and at last I touched the rock.

There was still a glimmer of light left; and by it I just saw a black part of the rock, which I took to be a cave. So I crept into it, and crouched down on the ground.

Well, I hadn't lain there three minutes when it became pitch-dark. I don't know whether any of you have ever been in the dark when full of fear and anxiety; but if you have, you know how every minute seems like an hour.

Suddenly I thought of my match-box; and I believe I shouted as I thought of it, for a second idea came into my head.—Suppose I struck the matches about one a minute, they would not only help me through the darkness, but they might guide those who were looking for me to my place of shelter.

So out came the match-box, and the next moment I had struck a light. Why I looked round the cave I can't tell; but I did; and I caught my breath, as you may suppose, when away in the dark I saw two great yellowish-green balls of fire.

I don't think I moved for a moment, and then I began to ask myself whether it was not all fancy.

So I thought I would strike another light; but the box had fallen among the snow, and when I felt for the matches they were all mixed up with the snow.

Now, what was I to do? If I went out of the



cavern I should be frozen to death; while to remain in the cave, and near those dreadful balls of fire, was enough to drive one mad: so I curled myself up as small as possible, and lay shivering. I had only lain for what I now know to be a very short time, but which I took to be hours, when something soft came against my knees and elbows.

I dashed out my fist, and felt it sink a foot deep in the soft snow, which I found had drifted up against the opposite side of the cavern till it fell over upon me.

So I found that I was being snowed up, and that I must either go nearer those dreadful balls, which by this time I was sure were no fancy, and which I felt certain were looking towards me through the darkness, or I must stay where I was to be buried alive.

I don't know how I came to the decision; but I did at last decide to go further into the cavern, and so I shuffled out of the way of the snow. And then I lay still again, waiting. In a moment or so, surrounded by danger as I was, I began to find myself actually going quietly to sleep. I had no notion then that that sleep would have been the sleep of death.

In another minute or so I felt a warm air on my face; but I was too sleepy to move, and so I lay still.

And then I felt four weights press, one after the other, upon my body, and then a soft, heavy weight sunk down upon me. I guessed it was an animal of some kind. I felt quite sure of this, when a muzzle was placed close to my mouth.

I dare say you will hardly believe it, but in a few moments all my fear had gone, and I found myself growing grateful to this creature, for he made me so good a blanket that the heat came back into my body, and I felt no longer the strange sleepiness.

I do not at all know how long I had thus lain, when I heard a distant bark, which disturbed the regular breathings of my hairy friend, and I felt his big heart beat quicker above me. Again there was a bark, and it sounded much nearer than the first. As my blanket heard it, he uttered a half-growl and leapt off me.

The barking and the start of the animal roused me; so that I plunged through the snow, which was above my head, to the entrance to the cave. I found the whole mountains were light again, with the stars and the rising moon, for the storm was over.

But, more blessed sight than all was that of a brave big dog, who leapt upon me, and placed a fore-paw upon each of my shoulders, while not far off I saw one of the monks coming towards me.

I afterwards learnt that when my friends missed me, and told the guide, he saw the storm coming, and said it would be impossible to turn back; that they might think themselves fortunate if they reached the monastery of St. Bernard safely themselves; and if they did, the monks and their dogs would do their best to save me. They reached the convent just as the storm began, and the monks sent out their noble dogs to seek me, though they had but little hope of saving my life.

I shall pass over my arrival at the monastery. I was welcomed so kindly that you might have thought that my friends had not seen me for a year.

They were very willing to hear my adventures; but when I came to the two balls of fire, and the heavy animal who had made himself my blanket, they laughed, and said I was giving them a traveller's tale.

They were still laughing, when my eyes fell on my greatcoat, which was hanging on a chair, and I at once pointed to some yellowish hairs sticking to it. This was proof positive, and I was more of a hero than ever.

The next morning, when all of us travellers assembled for our simple breakfast, the young monk who had discovered me had a tale to tell. Out of curiosity, he had gone down to the cave, which was a very little way from the convent, and in it he had found an immense wolf, frozen, and stark dead, for the cold of the night had been intense.

I went down myself to see the poor old fellow, and I declare he looked as large as a calf; and as for his fangs, I think they would have gone through a deal board.

I begged his body of the monks, brought the skin home, and had it stuffed; and I can tell you, when I come into the room where he lies, and the sun is shining on his glass eyes, I often find myself giving a start, as if he were still alive, and as if I were still lying under my terrible blanket.



## A CLEVER SHEEP-DOG.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK was staying in Cumberland with a college friend of his, whose father farmed his own estate. His friend said to him one day, 'You are so fond of dogs, you ought to ask my father to tell you how his life was saved by his favourite shepherd dog.' The Professor did so, and heard the following story:—'When I was a young man my father said to me, "There is a heavy snowstorm coming on, ride up the mountain and see that the flock of sheep we have lately bought is properly folded." So off I set, mounted on a frisky colt, and accompanied by my favourite dog. My errand over, I was returning home, when my horse not only kicked me off but kicked me afterwards, so that my leg was frightfully broken. The night was coming on, the snow falling heavily; nothing could be more perilous than my position, as I could not move. In despair I dipped my glove in my blood and gave it to my sheep-dog, saying, "Take this straight home—let no one stop you from going into the parlour to my father, and fetch me help." As if the beast had understood every word, he seized the glove and tore home. The servants tried to catch him in vain—he forced his way into the parlour and dropped the glove on my father's lap, whining piteously. My father knew the glove, and saw that some accident had occurred; he gathered the men on the farm, and, guided by the dog, they came to my rescue.'





A clever Sheep-dog.





Paul and his toddling sister Lucy.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 251.)*CHAPTER III.—POTIPHAR REED GIVES PAUL A  
LITTLE ADVICE.

**L**T was a harder time than ever for poor Susan Proudman, for she had only the few shillings she herself could earn at washing and ironing upon which to support herself and her family. Her husband went about from place to place trying to get employment, but his character had got there before him, so no one would take him. He was really anxious to get work, for one thing, if for no other—he had nothing to get drink with. For a time he borrowed money from his friends, but when they found out how he was situated they treated him coldly. He was surprised at finding them so ungrateful, considering the liberal way in which he had treated them in his better days; but he was, if anything, still more surprised that those who had blamed him for his folly were the only ones who gave him the least help.

At first, Johnny had been as good as his word. He went out every morning, and for a time sought a situation, but when he found that the masters were already suited with some one else, or that he was not suited to the masters, he grew tired of it.

Other objects attracted him from the purpose he should have kept steadily in view, and helped to efface the generous impulse which had at the outset prompted him.

Johnny was, perhaps, too impulsive. He was always going to do great things, but somehow he never did more than think about them, and in the meantime little things, which were just as necessary to be done, were left undone.

When he started away in the morning with his clean face and brushed clothes, he seemed in so great a hurry to get off lest he should be too late, that his friends felt sure he would be successful. They imagined Johnny taking his bright looks and obliging manners into one house of business after another, and getting nearer the right one every minute.

Where was Johnny all the time?

Some boys had met him and tempted him to turn aside, and he had yielded.

In the evening he accounted for his day's absence with falsehoods, and this was becoming a regular thing.

Whilst Johnny was acting in this sinful way, Paul made wry faces because he was not old enough to go out as Johnny did, and earn a lot of money.

'It won't be long, Paul,' his mother would say, 'and you are helping me very much, you know, by minding Lucy.'

Paul was only half satisfied with this. He could not see how he could be doing much by merely nursing Lucy, and he half believed that his mother was making a great mistake in going out herself to work and leaving him at home, when he would be able to earn so much more than she did.

Little Lucy, all this time, felt nothing of these troubles. Her heart was full of her own small trials, the greatest of which now was that she was always falling about in her struggles to walk, which everybody else seemed to do so easily.

From being always with him, Lucy grew to like Paul better than any one else, and cried when he was not with her. He was such a capital nurse, too, and she knew it. She knew that no one could make such funny faces as he could; that no one could mew, and crow, and whistle, like him—no, not even the cats or the birds themselves: at any rate, Lucy liked the way he did it the best.

Paul was meanwhile doing more than nurse Lucy: he was using a very large pair of eyes, and a very sharp pair of ears, to learn what was going on in the world round him. At present his world consisted of Paradise Place, and the little bit of the High Street on which Paradise Place opened. There was not much scope for him, it is true; but he did what it is right to do at all times—he made the best of it.

Paradise Place was made up mostly of small white-faced houses, with green shutters. There was also a pump in the middle, which had dried up before the time of the oldest inhabitants, and which was only used now by the children as a toy.

The place was made more cheerful than it would otherwise have been by boxes of mignonette and creeping-jenny, which the tenants put on the window-sills, whilst they left the windows open for the scent to come in. Among the principal of the dwellers of Paradise Place were the four shopkeepers: Wells, the greengrocer; Potiphar Reed, the chair-mender and basket-maker; Smith, the corn-chandler; and Spriggs, the bird-fancier. These four kept the only shops in Paradise Place, and it was not known certainly which of them was the oldest inhabitant.

Wells did the largest trade. His connexion extended to the neighbouring streets; and on particular days the servants of the big people came there and gave their orders, and then several boys were sent away with baskets and trucks piled with coals, firewood, and vegetables.

If Wells did the most business, Smith, the corn-chandler, did the least. He had never been known to smile. He never used two words if one would do, and did without that when it was possible. His few customers were as regular in their calls as they were irregular in their payments. If he sold a few pounds of flour on credit, and a pennyworth of linseed-meal for poultices for ready money, and gave change for sixpence, he was thought to be driving a brisk trade, for him. Altogether it was one of the mysteries of the place how Smith kept the shop going at all. It is true there was a young woman who was supposed to be his daughter, and who went out every morning with a satchel on her arm and a brown-paper parcel under it; and this young woman was noticed to come back at night with the same satchel and another little brown-paper parcel; so the neighbours thought that she must go out to work, and that her father and she lived on her earnings, and that the shop was most likely kept open for the sake of the old man having something to do, and think about. A candle that was seen by the neighbours burning



in one of the upper windows till a late hour in the night threw a little more light upon the subject, but it was never quite cleared up.

Old Potiphar Reed, who lived next door, was a curious character, but a favourite with almost every body. He was a great gossip. When he could get no one else to talk to, he would talk and sing to himself about a certain 'Mary Ann,' who was either an old sweetheart of his, or a being of his own fancy, and who, he declared several times a day, was the girl whom his soul loved best. He had a grandson living with him, named Walter, and he took a great deal of pride in him, and went to much expense in sending him to a good school; for all which kindness the boy repaid him by playing truant as often as he could, and getting into all sorts of mischief. Old Potiphar was one of the merriest-looking men possible. There was such a twinkle in his eye, and he was so full of good humour, that no one could help liking him. Above all, he knew something about herbs, and if anybody in the place had an ailment he was ready and willing to treat the sick person, often with success. He was unlike many physicians in one thing, there was never any difficulty in seeing him, for from the time when the birds began to twitter at Spigg's, to the time when they left off twittering, Potiphar was to be seen at his work in front of his door, singing and whistling as merrily as possible, and more like a bird himself in his nature than anything else. One bad quality belonged to Potiphar, however, which birds are free from. He drank when he was not thirsty, and, therefore, when it did him harm.

Spigg's, the bird-fancier, was as surly as Potiphar was genial. He always had a short pipe in his mouth; wore a hair cap, and carried a thick heavy stick in his hand. Besides being a bird-fancier, he was a dog-fancier; that is, he took a fancy to stray dogs. It was feared, too, that he often took a fancy to dogs that were not straying. Very little was seen of him; which was a good thing, perhaps, considering what an unpleasant person he was to look at. Most of his time he spent out, and when he was at home he was mostly on the roof, whistling and waving his arms to a number of pigeons that flew about in all directions. The lower part of the house was occupied by squirrels, rabbits, mice, gold fish, and birds of all kinds in cages, whilst the back-yard and the front of the shop were, as a rule, frequented by a crowd of clucking hens and crowing cocks, who woke the people up at daybreak, and from time to time had a swarm of little balls of chickens, with yellow fluff and little piping cries, which were the wonder and delight of the children.

One morning as Paul was leading his toddling sister Lucy up and down the court, and looking with open eyes at the things we have just described, he thought he would ask Potiphar a question; so after standing a little while, watching the old man at his work in silence, he at last made up his mind to speak.

'Good morning, Potiphar,' he said. Everybody called the old man by that familiar name.

The old man looked up. He had not been aware of any one's presence; the fact being, that owing to the presence of a large can which he had lifted to his lips somewhat too frequently, he had become greatly troubled with recollections of Mary Ann, that mys-

terious young woman whom his soul loved best, until he had been obliged to take little balls of snuff into his nostrils to release the tears that were gathered in his eyes.

He was humming his favourite ditty when he heard Paul's greeting, and stopping short in the middle of the refrain, he said, in his usually merry tone,—

'Well, Tommy, what's the time of day?'

Old Potiphar called all little boys 'Tommy,' and always began by asking them the time.

'I want to ask you a question, Potiphar,' said Paul, seriously.

'Ask away, Tommy,' said Potiphar, taking up the can.

'If you were a little boy,' said Paul, 'and you wanted to get a lot of money, what would you do?'

This question had been in Paul's mind for a long time, and he could find no answer for it, so he had settled to ask Potiphar.

Potiphar wiped his lips, and looking at Paul with some surprise, he exclaimed, 'What?'

Paul repeated the question, whilst the old man stopped up one nostril with a ball of snuff.

Potiphar did not answer for some minutes, but twisted the cane in and out of the chair whilst he thought about it.

'I'll ask you another question, Tommy,' he said at last. 'If you were a gray-headed old fellow like me, and you wanted a lot of money, what would you do?'

'Do you want a lot of money, Potiphar?' inquired Paul, taken aback at having his own question put to him.

'Oh, no, Tommy!' said the old man, with the twinkle in his eye. 'I don't want it, neither do the dukes and duchesses want it, nor the lord mayor and aldermen; none of them want it. Oh, dear, no!'

Potiphar very plainly meant that they did.

Paul thought he might have asked too much.

'I don't mean a lot of money, Potiphar,' he said; 'not a great lot, that is: I only want a little, just enough to buy Lucy a frock, and mother a house, and —'

He stopped short, for he felt that if he said all he wanted to buy a little money would no longer do.

'That makes all the difference, Tommy,' said Potiphar, cheerily; 'a lot and a little are two kinds of things. If you only want a little, I think you might look forward to getting it; only Tommy, remember, that the less you want the more likely you are not to be disappointed.'

Here Potiphar sneezed so loud that Lucy was very much frightened, whilst the pigeons that had been flocking round fluttered away in a cloud.

'I've made a few things out in my time, Tommy, that would make you open your eyes; things that you know nothing about, and couldn't understand if I was to tell you: but if you want to be a happy man, Tommy, don't think too much of money. It's a bad thing.'

'What is money?' asked Paul, who began to fear that he had been making a mistake all his lifetime.

'Money!' said Potiphar, putting down the can empty, and wiping his lips with the corner of his apron; 'money, Tommy, is the root of all evil, some people say; but what I think about it is this,—There are two kinds of people in this world, Tommy: there's





The Village School.





A pleasant Hour for Grannie.



the rich, and there's the poor: the rich have got the victuals, and the poor have got the empty stomachs; and it is the policemen's duty to keep the victuals from getting into the stomachs.'

'I don't understand that,' said Paul.

'No, Tommy, of course not; but one day you will,' said Potiphar. 'When you are a bit older you'll make out a thing or two, like me. But let me tell you one thing, Tommy, that my father told me,—"Never," said he, "never make out a thing to be worth more than it really is, Potiphar," and I never did. I might make these baskets and things look much finer than they do, and yet not be half as strong; but I never would, Tommy, and don't you, there's a good boy.'

Potiphar stooped to pick up the can, and then picked himself up and went indoors, leaving Paul to think over what he had heard.

(To be continued.)



### TRUE AND TRUSTY.

FEW days before the *Jura* sailed with the navvies for the Crimea, two men asked to see me (says Miss Marsh, in her *English Hearts & English Hands*); and with some hesitation and fear, 'lest it should be thought taking advantage of kindness,' they requested the loan of half a sovereign each, to enable them to go down into the country to take leave of their wives and children.

The night before the vessel sailed, both came to the Rectory to repay the loan.

'Are you sure, my friends, that you can afford to give it back?'

'Quite sure: and thank you, ma'am.'

'But what have you left for your lodging to-night and breakfast to-morrow?'

'Oh, we've paid our lodging! all's square.'

'But for breakfast?'

A moment's pause ensued: then came the cheerful answer,—

'With the good supper we've just made here, and the good dinner we shall get aboard ship, we don't want no breakfast.'

Of course, that arrangement was not permitted to stand. But when we met on board ship we found that, whilst other men had been laying out from ten to twenty shillings a-piece in warm vests, John and James had been obliged to do without them, to enable them to repay their debts. So, there they stood on deck, in that biting cold, with nothing warmer than a slop over their shoulders, and with small chance of having the warm clothing, provided by Government, given out for some days. It was not to be borne. So, early in the day, we despatched a messenger for four warm knitted vests from London. Five o'clock came: the darkness of a December night was deepening. Our last farewell words were said,

and the last man's hand had been shaken. There was no longer any reason for remaining; yet our messenger had not returned. There was plainly some mistake; and the ship would, probably, sail before the parcel could now reach our friends.

The colder blew the night breezes about us as we drove through Deptford, the more unbearable was the thought of these two men suffering from their high and delicate sense of honour towards us. We drove from shop to shop, before anything like the articles of clothing we wanted could be found. At last, at the fifth shop which we searched, they were obtained. But who was to take them to the ship? No shopman could be spared.

Beneath a lamp in the street stood a group of boys. Its light fell on a face which seemed to introduce the sort of messenger I desired. The story was told him.

'Now, my boy, we are strangers, and I do not want to know your name or where you live, nor any clue to either. You might take these vests and make twenty shillings upon them, or give them away to your father and brothers if you chose. I should never send the policeman after you. But my confidence in the honour of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down. And those nobly honest men would suffer, and might take cold and go into a consumption and die, and their wives and children break their hearts about them.'

The boy's eyes flashed under the lamplight, and snatching the parcel he said,—

'Trust me. I'm the boy for it.'

Eighteenpence happened to be all the money we had with us, after paying for the vests. I told him how sorry I was for this; but that it would pay his boat each way, and he would have sixpence and a happy heart to lie down with at night.

'It's plenty. Father's a waterman; I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right!' And off he ran.

A note had been enclosed in the parcel to one of the officers with whom I had had conversation, requesting him to send me one line by post, that night or next morning, to say that the parcel had reached the men for whom it was meant.

The next day passed, and the next, but no letter came from the *Jura*. We read in the *Times* that she had sailed on Thursday morning. The day posts of Saturday arrived, but brought no news of the parcel. My trust failed.

'My boy is dishonest,' I said, 'and my confidence in human honour can never be the same again.'

By the last post on Saturday evening came a note from the officer alluded to, stating that about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a boy had brought a parcel on board, and had requested permission to deliver it to the two men, whose names he gave, in the presence of the captain of the ship.

Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of the oars, as he left the ship's side, was the shout,—

'Tell that 'ere lady I have kept my word, and the jackets was in time.'

All honour to the English boy who sustained my right to trust my brothers, young or old! The world is not so wide but we shall meet again, I hope; and meet when we may, the trusty and the trusting will be friends.



## SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

GOLDSMITH was so absent-minded as sometimes to commit most curious blunders. On one occasion he was staying in Bath, at the house of Lord Clare. The Duke of Northumberland lived close at hand, in a very similar house. Coming in one morning from an early walk, Goldsmith mistook the house, and entered that of the Duke, and made his way to the room where the family were about to begin breakfast. The poet thinking himself in Lord Clare's house, and supposing those present to be visitors, seated himself with the air of one familiar to the place. The Duke and Duchess, seeing his mistake, sought to save him from feeling awkward, talked pleasantly about matters in Bath, and invited him to join them at breakfast. The truth suddenly flashed upon Goldsmith's mind. He rose from his seat, hastily apologised for his mistake, and was about to retire; but the Duke and Duchess courteously expressed their pleasure at having met him, though in such a way, and did not allow him to retire until he had promised to dine with them.

LA FONTAINE, in addition to being a very dull companion, was also one of the most absent of men. On one occasion he attended the funeral of a friend with whom he had been very familiar. Some days afterwards he went to his house to pay him a visit. On being told of his friend's death he seemed much surprised, but soon recovered himself, and exclaimed, 'True, true; I went to his funeral!'

AN amusing incident took place during one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland. In the course of his journey he stopped at a village, and, as his habit was, took great notice of the many dogs, jotting down sketches of such as took his fancy most. On the next day he continued his journey. As he passed through the village Landseer was surprised and horrified to see dogs of all kinds, some of which he recognised, hanging dead from trees or railings on every side. Presently he saw a boy, who, with tears in his eyes, was hurrying a young pup towards the river to drown it. He questioned the urchin, and to his surprise found that the villagers looked upon him as an excise officer, who was taking notes of the dogs with a view to prosecuting the owners of such as had not paid their tax.

THE life of Washington furnishes us with many proofs of his love of punctuality. When visiting Boston once, he appointed eight o'clock as the hour for starting for a certain place. Precisely at the moment he mounted his horse, and was some distance on his way before his escort, who were not prepared for such exactness, were at the starting-place. Having made an appointment to look at some horses which were for sale, he appeared at the moment agreed on. The seller came a quarter of an hour later, and was told that the President had been there at the time named, but was then fulfilling other engagements.

A. R. B.

## RED INDIANS IN THE DARK.

ONE year an almost total eclipse of the sun took place in America. Educated people knew exactly how it all would happen and took a great interest in it, watching through pieces of smoked glass the gradual withdrawal of the sun from sight. Even less well-informed people were curious to learn something of the cause of this strange, depressing darkness of the day-time; but the poor, ignorant North American Indians had room for only one feeling during the eclipse, and that was overwhelming terror. Some threw themselves on their knees and prayed wild prayers to God; others sank face downward on the earth, trembling before this great mystery; others, again, yelled and shrieked in frantic excitement.

Only one old fellow was collected enough to think of an expedient for averting this new and terrible evil of thick darkness. He stepped into his lodge, reappearing shortly with a pistol in his hand, which, after mumbling a few strange words, he pointed towards the hidden sun and fired. Then he threw his arms over his head in wild fashion and disappeared once more into the lodge.

As it happened, the moment he had chosen for this performance was the one when the eclipse had reached its fullest height. A little gleam of light now announced the sun's return into public life. His brother Indians, however, were sure the pistol-shot had done the work, and as each advancing moment restored them to fuller light and confidence they joyfully surrounded the old warrior, congratulating him on the energy and promptitude with which he had recalled a fugitive sun to its sense of duty.

H. A. F.

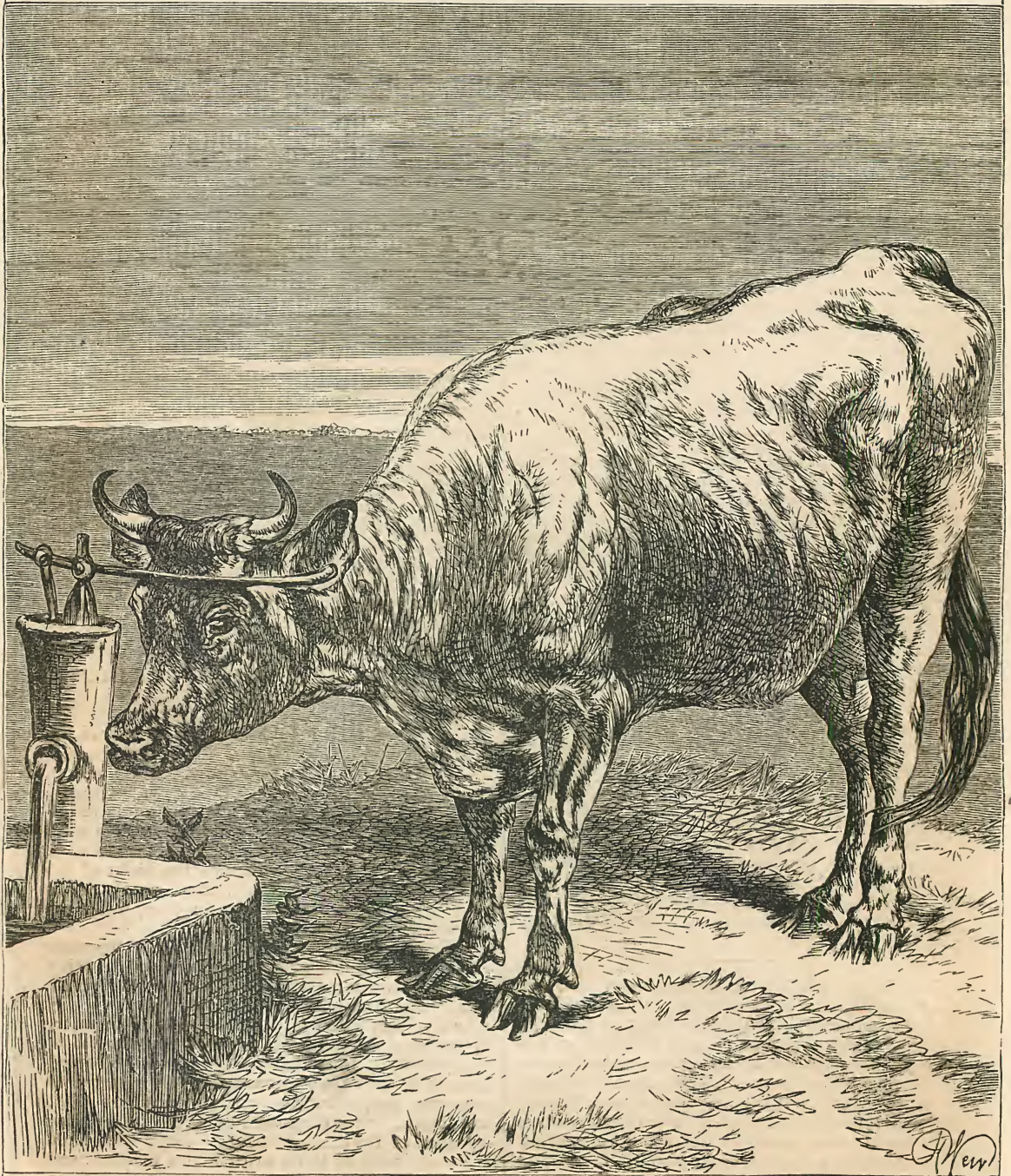
A COW WORKING  
A PUMP.

WE often hear of the sagacity of the horse and the dog, and even of the poor donkey, but we seldom hear of a clever cow. It seems, however, that even cows can observe and act in a sensible way. My informant, who resides at a small village on the banks of the river Trent, about a mile and a half from Nottingham, writes me as follows:—

'We have a wonderful cow here—about ten years old, and very clever at opening gates and breaking fences. There is an Abyssinian pump about three feet high in the centre of the field, near my house, over a trough, which is, or ought to be, filled daily. It was on a hot day, when my man had omitted to pump the trough full, that the cow was first observed to help herself: the way in which she managed to pump was by pushing the handle up with her head, and then forcing it down with her horns. Very little elevation of the handle is required to get water, and she would work at it for five minutes together, and sometimes drank from the spout, and sometimes from the trough. This pumping was noticed several times during the summer, when the trough was short of water.'

W. CURSHAM.





Cow working a Pump.





The New Baby.



## THE NEW BABY.

**A** NEW little baby came down from the sky—  
 Came down from the sky in the night :  
 A soft little baby with violet eyes,  
 Shining, and pure, and white.

But how did the little new baby get  
 Down here from the depth of the sky ?  
 She couldn't have come alone, you know,  
 For she's much too young to fly.

Oh ! the angels carried her down in their arms  
 From the far-away, beautiful blue ;  
 Brought her down from the arms of God,  
 A present to me and to you.

Gently they rocked and kissed her,  
 For fear that she might cry  
 When she was left alone in the dark,  
 And the angels said ' Good-bye ! '

So, you see, we must kiss the baby,  
 And give her a lot of love,  
 That she may not need the angels  
 Till she meets them again above. E. H.

## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from p. 262.)

## CHAPTER IV.—THROWING STONES.



**T** was a beautiful summer's morning. The sun was shining bright and clear in the bluest of skies, whilst far, far beneath, London spread itself out in all the pride of its Cathedral dome, its towers and steeples, its tall tapering shafts and countless roofs. Even the smoke was lighted up with the sunshine, and seemed like a shining glory hung over the huge city; whilst the city itself lay like some lazy, peaceful giant, in the warm blue light, resting himself after a spell of labour.

A soft cool breeze blew gently by, and as it went carried little wreaths of fiery clouds across the sky. It swept the great volumes of smoke which poured out of the factory chimneys, and a hum as of some great hive, away over the roofs and crowded streets to the quiet, sweet-smelling fields, which lay amid their flowers in a dream of sunshine and peace. It wafted the kindly perfume of the mignonette in at the open windows of the poor people, to remind them of the country, which, shut in as they were, they were too likely to forget. Among other things it carried up in its gentle arms, up into the blue space above, a most beautiful kite, with a long-tufted tail and fluttering silver wings—up, till it was only a tiny glittering spot in the sky.

What an object of wonder that kite was to little Paul, who stood in the centre of the court, motion-

less as the dry old pump, looking with open eyes and mouth up between the closely-packed chimneys at the glorious thing, where it floated like a thing of life.

He had been standing thus for some time before the kite had appeared, casting old Potiphar's words over in his mind, and trying to make out what they meant.

No one to have seen him would have thought such a puzzling little head was covered by his odd little cap, or that so much resolution was wrapped up in those queer clothes, which much patching and tacking in and shortening in vain tried to disguise the fact that they had been his father's before him.

His arms were thrust into his trousers pockets up to the elbows, and as those pockets were close up under his armpits, it seemed strange how he had got his hands in at all, and stranger still how he could get them out again. High up as they were they were still very baggy down to the knees, and what with that and the jacket, which was as much too short as the trousers were long, he looked very awkward indeed, and truly uncomfortable.

But he was easy enough; use had reconciled them to him; and more than that, he was quite in the fashion—the fashion of Paradise Place, that is.

When the kite disappeared he wondered what he should do next. There was not much choice. There was the pump; but as there was no water there that was dry work.

There were Spriggs's last brood of chickens to chase and the old hen to annoy—a capital sport when Spriggs was on the roof; but just then the shop was full of smoke, and where there was smoke there was sure to be Spriggs.

The bird-fancier was not a friend of children. He would often threaten to 'wring their young necks for them;' and there was no doubting his being able to do so, for he wrung one neck every day at least.

Under cover of the dreadful smoke, therefore, the little yellow balls rolled about safely, and the old hen clucked over them in peace.

Paul was of an active mind, and rather than do nothing he would do what was wrong. He had been turned out of doors not long before for clapping a pair of bones close to Lucy's ears when she was in a beautiful sleep.

Now there were some round pebbles lying in the gutter, and he thought that they would be more out of the way on the roof of Polly Winter's house at the end the court. It was rare fun to hit the ugly old chimney-pots, and hear the stones rattling down the tiles; and besides that, he had been told not to do it.

Up went the pebbles, therefore, and down again they came on the tiles, much to the alarm of Polly Winter, who was at the time turning a mangle in the room under the roof.

She at once guessed the cause, and tearing down the rickety staircase, she bounced out at the street door in the hope of surprising the offender.

No one was in sight but her own little boy, Willy; but he looked so innocent that it at once roused her suspicion, and so she boxed his ears soundly.

The little fellow was so confounded at this attack, not knowing any reason for it, that he forgot to cry, but made up for it a few minutes after with cries of 'Murder!' that brought the whole of Paradise Place



to its windows and doors, to see who it was that was being murdered in open day.

'What's that for?' he asked, on receiving the box on the ear.

'I'll give you another, you little wretch! if you throw any more stones on to the tiles,' said Mrs. Winter, in a fury.

'I didn't,' protested Willy.

'You didn't!' said his mother, shaking him.

'No,' roared the boy; 'I haven't thrown a stone all day.'

He said this with so much sincerity that Polly began to feel doubtful. She looked round. At that moment, as ill-luck would have it, Paul, who on hearing a rumbling inside Mrs. Winter's house as though somebody was falling downstairs, had run indoors, hearing Willy Winter's cries had peeped out, and enjoyed himself as only one boy can who sees another boy getting it for his fault; and when Polly glanced round she caught sight of Paul's head disappearing, and without a word she disappeared in the same direction.

The virago Betsy lived on the ground-floor of the house where Polly Winter lodged, and at this moment she came out, and looked about for somebody to speak to. Three parts of Liza Jones were visible at the first-floor window of the next house.

'Did you hear anything, Liza Jones?' asked Betsy, in her shrill voice.

Liza Jones, who had been cleaning her window, left off to answer Betsy's question.

'Is anything the matter with Polly Winter to-day?' she asked.

'I don't know, I'm sure,' was Betsy's reply; 'but just now I heard something fall—such a crash!'

'It must have been——,' began Liza.

'No, it wasn't that,' said Betsy, supposing that her friend meant Polly's baby; 'it was too hard a sound for that, although the poor thing is bony enough; but it sounded more like a jug or a scuttle.'

'Well!' cried Liza Jones, growing interested.

'And then,' Betsy continued, 'she came tearing downstairs as if she was trying to make away with herself, and then——'

'Yes!' said Liza, eagerly.

'Then she rushed at her Willy, who was playing there as good as gold. I thought to myself, She's going to kill him! but after she had given him a slap, away she ran into Proudman's place.'

'What a temper she has!' exclaimed Liza.

'You may well say that, Mrs. Jones,' said Betsy. 'And when that German husband of hers is at home it's dreadful the noise; it sounds like rolling skittles about. I shall have to give her notice; it's what I'm not used to——'

How long Betsy would have gone on in this style is uncertain, but Mrs. Jones interrupted her.

'I hope she hasn't been doing anything to that baby?' she said. 'How it is screaming! I never knew a child scream so bad!'

This was the same remark Polly had made that morning upon Liza Jones's baby.

'Don't you think somebody had better go and see what is the matter with the child?' Liza added. She had a very great liking to pry into other people's rooms, and would have liked to have made another

to pay a visit to Mrs. Winter's room, whilst Mrs. Winter was out of it, if somebody had led the way.

Betsy, however, with great scorn,—

'I wouldn't go into Polly Winter's room—no, not if the child was dying! Would you believe it, she never goes to the end of the court without locking the door? I suppose she's afraid of some one running away with the mangle. It can't be anything else, for there is nothing else.'

'Here she is again!' said Liza, beginning to rub her window with such activity, that if Polly had been cool enough to notice it she must have suspected something.

Betsy retired into her room and listened as Polly mounted the stairs, went into her room above, and seemed to smother the baby; for there was a loud scream, a sound of choking, and then complete silence.

Whilst the two gossips had been picking her to pieces, Polly had been abusing and shaking her fist at Mrs. Proudman's back-yard, where she supposed Paul to be hid.

'I saw you! Wait till I catch you, that's all! she said, in a loud voice.

'I'll keep him in the rest of the day,' said Susan, meaning that she would punish Paul in that way.

Polly mistook her meaning, however, and said,—

'You may keep him in if you like, Mrs. Proudman, and you can shelter him as long as you please, but I can wait.'

She repeated the last threat with bitter emphasis, and slamming the street-door, as though she would have pulled the knocker off, she flounced angrily away.

It was by no means unusual for Mrs. Proudman to have the neighbours calling in this way. Johnny and Paul had between them brought everybody in Paradise Place, at one time or another, to their mother's door, so it may be easily seen that Susan's life was not without thorns in many ways. If these little troubles had no other effect, they proved the patience of her nature; and they proved, even more clearly, the strength of the knocker, which, being lower than knockers usually are, was used not only for very loud and frequent double-knocks, but for a handle, and that with a force which the easy lock of the door did not in the least warrant.

(To be continued.)

## THE SONG OF LADY JUNE.

OH! come with me, whoever you be,  
Come from the palace, and come from the cot;  
The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—  
Ah! sad is the spirit that follows me not.

Oh! come from the town, and let us go down  
To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink;  
'Tis pleasant to note the lily-queen float,  
The gadfly skim, and the dappled kine drink.

Oh! let us away where the ring-doves play,  
By the skirts of the wood in the peaceful shade;  
And there we can count the squirrels that mount,  
And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.





“ Oh ! come from the town, and let us go down  
To the rivulet's mossy and osier'd brink ; ”

Little ones come with your chattering hum,  
And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon :  
For no music is heard like the echoing word  
Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Oh ! come with me, whoever you be,  
And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall ;  
The rich and the hale—the poor and the pale—  
For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

ELIZA COOK.





### THE EAGLE.



ANY of you, perhaps, have seen in a menagerie a bird called an eagle, sulking in its cage, dull, lifeless, and stupid; but if so you have a very poor notion of what the eagle is in his natural home, among the rocks and mountains, where he may well be called the King of Birds. Of all birds the eagle flies highest, for which reason the ancients called him the Bird of Heaven. A large eagle weighs about twelve pounds.

Its length is about three feet, and the extent of its wings from seven to ten feet.

The Golden Eagle is the largest and noblest of these magnificent birds. Its head and neck are covered with narrow, sharp-pointed feathers, of a deep brown colour, bordered with tawny; in very old birds those on the crown of the head turn grey. The whole body is of a dark brown, the feathers of the back being beautifully shaded with a deeper hue of the same colour. The wings when fully clothed reach to the end of the tail. The quill feathers are of



a chocolate colour, the shafts white. The tail is of a deep brown, irregularly marked with ash colour, and generally white at the roots of the feathers. The legs are yellow, short, and very strong, being three inches in circumference, and feathered to the very feet. The toes are covered with large scales, and armed with most formidable claws, some of which are two inches long.

There are many different kinds of eagles, but all are equally rapacious, and have the same general form, the same habits, and the same manner of bringing up their young. They are found chiefly in mountainous and thinly-peopled countries, and among the loftiest cliffs, choosing the places most remote from man. Like the lion, the eagle likes to keep the desert to himself alone: it is as unusual to see two pairs of eagles in the same mountain as two lions in the same forest. In some other respects the lion and the eagle resemble each other; both exercise a powerful sway over the other inhabitants of the forest, and both despise small plunder. Eagles are most voracious in their appetites. Some feed largely on fish, and as if aware of the uncertainty of having always a good supply for themselves and their young, they will collect an over-abundance, to be stored up on the high rocks where their nests are built, so as to have a plentiful stock in hand. So well known are these stores to the North American Indians, that an eagle's nest is called the Indian's larder, from which the wild hunters frequently supply themselves with hares, ducks, and geese, besides fish.

I have read a curious account of an eagle's nest-larder found upon a rock in Scotland, which for several summers two eagles had occupied. There was a stone within a few yards of it, about six feet long, and nearly as broad, and upon this stone, whenever the eagles had young ones, used to be found a number of grouse, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, snipes, ptarmigans, rats, mice, and sometimes kids, fawns, and lambs. When the young eagles were able to hop the length of this stone, to which there was a narrow road hanging over a dreadful precipice, the old birds often brought hares and rabbits alive, and placing them before their young, taught them to kill and tear them to pieces. Sometimes the hares, rabbits, or rats, managed to get away from the young ones, and on one occasion a fox's cub, after fighting hard, and severely biting them, tried to escape up the hill, until stopped by a shepherd. A gentleman who lived near, whenever visitors came to him unexpectedly, used to send his servants to the eagle's storehouse to see what they could find, and they generally brought back some delicacies for his table, the game being all the better for having been kept a certain time. While the hen eagle was hatching, the table or shelf on the rock was usually kept well furnished for her use, and the male bird would tear off for her a wing or leg from the fowls or other animals captured.

A good many years ago, when eagles were far more numerous than they are now, the natives of the Shiant Islands, a cluster of wild, retired rocks, situated amongst the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, gave a curious account of their way of catching the mountain deer, viz., by pouncing down and fixing their talons between the animal's horns, flap-

ping at the same time with their powerful wings, which so frightened the deer that they lost all control over themselves, and setting off at full speed, generally fell down some rock, where they were either killed, or so much hurt, as to become an easy prey. But the way in which the eagle contrived to kill even oxen, as witnessed in Heligoland, a small and now deserted rocky island in the German Ocean, was still more wonderful. It would first fly away to the sea, and then plunging into the waves, return to land, where it rolled itself on the shore, till its wings were covered with sand. It then rose again and hovered over its victim. When close to it it shook its wings, and thus scattered the gravel and sand into the eyes of the ox, while it frightened the animal by blows with those powerful wings. The blinded creature ran about wildly, and at last fell down exhausted; or, like the deer in the Shiant Islands, dashed itself to death by falling over some cliff, when the eagle devoured it at its leisure.

Many years ago, in order to get rid of these terrible birds, there was a law in the Orkney Islands entitling any one who killed an eagle to a hen out of every house in the parish in which it was killed.

So great is the strength of the eagle, that it has been known to strike and kill its prey with a stroke of its pinions, before touching them with its claws; and there is no doubt that eagles have at different times carried off both children and lambs. Sad complaints used to be made of their carrying off infant children in India, and many stories have been told of their taking them to their nests, from whence in some instances they were happily rescued.

On Tirst Holm, one of the Feroe Islands, an eagle seized an infant lying at a little distance from its mother, and carried it to its nest, situated on a point of high rock so steep that the boldest bird-catchers had never dared to climb it; the mother, however, ascended the rock and reached the nest, but too late, for the child was dead!

Listen to the story of a brave little boy in America:—

'Two boys, the one seven and the other five years old, living near New York, were amusing themselves by trying to reap, while their parents were at dinner. A large eagle came sailing over them, and with a sudden swoop attempted to seize the elder, but luckily missed him. The bird, not at all dismayed, alighted at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated his attempt. This bold little fellow, however, gallantly defended himself with his sickle; and when the bird rushed upon him, he boldly struck at it. The sickle entered under the left wing, and the blow having been given strongly, went through the ribs, and piercing the liver proved fatal. On opening the bird's stomach it was found entirely empty, which may explain in some degree the cause of so unusual an attack. The brave boy did not receive a scratch, though there can be little doubt that had the bird not been weakened by hunger, a blow or two from its sharp, strong beak, would have penetrated through the skull into the brain, and caused instant death.'

The well-known crest of the eagle and child, borne by the Stanley family, is supposed to have been founded upon a tradition of one of their ancestors, when a child, having been carried off by an eagle.



And in a very old book on English history we read that 'Alfred, king of the West Saxons, went out one day a hunting, and passing by a certain wood heard, as he supposed, the cry of an infant from the top of a tree, and forthwith diligently inquiring of the huntsmen what that doleful sound could be, commanded one of them to climb the tree; when in the top of it was found an eagle's nest, and lo! therein a pretty sweet-faced infant, wrapped up in a purple mantle, and upon each arm a bracelet of gold—a clear sign that he was born of noble parents. Whereupon the king took charge of him, and caused him to be baptized; and because he was found in a nest, he gave him the name of Nestingum, and, in after-time, having nobly educated him, he advanced him to the dignity of an earl.'

A curious story is told of a celebrated navigator, Captain Flinders, who, after landing in New South Wales, was walking with some of his officers, when 'a large eagle, with a fierce aspect and outspread wing, was seen bounding towards them, but stopping short at about twenty yards off, he flew up into a tree. Soon after, another bird of the same kind discovered himself, and flying above their heads, made a sudden pounce downwards, but checked himself before he actually touched them. Captain Flinders supposed that they took him and his party for kangaroos, which, when sitting up on their hind legs, according to their usual habit, are about the height and form of a man. On these animals the eagles were observed to feed, having been seen watching quietly in the trees till a kangaroo made its appearance, when down they flew, and tore it in pieces in an instant. Probably this was the truth, for the country was very desolate, and, as far as they could judge, uninhabited, so that the eagles might never have seen men before.'

The eagle is not always victorious in its attacks, even upon the smaller animals. A weasel, when being carried off by an eagle, has been known to get under its wing, and suck the blood until the bird fell from exhaustion. A similar story is told of a stoat. In both these instances the eagle, after fluttering for a short time, suddenly flew upwards in a straight line to an immense height, till nearly out of sight, and then ceasing to flap its wings, fell headlong to the ground like a stone.

The eagle is gifted with extraordinary clearness of sight, and can discern its prey when nearly two thousand feet above it in the air; it will even distinguish fish swimming near the surface of the water, and shooting down as swiftly and straight as an arrow, will plunge in and seize them with its talons. An eagle has sometimes been drowned in the struggle with a very strong fish: this, however, very rarely happens. He is furnished with a projecting curtain, or eyebrow, which both protects his eye from the sun, and guards his prey from his attacks. For as he can only see what is beneath him, after having slain a bird or animal, he must rise again from the ground ready for a stoop before he can strike another.

*(Concluded in our next.)*



### THE SEA DEFEATED.

IN many parts of our own country the sea is gradually gaining on the land. Every year it sweeps away portions of the cliffs, so that in the course of time acres of good land have been swallowed up, and even villages have been sucked away little by little. It is said that the tireless sea is nibbling away at the small island of Heligoland, and reducing it by as much as three feet all round in the course of a century.

But in some cases man has revenged himself upon the water by rescuing large tracts from his power. Here is a remarkable instance of this.

Between the towns of Haarlem and Leyden, in Holland, there stretched at one time a wide lake. Many, many years ago—so far, indeed, as the fifteenth century—this lake did not exist. In its place was land, although no better than a marsh. But from that time it began to grow into something more dangerous. The marsh began to show more and more water, and soon developed itself in such a way as to deserve the name of a mere, or lake. But, not content with this, it spread until it was nearly forty miles in circumference.

The inhabitants of Holland are accustomed to hold their own against the sea, and they therefore set to work to stop the inroads of this enemy in their midst. Stout sea-walls and a system of dykes kept him at bay. But the expense of these was heavy, and they resolved to make an attempt at expelling the foe, or in other words, to pump out the water, and so convert this mere into dry land.

In the year 1840 they set to work at the task. First, the mere was cut off from its friend the ocean by a water-tight rampart. Then they dug all around the lake a canal, and connected this canal with the sea. All was now ready, and three enormous pumping-machines were set to work. These pumped the water from the lake into the canal, whence it flowed into the sea. Many difficulties had to be encountered, and a good deal of patience was required. But after four years of pumping the bed of the lake was laid bare, and by a proper system of drainage it is kept as dry as land in any part of Holland. So that now rich crops wave, cattle roam at will, and men dwell on what was once a watery waste.

A. B.

### TOUSY.

WE have a beautiful long-haired little dog called Tousy, which lately had a pup. This queer little bantling was jumping and tumbling about the green one day, when a lady entered followed by a dog. Tousy made a ferocious assault on the four-footed stranger, by way of defending her young, and our magnificent white cat, which was sitting on the doorstep, seeing or supposing that his friend Tousy was in danger, made two immense bounds and alighted on the back of the intruder, whose eyes would have been scratched out but for prompt rescue. The mutual affection of these two animals is unbounded, and yet we hear human disagreements compared to cat-and-dog life! These animals, and many others, are capable of the most devoted affection to their young, and to their mates, and frequently teach us lessons of kindness to one another.





Attack upon the four-footed stranger.





Battle between a Fox and a Swan.



## BATTLE BETWEEN A FOX AND A SWAN.



**A** FIERCE battle between a fox and a swan took place at Sherborne Park. Master Reynard seems to have caught the old swan napping, and to have seized him by the throat. The bird defended himself with his wings so powerfully that its assailant was done to death in no time, and a workman going past the lake above the bridge next morning found both fox and swan lying dead together. The bird had received a fatal bite in the throat; the fox had one leg broken and the side of its head completely broken in. The swan was the oldest bird on the lake.—*Sherborne Journal*.

## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 267.)

### CHAPTER V.—PLAYING THE TRUANT.

**I**F you please, sir,' said a small voice to Mr. Wells, the greengrocer, on the morning following.

Mr. Wells lifted up a broad flat face, smeared with coal-dust, from behind a little mountain of firewood, which had just come in a cart.

'Holla, Paul!' he cried, looking over at the sturdy little fellow before him. 'What can I do for you?'

'If you please, sir, I want to do something for you, like Johnny,' said Paul.

Johnny had sometimes run errands for Mr. Wells, and Paul had not given up the hope of making a fortune, in spite of old Potiphar's advice about it.

Wells was a kind-hearted man, and had children of his own, so he did not speak roughly to the little fellow.

'What could such a little one as you do?' he said, with a smile.

Paul was ready to try anything, but could think of nothing that he felt sure of doing.

'Do you think, if you were to try very hard,' said Mr. Wells, pleasantly, 'that you could suck an orange?'

As he asked this question he took an orange from the window.

Paul did not like being treated in this way, much as he liked oranges: it showed that everybody thought him a baby.

Mr. Wells saw his look of disappointment.

'You are such a little man yet,' he said; 'and you would lose yourself, or have the things taken away from you. Wait a while; wait till you have grown a bit, and then we will see what you are made of.'

Paul thanked him and turned away. For a time the orange consoled him, but not long. He had already been into Smith's, the corn-chandler, and had met with even worse treatment there; for the moment he had stated the business he had come upon, the corn-chandler, without speaking a word, had made a rush at him, thinking that some enemy must have sent him in for a joke, and Paul had been obliged to flee.

It was very clear, therefore, that there was only one thing left to do, and that was to grow; so he sauntered into the High Street, and reckoned up the time it would take him to be as old as Johnny. Even the fineness of the weather seemed against him to his mind, for he had heard that the rain made people grow: and if it had come on to rain ever so much, there is no doubt that Paul would cheerfully have stood it out, and got wet through.

The main street was crowded. Vehicles of all kinds were running to and fro. Hundreds of men, women, and children, rich and poor, jostled each other on the pavement. Every one had so much business to do, and was so eager to do it, that he took no heed of other people's. The woman with one eye and three children, one of which was in arms, standing at the side of the footpath, held out the box of matches to no purpose, everybody was too busy to see her. Even the dogs that trotted by had a careworn look of business about them, and went on straight ahead, without turning to the right or left to notice man or dog.

Little Paul seemed to be the only idle one in the world: but it was not his fault. There was nothing he could do yet except go and wake Lucy up for the sake of nursing her, or work the handle of the pump; and neither of these seemed to be quite the thing, so he stood and looked about him, and thought about it.

His attention was drawn to a man on a pair of steps, who was putting a coat of bright red on the lion in front of the public-house. If the lion was to be a red lion it certainly wanted it, for it had been for a long time past as much a blue lion, or a black lion, or anything else, as a red lion. The king of beasts began to look as fierce in its new coat as could be wished.

To Paul it was a wonderful thing. He made up his mind, that if he could be what he chose when he was a man, it would be a painter of red lions.

At that moment a drove of sheep went past, followed by a man and a dog. The man was waving his arms and shouting; the dog was barking, and snapping at the legs of the sheep, who, in their fright at the man and dog, and the noise of the crowded street, rushed under cart-wheels and horses' hoofs, and down wrong turnings; whilst a crowd of shouting urchins followed on, and under pretence of helping the man and dog, made the confusion greater, and behaved as though they thought it all a piece of good fun got up for their amusement.

Paul looked on for a while, when, to his great surprise, he caught sight of Johnny and Walter Reed running along on the opposite side of the street, and hiding themselves as well as they could behind the people and vehicles, evidently wishing not to be seen.

Paul at once gave chase, and when he was within earshot of them he called out,—

'Johnny! Walter!'

The two boys turned with annoyance in their faces.

'What do you want?' said Johnny, angrily.

'I want to know where you are going to,' said Paul.

'Find out,' replied Johnny, giving Paul plainly to understand that he would have very little help in doing so.

'Have you got a place?' asked Paul, not to be beaten off.



'Mind your own business, and don't bother,' said Johnny; 'and look here,' he added, 'don't you tell any one you've seen me—do you hear?'

Paul had suspected by his manner from the first that Johnny was not quite right in being where he found him, and that made him bold. He had made up his mind to let his mother know the first thing.

'Why must not I tell any one?' he asked.

'Because you will get your head punched if you do, that's why!' said Johnny, at a loss for a better reason.

'I don't care about that,' said Paul. 'I shall tell mother.'

'You will, will you?' said Johnny, looking fierce, and wishing that something would come and swallow his little brother up.

On thinking a moment, however, he came to the conclusion—a wise one—that Paul was not to be frightened. The next thing to try was bribery. Walter suggested a plan.

'Let the youngster come with us,' he said.

As there were other reasons besides hiding his fault from his mother for doing so, it was decided that Paul should accompany them.

Johnny was not a cruel or selfish boy. His great failing was thoughtlessness; but a sad failing that is. Accidents are often excused by the remark, 'I did not think,' which is the worst part of it, for it proves how little would have prevented them.

Soon after Paul had joined his brother and Walter Reed they turned down a side-street, and in two minutes they were in a part of the world that was as new to Paul as China would have been.

Street after street was passed.

Some with little houses that seemed to have crunched the shops underground, so that you had to go down into the latter by steps, and were forced to stoop if you had any respect for your hat or your head. Others with great houses that went up story above story, and could only belong to people that it had never entered into Paul's heart to dream about.

By-and-by the streets became narrower, and instead of houses and shops there were huge warehouses, arches, and vaults. These streets were full of heavy waggons and big strong men, whilst a long way overhead great bundles and heavy casks came swinging out of doors far up; and as they came down there was such a shouting of men and boys, such a rattling of chains and such a rumble of wheels, that Paul grew frightened, and would have gladly gone home again.

The strangest part of all was that Johnny and Walter made nothing of it, but pushed along as though everything belonged to them.

More than once Johnny called Paul a 'silly,' because he seemed so scared, and Walter laughed at him. It was rather pleasant than otherwise to the two elder boys, not only on account of the 'greenness,' as they called it, that Paul displayed, but because every one likes to be thought clever and to be looked upon as knowing one's way about town.

'You haven't seen half yet,' said Johnny.

He had not, indeed; neither had Johnny. He, too, could he have looked forward a few minutes, would have been as anxious as little Paul was to turn back

and get home again. Home! Yes, anywhere he would have run to, as fast as his heels could have carried him, swift as the wind, far away from that place—far away from the terrible enemy that was lying in wait for him—just the length of one short street away, waiting patiently for him.

#### CHAPTER VI.—WHAT WAS IT?

At the moment when Johnny was going with Walter and his little brother on their excursion, Mrs. Proudman was starching shirts.

She was an excellent clear-starcher, and took as much pains in getting a shirt up as an artist in painting a picture, and felt as proud of her work when it was done.

There were many things Susan could not quite understand: she did not always see clearly what was the right thing to do under all circumstances; but there was one rule which was clear enough to her, and that was to do her work as well as she possibly could.

As she was lingering over plaits and frills, fronts and wristbands, she was thinking of other things as well, some of them sad enough.

It had been the dream of her life to have a little house of her own. Some of her friends had, and it had seemed not altogether absurd to hope that she might too. A house full of good furniture, to set out as she liked, and polish and keep clean as she only could, was her great desire, and she could never think about her unprofitable husband without feeling that that joy might have been hers but for him.

Her thoughts wandered to Johnny, who seemed at present the only one likely to bring about the end she desired, and she sighed as she remembered that he was not all that could be wished.

Johnny was a favourite with his mother, and for a reason which is generally sufficient for a mother favouring one child more than another—the reason that he deserved it least.

He was a constant trouble to her when he was at home, and an anxiety when he was out. When he was at home, little Lucy was in continual danger of being pushed into the fire or out of the window. Crackers went off, and chased the cat all over the room. Glasses were broken, doors were shut with a bang, drawers were opened, the handles pulled out and the contents spread over the floor, knives were taken, and fingers were cut all round; and when his mother went on at him for it, Johnny went off highly offended, and complaining that 'it was a fine thing a fellow could not do what he liked in his own house, but must sit still and say nothing!'

When he was out it was no better, for presently the neighbours came round, and the knocker was set going—Johnny had broken No. 4's window; Johnny had pushed No. 6's little girl; Johnny had pulled No. 7's little boy's nose; Johnny had done this and done that, till Susan was nearly crazy!

Yet Johnny was her favourite. Of course, she would not allow any difference to be made, but that she felt a difference she was forced to allow.

Whilst she stood starching the shirts and thinking over these things, James strolled in and sat down by the empty grate, smoking.





"Holla, Paul! what can I do for you?"

He had been out of bed only an hour, and it was at least twenty hours since he had washed himself. His shirt was open, and showed his grimy, unshaven throat. His eyes were fixed on the grate.

He was more sober than usual, though it was against his will, for at such times he could not help thinking, and he did not like thinking.

The empty black bars of the grate seemed to speak to him of the emptiness and blackness of his life. A

little while before there had been a bright fire glowing and sparkling through those bars. Not long ago there had been bright hopes glowing in his breast. Duty and pleasure beckoned to him; duty on one side and pleasure on the other. He had followed the latter because she promised more immediate satisfaction, not because he thought it was right; and it had ended thus, as it only could end.

(To be continued.)





### CHANGES OF FASHION.

**F**EW things pass so easily from one extreme to another as the fashions in dress. It always has been, and no doubt always will be so. A beau of the reign of Henry IV. wore pointed shoes, which curled upwards so far that he could not walk unless they were fastened to his knees with chains. In the reign of Mary square toes were the fashion in shoes, and it was found necessary to make a proclamation that none should wear them more than six inches square

at the toes. As late as the reign of William and Mary, lads, and even children, either wore wigs or else had their hair curled so as to imitate one. At one time ladies used to cover their faces with small black patches. At another time they used to wear small mirrors at their waists. Nearly all the changes have come about from a wish on the part of some leading person to conceal a deformity or show off some beauty.

A. B.



## THE FAITHFUL DUCK.

**S**HALL I tell you a true story,  
Far away in the blue North,  
By a lake whose bosom ripples  
Softly into silver froth?

How a mother duck, soft breasted,  
Built her nest within the sedge;  
Closely hidden by the broad reeds  
Waving by the water's edge.

How she sat on four brown speckled  
Eggs, laid safely in the nest;  
Sat, with such a loving throbbing  
Beating in her tender breast.

Till one evening, in the far west,  
Purple clouds were grimly piled:  
And a sighing heaved the pine-tops  
As the night fell, dark and wild.

Fluttered down the white, cold snow-flakes,  
From the white, cold, northern sky;  
Round the lake the blue ice gathered  
As the hours went slowly by.

Other ducks and wild birds flying,  
Left their nests and crept away,  
From the bitter wind to shelter,  
As it swept the moorland grey.

But this duck remained, and troubled  
In her roughly-woven nest,  
Felt the warm eggs underneath her,  
Pressed them closer to her breast.

Crouched down from the blinding snow-drifts,  
Crouched down from the angry wind,  
Very resolute and patient,  
Very loving and resigned.

Till at last a dim wet dawn crept  
All along the eastern shore,  
And the storm departed, sobbing,  
Wailing, to return no more.

Dead the white duck lay there, frozen  
By the dreary northern lake,  
In her nest beside the water,  
Where the green reeds bend and shake.

Just a little common wild duck,  
But a noble soul was there,  
And a mother's love was dwelling  
In her heart to do and dare.

Just a little common wild duck,  
Who beside the northern wave  
Gave her life up to her duty,  
With a love divinely brave.

E. H.

## THE EAGLE.

*(Concluded from page 271.)*

**T**HE nest, or eyrie of the eagle, is generally built in the most inaccessible cliff of the rock, and often shielded from the weather by some jutting crag which hangs over it, making a sort of cave. Sometimes, however, it is entirely exposed to the winds, as well sideways as above; for the nest is flat, with no hollow in it, being merely a platform on the rock covered with large sticks placed in rows, over which is a layer of rushes, turf, and heath. It is said that the same nest serves the eagle during life; and as it is built with great labour this seems quite probable. The female seldom lays more than two eggs at a time, and it is extremely rare to find three eaglets in the same nest. At first their bodies are covered with a yellowish down, after which feathers begin to grow. A naturalist thus describes one which he found in the nest:—'It was of the shape of a goshawk, of almost the weight of a goose, rough-footed or feathered down to the foot, having a white ring about the tail.'

The eaglets are suffered to remain in the nest for several months, after which they are no longer under their parents' care. Hatched in the spring, they are tenderly nursed for a whole summer; but before winter comes they are driven out, that they may find a home and food for themselves. There is something very touching and beautiful in the manner in which the eagle is said to teach her young to fly—viz. by first pushing them out of the nest, and then, when the breeze is too strong for them, and their wings begin to flag and waver in the air, swooping underneath and receiving them on her back. Then again she slips from beneath them, and thus in a short time they learn to fly steadily and well.

Do you remember that verse in the song of Moses, 'As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him?'

It is said by some that eagles live above a hundred years, and that they die, not of old age, but from the beaks turning inward upon the under mandible, and thus preventing them from taking food. They are able to endure hunger for a long time, and I have heard of one which, through neglect, went twenty-one days without anything to eat. It requires great patience and art to tame an eagle, and even when taken young it proves a dangerous pet, and often turns its strength against its master. I have, however, heard of one taken when no longer young, which became warmly attached to its new home, and to those who fed and petted it. It lived there for about ten years, when it was killed by a powerful and savage mastiff. Nobody saw the fight, but it must have been bravely contested, for the dog was so severely wounded that it died almost immediately.

Listen to a traveller's account of the first time he saw one of these magnificent birds:—'In climbing some high precipices in the volcanic district of Auvergne, in France, near a great waterfall, which dashed



downwards with a thundering noise; in the midst of the loud roar of waters a short, shrill cry, met our ear, coming, as it were, from the clouds. On looking in the direction from whence it came, we soon perceived a small dark speck moving steadily on towards us. It was a Golden Eagle, evidently coming from the plain countries below. On drawing nearer we could see that his wings scarcely ever moved; he seemed to float, or sail in mid-air, rather than fly, though now and then, indeed, they slowly flapped as if to steady him. As he was approaching in a direct line we hid ourselves behind a rock, and watched his motions through a telescope. When first seen he could not have been at a less distance than a mile, but in less than a minute he was within gun-shot, and after looking round once or twice he darted down, his legs, slightly quivered, and alighted on a rock, within a few yards. For a moment he gazed about with his sharp, bright eyes, as if to assure himself that all was safe; he then, for a few moments more, nestled his head beneath one of his expanded wings, and appeared to plume himself. Having done this he stretched out his neck, and looked keenly and wistfully towards the quarter of the heavens from whence he came, and uttered a few rapid screams; then stamping with his feet, we saw him protrude his long-hooked talons, at the same time snapping his hooked beak, with a sharp jerking noise like the crack of a whip. There he remained for about ten minutes, when suddenly he seemed to hear or see something, and immediately rising from the rock on which he stood, he launched himself into the air and floated away as before, uttering the same shrill cry; and looking round we beheld the cause of his excitement—he had seen his mate approaching. He rose to meet her, and after soaring in a circle a few times, they went away, and were soon out of sight.

The North American Indians hold the eagle in much veneration, as possessing the qualities which they esteem above all others among their own warriors, viz., unwearied perseverance, activity, courage, watchfulness, and patience in bearing privations; and then the dignity of his look and movements, and his rapid and downward flight, the sound of which is heard at a considerable distance, and is a signal to all other birds to disappear from his presence, and his magnificent appearance as he floats in the air on his motionless expanded wings, fills them with a sense of awe almost amounting to religious veneration. Even his feathers they regard as sacred, and when in full dress they wear an eagle's feather fastened to the top of their heads as a mark of nobility.

The Golden Eagle is, as I have said, the largest and handsomest of the eagle tribe; but there are many other kinds. There is the Sea Eagle of North America, or Bird of Washington, and the Erne, called also the Sea Eagle, whose plume is the distinguishing mark of the head of a Scottish clan, and in former days was worn by the kings of Scotland, as you will see if you read Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem, *The Lady of the Lake*. These plumes were also used by the Highland chiefs for garnishing their arrows, the feathers of the eagle never being injured by rain or water as others are, but remaining always firm and durable. The Sea Eagles and the Osprey were called by the Italians the Leaden Eagle, on account of the

violent descent of these birds on their prey, which they compared to the fall of lead into water.

The Osprey, or Fish Hawk, called sometimes the Fishing Eagle of North America, comes near the eagle in size, and resembles the hawk in its beak and wings; its claws are very short and strong, which fits them for their special work, which is grasping fish in the water, and lifting them out of it. The outer toes are turned forwards as well as the inner ones, but they can turn them backwards at will, which gives them a great deal of power over their slippery prey. Far above the sea the osprey sails gracefully along, watching for fish, and then suddenly darts down, and seldom fails to carry off its prey. As this bird lives chiefly on fish, it builds its nest on the sea shore, and by the sides of rivers, on the ground among reeds, or on a jutting rock, and sometimes on trees. The nest is made by piling up great sticks, four or five feet high and two or three broad, and then covering them with large pieces of wet turf, corn stalks, and dried grass. The osprey lets the Grackle, or New England Jackdaw, as it is called, build among the loose sticks forming the base of its own nest, and allows it to rear its young there.

In Louisiana, in North America, there is a species of white eagle, called the Conciliating Eagle, very beautiful and rare, whose feathers have been made use of by the Indians to ornament an instrument called the calumet, or pipe of peace, which is used by them at their most solemn meetings. Then there is the Bearded Eagle of the Alps, and the Bald Eagle, common in North Carolina not so very many years ago, but now more rarely seen, and the constant attendant of the osprey, whom it would follow and rob of its prey. It has even been known to steal young pigs, and carry them alive to its nest.

And now I have told you all that I know about these wonderful birds. When you read of them, think of that beautiful verse in the fortieth chapter of Isaiah—'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.'

M. H. F. DONNE.

## DO NOT LAUGH.



Do not laugh at that drunken man reeling through the street. However ludicrous the sight may be, just pause and think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of him who was once her sinless boy; or perhaps a fond wife,

whose heart will almost break with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or maybe a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the disgrace of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. As your eye follows the drunkard's uncertain footsteps, record a solemn vow that, while you live, you will do all that within you lies to avoid drunkenness.





The Drunken Man.





The Boy who never told a Lie.



## THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.

ONCE there was a little boy,  
 With curly hair and pleasant eye—  
 A boy who always told the truth,  
 And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school  
 The children all about would cry—  
 'There goes the curly-headed boy,  
 The boy who never told a lie!'

And everybody loved him so,  
 Because he always told the truth;  
 But every day as he grew up  
 'Twas said, 'There goes the honest youth!'

And when the people that stood near  
 Would turn to ask the reason why,  
 The answer would be always this—  
 'Because he never told a lie.'



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 276.)

HE looked round the room with blood-shot eyes. If it was for something to cheer him he looked in vain. Everything was squalid. Susan had scrubbed and rubbed everything but the wretchedness out of the windows, and boards, and stones. The brown-paper panes would not look cheerful; the rough, uneven boards, harboured the dirt. The stones were broken, and the whiter she made the pieces the more the black seams showed. The chairs were all maimed. Some had broken their backs, some their legs; one was a seat balancing itself upon one leg in the oddest fashion.

The dresser was nearly bare; four or five cups were hung upon hooks, very wide apart, so as to make them look like a complete dozen; two or three had lost the knack of hanging altogether, through parting with their handles, and looked very low-spirited at being brought down in the world to the level of saucers and such-like. A yellow dish gave the finishing stroke to the collection.

He waved his hand through the air, either to clear the smoke away or to drive away the thoughts that crowded still more densely round him.

'Did you speak, James?' said Susan, looking up.

'No,' he answered, moodily.

There was a moment's silence.

'What are you crying for?' he said.

Susan had not been crying, but at these words the tears began to fall.

'I was only thinking, James,' she said, sadly.

'What do you want to think for?' he said, coarsely. 'I know what you are always thinking about; but it's not my fault, is it, that we have been so unlucky?'

'I fear we have a great deal of our troubles to

answer for ourselves,' she said, meekly taking a share in the blame that in no way belonged to her.

'It's luck,' said James; 'it's no sign of goodness to be up in the world: some get on, and others are put upon. They get a bad name, and give a dog a bad name and keep him so.'

James was fond of quoting proverbs, but latterly he confused them one with another, as he had done the types in his trade.

Presently his eye fell on a pewter pot that was standing on a chair by the window. It reminded him of something, and made him restless.

'Where's Johnny?' he asked.

Susan was at that moment wondering what had become of Paul, and Lucy, waking up, showed by her cries that she wanted him too.

Angry with him for staying away so long, she went to the door. No one was in sight except Potiphar Reed, over the way.

'Have you seen Paul?' she asked him.

Potiphar, who had nodded to her pleasantly at seeing her, stated that he had not seen him for some time. 'The last time I saw him, Mrs. Proudman, was over there,' he added, pointing towards the further end of the court.

Susan went inside, and nursed Lucy a few minutes, but every moment increased her restlessness; so she put Lucy into her cradle again, a proceeding which Lucy did not relish, and then Susan went out again, and walked to the head of the court to see if Paul was anywhere near.

She looked up the street and down the street, but could not see any one like Paul about. There were fewer people than there had been earlier in the day; those that were about did not have the same business air; they seemed to be there at that moment for no better reason than that they must be somewhere, and one place did as well as another. The painter had finished the sign-board, and another man was now graining the door. A little way down the street, on the sunny side, there was a crowd of people coming towards her, but no Paul.

She was turning back again, when something in the appearance of the crowd excited her curiosity. She stopped and looked at it more closely. There was certainly something unusual in the appearance of it. Several policemen were in the midst of the throng, their hats glistening in the sun, and carrying something on their shoulders between them.

What was it?

To answer this question fully, and explain it at the same time, we must take our readers back to Johnny, Walter, and Paul, at the spot where we left them.

## CHAPTER VII.—A BOY DROWNED!

JOHNNY and Walter, with Paul trotting behind, hurrying along past the great wharves, came at last to a timber-yard which stood at the river-side.

There was a large iron gate at the entrance, and it had been too heavy for the hinges, so that it was kept open always, and rested in the mud which at all times gathered there, however dry it might be elsewhere.

Through the iron gate there was a narrow lane which ran down between huge piles of timber to the river, which could be seen in the distance.



A short run down this lane, which seemed quite unguarded, brought the boys on to the bank. All this was highly exciting to Paul, and was not without interest to the two elder boys.

A number of boys were on the spot before them; some in the water, others going in; one or two wriggling themselves out of their shirts for the same purpose, and the rest holding the clothes of the bathers, and contenting themselves with looking on.

Several logs of timber had been chained together and laid upon the bank, so that the tide, which was now at its height, floated them, and made a raft, from the edge of which the bathers dropped off into the water, and upon which those who looked on stood.

Johnny and Walter at once joined the group, several of whom knew them; a further proof, if any was needed, that this was not their first visit.

Accidents had been known to happen there, so that the boys were not permitted to be there, which made being there all the more tempting to the youngsters. It was not possible to keep a constant watch, but sometimes a man came down, an alarm was given, the boys on the raft who were dressed took to their heels along the bank, the naked ones took to the water, which was much handier, and from which they could see the disappointment of the man and signal to their companions when the coast was again clear.

'You hold our clothes, Paul, won't you?' said Johnny, pulling off his coat.

'I'd rather go home,' said Paul, with chattering teeth, and giddy with the unusual motion of the logs.

'So you will by-and-by, stupid!' said his brother, scornfully. 'A pretty sailor you would make!'

'I don't want to make a sailor,' said Paul, whose wish to go to sea had vanished at the first sight of the water.

'Look, there's a steamboat! now for a rock!' cried Walter, dancing for joy as a steamboat swept by them, the smoke rushing from the funnel and the white foam swelling from the paddles.

Johnny now tore the foot of his stocking off in his haste to meet the waves by the time they reached the raft, and, jumping in with the leg still on, was lost to sight in a moment, much to Paul's horror, whilst Walter quickly followed him.

The raft now began to jump about in a most peculiar manner. It was just as if some giant had crept underneath, and was lifting up his back in different places. As fast as one log heaved up another went down with a splash.

Johnny's clothes were soaked through in a moment, for Paul forgot to take them up.

Meanwhile Johnny's head popped up close beside Walter's, and as the waves came rolling in so they rose up and down, like corks, and pushed out further and further, till Paul could not distinguish them from the other heads that were bobbing about all over the water.

At this point a loud voice sounded from the bank above. 'Now then, you young rascals! get you off that!'

There was a general rush. Those that had just come out of the water plunged in again; those who had been standing at the side or leaning over, afraid to take the leap, either jumped or fell in at the sound

of the dreaded voice; those who were dressed ran off along the bank; whilst Paul, too frightened to do anything, stood still and wrung his hands with terror.

The man came running towards him, but he did not attempt to escape, and would have been caught for a surety, had not the man changed his mind suddenly, and ran back again, shouting as he went.

What followed Paul did not clearly make out. All he could see was that a crowd of people were gathered on the spot, with a policeman in their midst, in what seemed to him a wonderfully short time. Where they had come from was a mystery. Then there was a great running up and down the bank, and throwing of ropes. As far as he could make out, somebody who was in the water was in distress.

Whoever it was had been picked up by a boat.

The boat came near, surrounded with bobbing heads. Somebody was lifted out of the boat on to the bank, dripping with water. Paul caught sight of him, with his head and limbs hanging like broken branches.

Then a gentleman came up, who turned out to be a doctor, and the crowd made way for him.

Paul was outside the crowd, so could neither see nor hear what was going on.

Presently Walter Reed had come up, looking very miserable in his wet clothes, and with a face as pale as ashes.

'What is it?' Paul cried.

'Johnny's drowned!' whispered Walter.

'What's the matter with that boy?' asked one of the bystanders, attracted by Paul's cries.

'It's his brother,' answered Walter, in an agony of fear.

'Do you know where he lives?' was the next question.

'Yes,' said Walter; 'opposite us.'

'Here's some one who knows where the poor boy lives,' cried the person who had asked the question.

The fact was that Johnny no longer lived at all. It did not matter now to him whether Paul kept the secret or not. He must tell it himself; at least his lifeless body would.

At this moment a kindhearted little woman, who had come down for her son on hearing the sad news, and was scolding him one minute and thanking God with clasped hands that she had him to scold the next, suggested that somebody had better go on before to let them know.

Accordingly it was arranged that a messenger should go in first to break the news, and so the sad little procession started.

And it was this crowd which poor Susan saw as she was standing at the head of the court, at first with the indifference which people usually watch such crowds, then with curiosity, and at last with alarm, as the crowd crossed the road and came towards her.

'What's the matter, Walter?' she said, clutching the boy nervously and dreading the answer.

'It's Johnny,' he whimpered, with quivering lips.

She did not wait to hear any more, but rushed into midst of the crowd. It was a mistaken kindness to make way for her, but they did, and with one fearful glance and a shrill cry she fell at the feet of one of the policemen who were carrying the load.





On the Raft.

'Another one to carry!' said a rough brute of a man, looking on the sad proceedings as a matter of course. 'Out of the way, boys!'

They had entered the court. Everybody was at the windows and doors in a minute; and the drunken James started up out of a half-sleep, and rubbed his eyes at the noise and knocking outside. He opened the door and fell back as the policemen, respectfully but sternly, brought in their mournful load.

'What is it?' he said: 'what does it all mean?' Somebody whispered to him.

'What?' he screamed, seizing the arm of the one who had spoken, 'Johnny: my—'

With these broken words, and his lips still stammering convulsively as though other words were trying to force their way out, he fell.

'He's in a fit,' some one remarked.

(To be continued.)





Quail.  
Bittern.  
Spoonbill.

Woodcock.  
Snipe.  
Godwit.

Redshank.  
Greenshank.  
Summer Snipe (*Totanus*).

Ruff.  
Reeve (*female*).

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### VIII.

I DARE say you notice that all the birds in this picture have long beaks. We may sure from this that they live in places and seek for their food in ways in which long beaks are just what they want.

The fact is they are all marsh birds, and the soil of marshes being wet and soft, and full of worms, these

long beaks enable them to probe it, and so get at the worms. I think the beaks of birds afford a striking example of how good God is in adapting creatures to the mode of life He has appointed for them. The eagles and hawks, you know, are provided with strong short bills to enable them to seize and tear flesh. Those of canaries and all the finches are just the very instruments to crack seeds with. Parrots, with their tremendous weapons, can crush the hardest nuts of the



tropic forest. The crossbill is fitted with a wonderful tool for tearing fir-cones to pieces. Robins and the other warblers have soft bills, which are all they want for eating insects and grubs; and here we see the marsh birds furnished with long probes for getting deep into the soft wet soil of sea or river-side. How instinctively we find ourselves repeating the words of that lover of nature who wrote the 104th Psalm, and saying with him,—‘O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.’

There are, however, many wise and good men who think that, instead of there being so many kinds of birds created at various times, and fitted for their particular way of life, that bird-nature at one time was confined to only a few forms, but that it was endowed with the wonderful power of spreading into many sorts of birds, and with the power of adapting itself to every possible mode of living. This may have been so, I dare not say that it was not; and of course it was quite as marvellous to create a living creature with the power of passing into other and higher forms as to create those other forms at once. For my own part, however, within certain limits I prefer to look upon such contrivances as the beaks of birds, and the teeth of quadrupeds, as God’s particular gift to each particular creature. We are told in the Bible that ‘every good gift’ cometh down from Him; and why this great fact should not include other creatures besides man is more than I can tell you.

But of all beaks the Spoonbill’s is about the oddest. It looks exactly like a great double spoon squeezed flat. But its owner finds it just the beak he would have chosen for capturing the various little creatures which live in shallow waters. The bird itself is very rare, but from time to time small flocks of them have travelled so far as this country; but, of course, if one appears, it is instantly harried and hunted till it is shot, so there is little encouragement for rare and beautiful birds to settle amongst us.

The Bittern, who stands behind the spoonbill in the picture, used to be much commoner than he is now. For since fens have become scarce, and guns common, his visits have grown few and far between. Yet he is worth protecting and making much of, for he is a great beauty, and the deep, booming note which he has in the spring, is a sound which must add an inexpressible charm to the lonely spots he chooses for his home.

### A BOY TRAVELLER.

A GREAT traveller! That was what Adam Farrell wished to be. He was but a little fellow, yet he thought of this all day and every day; thought of it when he ought to have been doing his sums in school; thought of it when he ought to have been listening to his mother directing him on a message; thought of it, in fact, morning, noon, and night.

It quite spoilt an otherwise good little boy; his mother openly lamented that he was not half the comfort to her that Jemmie, his younger brother of six, had become, and the complaint coming to Miss Part, his schoolmistress’s ears, she resolved to see

what she could do to banish this day-dream from the little lad’s brain.

A fatherless child! it was a pity he should be allowed to knock his head against a wild fancy.

So she invited Adam to tea, and got out her large picture-book for his amusement. A delightful book, full of illustrations of foreign lands, of strange beasts, of shipwrecks, of queer people.

Of course, Adam started directly on what his mother called his ‘craze.’

He wished to be a traveller, to go all over the world—to begin directly—to sail for India, perhaps. Why the day he spent at Portsmouth he saw a big ship going out to India, and many children younger than himself were on board. Why shouldn’t he go? It would be a deal better than lessons, and running errands, and being scolded when you tore your clothes at home. (This last remark of Adam’s was rather unfair, for his mother was very little of a scolder.)

Miss Part, however, was a very good-natured schoolmistress, and when she asked boys out to tea she never found fault with them, and this time she simply said,—

‘Would you like me to tell you about a real boy traveller, Adam?’

‘Oh, yes, please, Miss Part!’ and the little boy fixed eager eyes upon her. ‘Was he as little as me?’

‘Rather less,’ said Miss Part: ‘he was only seven years old; between you and Jemmie.’

‘And did he really make long voyages, and go through dangers, and see strange sights?’ asked Adam, breathlessly.

‘He did all that,’ said Miss Part, ‘tiny boy that he was; but, Adam, you must not interrupt. I must tell my tale straight through, and then I will hear what you think of travelling.’

‘I think——’ began Adam.

But Miss Part held up a finger; ‘Two cannot talk at once, one must listen.’

Then she began.

“My boy traveller,”—I must call him “Boy,” for I do not know his name—was coming home from India when his ship, the *Grosvenor*, was wrecked on the coast of Africa. You always want to be shipwrecked, Adam, so now you will hear all about it. One hundred and thirty-five people, among whom was Boy, the only child, reached shore in safety; only, however, to find themselves in a wild tract of country, with no houses near, no means of subsistence. What was to be done? The wisest of the band held a council and decided that they must try to reach the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, the nearest point of civilisation. The way will be across trackless deserts they know; wild beasts and cruel savages will be their constant fear: but it is their only chance.

‘To accomplish this end they think it best to divide into two parties. Boy is to go with the second; he is no one’s child, but every one cares for him. Perhaps his father and mother are left behind in India, and think their child is sailing away to a pleasant climate and kind friends in England. Any way, Boy has no relations among the *Grosvenor* people. Still he sees some one in the first band whom



he loves, and when he discovers that this person is going away from him, he stretches out his arms to him and cries.

'Poor Boy! he is weary and wet, perhaps, and a little fretful: never mind him. Who said that? None of the shipwrecked band. No. They look kindly on the little traveller, comfort him, dry his tears, and assure him that he shall go in the first division with his friend.

'So they start. Boy is not a baby though he has cried once; he steadily trots under the burning sun, wearying his small feet in the long grass and deep sand, and only now and then looking pitifully up in some kind face to be carried a little while on some strong shoulder. And one and another does lift him up and carry him for awhile, pleased when the small tongue, silent from tiredness, chatters out again old remembrances of India, new hopes of England. Boy is hungry, but there is only a little store of bad fish for him, and his dear friend the carpenter has treasured a few drops of muddy water for him.

'At night he hears wild beasts roar, and he creeps closer to his protector's side, crying silently a little for mother and his own cot in India.

'So they go on, and on, and on, some days hungry and thirsty, other days hot and wearied; others still, terrified by fierce savages, who brandish great clubs, and threaten in some strange tongue these footsore, feeble men.

'When Boy is very tired, however, his carpenter always waits for him; and when great rivers stop their way, he is always borne over them on the broad back of a sailor.

'All are kind to him; but does Boy enjoy his travels? Tired, hungry, thirsty, hot, without proper food, with very little drink, Boy wonders when the journey will be over. He asks the question; but the carpenter shakes his head. "God knows," some one says.

'Yes, indeed, God alone could know that. Now a strange silence falls on the band; it gets smaller, some one sits down by the roadside and never gets up again. First, it is the captain. Then his faithful coxswain motions to the rest to go on, and he returns and sits by the fainting man's side. No one ever sees those two more.

'Another day the carpenter is very hungry, has perhaps given Boy his last bit of food, so he eats some berries by the roadside which happen to be poisonous, and he dies.

'Boy is too weak and ill to mis: him much, especially since the steward now takes him in his arms and speaks kind words to him. True, the steward is weak and ill too, and stumbles often, shaking Boy's sore limbs sadly; still Boy only moans, and lays his tired head on the man's shoulder.

'There is very little food to be had, and what there is Boy would not take, if his new friend did not coax him very tenderly. No one sings songs or tells stories to Boy now, as they did when first they started; every one is too worn and weary. No one even counts how far they may be from the end of their journey; even hope seems to be dead. The few just plod on, on, a half-dead, all-despairing band. Only love is not dead within their hearts, love and mercy to a little suffering child.

'Now another sinks by the way and dies. Boy watches stupidly while a grave is dug for him. Then they go on.

'But a day comes when Boy is very tired; very tired, indeed. He only wished to go to sleep. So the steward promises to wait by him; and others are glad to wait too; to wait for ever if any one would say the word. A fire is made, for the weak, weary souls, are wet by a heavy rain-storm, and they all crouch by it. Hours of silence. Then the steward makes a move. They must press on. The fire is out, he must wake Boy. Poor Boy! sleeping so quietly in the warmest place, it is a pity!

'A gentle touch, the rag moved away that shades his face. A sharp cry. It is not Boy, it is a dead body. The little traveller's journey is over.'

There was a pause. Miss Part's voice had been shaky at the last, and Adam looked very grave; he never cried, but he felt very like doing so now.

'And the steward?' he asked, earnestly.

'He only lived a few days longer, and then he died too in the desert. Adam, what do you think now about travelling?'

'I think,' said Adam, slowly, 'that I had better wait awhile. I never thought about the deserts, and being tired and hungry.'

'A wise resolution, Adam,' said Miss Part. 'And now since we have found out that very little boys do not make good travellers, let us try to make something else good of them—eh, Adam? Good scholars, good errand-runners, good brothers, and good sons.'

'It's eight o'clock,' said Adam, getting up. 'I'll go home, please, Miss Part; mother will be shutting up shop with no one to help her.'

And Adam made his bow and went. Was he trying already to forget idle fancies and be a good son? Miss Part thought so as she put by the picture-book and settled down to her sewing, and she was glad.

H. A. F.

## THE PRISONER.



OUR picture shows with what delight the suffering of a defenceless little animal will cause to the young and thoughtless. The poor little mouse is released from the trap into which he was rash enough to venture, but his freedom is as deceptive as the cheese which led him into the snare. The string which is firmly tied to his tail will not only prevent his escape but will injure his backbone. Perhaps the tail is the most sensitive part of a mouse, and a quick way of killing one is to hold it up by the tail. While we admire the skill of the artist in the picture, we must at the same time object to the cruelty which it exhibits. If vermin must be destroyed they should not be tortured. Bear this in mind.





The Prisoner.





Mr. Chubb, the proprietor of the "Red Lion."



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from p. 284.)*

## CHAPTER VIII.—GOOD NEWS.



TIME hastened on and took the summer and autumn with it, with all the leaves and flowers. It brought new sorrows, but it softened the old, till that which no one could bear to mention or to hear became as much a subject of talk and reflection as anything else.

Winter was fast approaching; so much the worse for the poor who were not prepared for him. Every-day grew shorter than the one before it, and cold winds, from paying a visit now and then, came regularly, and struck down the aged and the sickly, who could not stand against them.

It was a dark foggy morning in the latter days of October, when Mr. Torrington turned out of the cold gloomy street into the warm bright gas-light of his warehouse; Mr. Taylor, his clerk, who the moment before had been chatting with the foreman, was at once absorbed in business, and the foreman disappeared.

'Any one called?' asked Mr. Torrington, taking off his overcoat.

'Perkins' man came about the stamp, sir, that is all,' said Mr. Taylor. 'It was not quite ready, so he will call again.'

Mr. Torrington turned into his office to open his letters, leaving Mr. Taylor to his papers, which presented the same appearance as they did when we first saw him.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Torrington came out again with a letter in his hand.

'Here's that man Morris writing again,' he said to his clerk: 'but it's no use; tell him that it is too late now.'

Mr. Taylor, who knew to what Mr. Torrington referred, said that he would.

'Ten o'clock!' said the latter gentleman, taking out his watch and comparing it with the clock. It was the same clock which we heard before, and it looked, if anything, more saucy in the gaslight. It was a little behind-hand, but not much. It struck almost immediately ten very deliberate strokes, the last one with a most decided jerk, as if it would say, 'You expect me to go on, but you are disappointed.'

Mr. Taylor went and stirred the fire that was blazing very merrily in a stove much too small for it, for it had run over into the recess below and made another fire there.

'I met James Proudman,' he said.

'Ah!' exclaimed the principal, as though he would like to hear more.

'He still looks very shaky, poor man!' continued Taylor. 'He used to shake before from drink, but this is more from weakness. He says that he is much better though, and is looking out for employment, sir. I believe I told you how his boy got drowned?'

'I believe you did,' said Mr. Torrington, who had heard it more than once before.

'He has never been quite right since a fit he had through the fright,' went on Mr. Taylor. 'His wife is a hard-working, respectable person, and it is through her exertions that they keep on at all.'

Mr. Taylor had derived his information through Mrs. Taylor, who was as talkative as her husband. She knew somebody, who knew somebody else, who knew all about the Proudman—more, in fact, than the Proudman themselves knew; and as this person was not at all unwilling to let people hear what she knew, there was not so much mystery in Mr. Taylor's knowledge as might at first appear.

'Where do they live?' Mr. Torrington asked.

'I believe it's in a court they call Paradise Place,' said the clerk, who knew well enough, but did not think it respectable to seem to be too familiar with it. 'From what I have heard,' he added, 'it must be a low kind of place; it runs out of the High Street, close by St. John's Church.'

'In distress?' said Mr. Torrington to himself, as though he was thinking aloud.

'They could scarcely be otherwise,' said Mr. Taylor, still further displaying his stock of knowledge on the subject. 'There are two young children and a sick father for the poor woman to support on a little ironing and washing that she does.'

'Have they no friends?' was the next inquiry.

'The friends on the mother's side are as poor as themselves; his friends won't have anything to do with them, because he married beneath him, or something of that sort.'

'Is he more sober than he was?'

'He told me he had quite given it up; he hasn't touched a drop since his boy's death.'

Mr. Taylor had a great deal more to tell Mr. Torrington, but that gentleman showed that he had heard enough by walking away with his hands folded behind him, as was his habit.

Mr. Taylor, very much relieved at the good chance he had had of displaying his general information, buried his nose in the pile of papers on his desk, having first blown it with a violence that made the gas globes ring.

When Mr. Torrington appeared again, the first words that gentleman said were upon the same subject on which they had been previously speaking. 'Should you chance to see Proudman again you might tell him to step round.'

Mr. Taylor promised to do so, and thinking that it would be a pity to leave such a good errand to chance, he resolved to make a call that evening at Paradise Place. It would be a kindness to the Proudman, and it might be something to talk about.

So that very evening he called, and startled Susan with one of the most genteel knocks that could possibly be performed on a knocker which you had almost to bend double to manage properly: it was so low, like every thing and every body else in Paradise Place, Mr. Taylor thought.

He could scarcely see Mrs. Proudman, who opened the door, the passage was so dark.

'I am Mr. Taylor—John Taylor, that is,' he said, putting her still more in the dark, for she had not the least notion who the great Mr. John Taylor was.

She did not try to dispute the fact, however, that it was Mr. John Taylor who stood before her, but



simply said, 'Yes, sir,' and waited for him to reveal himself still further.

'I am Mr. Torrington's managing clerk,' he said, 'and I wish to see James Proudman.'

'Will you step inside, sir?' said Susan, lest her visitor should think it rude to be kept on the doorstep. Mr. Taylor thanked her and squeezed himself into the passage, whilst Susan brought a light, which showed him a very neat and clean little woman, with a cheerful, though careworn face. He declined to intrude any further.

'I have only to tell him,' he said, 'that if he will call any morning from ten to eleven o'clock, Mr. Torrington will see him.'

Susan courtesied, and thanked him; and Mr. Taylor, with a smiling 'Good night,' went his way to surprise his own wife with an exaggerated account of his visit to the poorer quarters of London.

#### CHAPTER IX.—BREAKING UP.

FROM the time that Mr. Taylor called the Proudman's began to see better days.

Mr. Torrington was a sterling man, and when he found that James Proudman did not abuse his kindness, but showed in every way that the change was a genuine one, he restored him by degrees to the place which he had held before he had fallen. James was a new man in every sense.

One of the first tokens of his improved position was the way in which the publican treated him. He passed by the 'Red Lion' as he went to and from business—a thing which he had not for a long time been able to do before; and on one occasion the publican, a stout man with a white apron tied round his waist, stood at the door of the public-house, like a full-blown spider on the look-out for flies.

'Well, James,' he said, 'so you are getting over your illness again? You are looking well.'

'Yes, thank you, Mr. Chubb; I feel a good deal better.'

Since James had taken his money away from the publican to the tailor he certainly did look a good deal better.

'We've not seen much of you lately,' said Mr. Chubb, in a friendly manner, and referring to James's absence, which he had good reason to regret. 'We must not lose sight of our old friends, you know.'

James smiled and said,—

'No; friends are scarce.'

'A glass of Old Tom would do you no harm this morning,' said Chubb, inviting him to have a glass free of charge: 'at my expense, James. I've got some prime.'

'No, thank you, Mr. Chubb,' said James, guessing the reason of this generosity, while an expression of pain passed over his thin face. It was by a great effort he said, 'No, thank you,' as firmly as he did. 'No' was a new word to him, and it came strange.

Mr. Chubb looked surprised.

'Oh, that's it!' he said, 'is it!'

'That is it, Mr. Chubb,' said James. 'I'm much obliged to you, sir, all the same. I wish you good morning.'

Mr. Chubb looked at him with a peculiar expression, but did not answer him; whilst as for James,

he hurried away, scarcely believing that he had gained such a decided victory over his worst foe. He looked back, with a feeling of shame, to the time when he had begged—abjectly begged—that same Mr. Chubb for a drink, when he had not a penny, and he had been rudely denied it.

'Thank God,' he said, devoutly to himself, 'that time is further off now than ever!'

Another token of James Proudman's improved condition was that Paul was sent to school.

A maiden lady, of the name of Cross, kept a school in Bermondsey, and becoming acquainted with Mrs. Proudman, she heard that it was intended to send the boy to school, and she undertook to call for him every morning and bring him back every evening.

This proposal was agreed to; and in a very short time Paul began to show that there was the making of a capital scholar in him, much to the mother's joy, as well as to the satisfaction of his teacher, who came in for a large share of the credit when her pupils were sharp.

Six months passed away thus with a great deal of uphill work for all of them: still, it was uphill, and no longer downhill, as it had been. The summer came round again. The trees were once more in full leaf.

Every morning Paul had been ready by the time Miss Cross came, and away they had gone to the school—a long walk of nearly two miles.

Then had come the day's lessons. The first difficulties of arithmetic had been got over. He was growing more used to the ins and outs of English spelling, and by degrees he was getting to hold his pen without twisting his fingers into knots. They were now looking forward to the midsummer holiday, when the schoolroom, which was very dusty and full of cobwebs, was to be shut up for a week to be white-washed, and swept, and painted.

The Friday came on which they were to close their term of study. The elder scholars had told Paul to get ready for the breaking-up, leading him to suppose that there would be a good deal of damage done to something; but whether it was the forms or the desks, the ink-pots or the windows, that were to be broken, he could not be quite sure about, but for something extraordinary and exciting he was prepared.

Friday came, and a dreadfully hot day it was, too. The windows were opened, and so were the doors; but it was no better—in fact it was worse, if anything; what little cool air there was in the room went out of it. How they all got through the morning they could not tell, but the morning went, and they had not melted away.

At dinner-time, the children who were happy enough to live in the neighbourhood went out; those who lived at a distance stayed in, and sat in a row on a long form, in front of Miss Cross, who presided over them with a long cane, and a face crimson with heat. Paul was among the unfortunate ones.

One boy, who had misbehaved himself, stood on a form near the schoolmistress, with a piece of red cloth hanging from his chin, intended for a tongue, and which was worn as a mark of disgrace by those who broke the rules of the school.

(To be continued.)





### HOW TO RETURN A FAVOUR.

**A**N old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. But the horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favour of him. But the nobleman was a gentle-

man also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his cap and said, 'My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?'

'Very easily, John,' replied the nobleman. 'Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me.'





### THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the  
 wall;  
 Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it  
 fall.  
 A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the  
 sheep whose skin  
 A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little  
 drum its din.

Oh, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet ver-  
 dure spread,  
 And pleasant 'tis among its heath to make your sum-  
 mer bed;  
 And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to  
 its vales,  
 And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing  
 gales.



And thus hath felt the shepherd boy whilst tending  
of his fold,  
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like  
Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day! but change with time  
will come;  
And he—(alas for him the day!)—he heard the little  
drum!

'Follow,' said the drummer-boy, 'would you live in  
story!

For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of  
glory.'

'Rub-a-dub!' and 'rub-a-dub!' the drummer beats  
away—

The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot  
wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is  
lying,

Around him many a parching tongue for 'Water!'  
faintly crying:

Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet ver-  
dure spread,

Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made  
his bed:

Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to  
its vales,

Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's  
mountain gales!

At length, upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber  
come,

And he is in his home again—till wakened by the  
drum!

'Take arms! take arms!' his leader cried, 'the hated  
foeman's nigh!'

Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel, and thousands  
fall to die.

The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: 'Oh,  
water!—give me some!

My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that  
little drum!

'Mid moaning men and dying men the drummer  
kept his way,

And many a one by 'Glory' lured did curse the drum  
that day.

'Rub-a-dub!' and 'rub-a-dub!' the drummer beat  
aloud—

The shepherd died! and, ere the morn, the hot sand  
was his shroud.

And this is 'Glory!'—Yes; and still will man the  
tempter follow,

Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound—  
d hollow!

*Jerrold's Magazine.*

#### KEEPING A BIRTHDAY.

WHEN George the Third reached his thirty-eighth  
year, a loyal subject, one Mr. Hartley of Buckle-  
bury, took it into his head to celebrate the event in a  
very hearty fashion.

Every one would have bonfires and illuminations,  
but Mr. Hartley must go beyond every one.

His bonfires were made inside the house instead of  
outside—huge blazing piles on the very floors of his  
rooms. The company drank the health of 'their  
Majesties' round one great fire, adjourning imme-  
diately to another apartment, where, all alight in a  
heap, were thirty-eight great fagots, a delicate  
allusion to the years of the royal life. But what  
with their loyalty and the heat, and the fumes of the  
pitch and tar ablaze here, the company were well-  
nigh roasted, and fled upstairs, leaving the splendid  
bonfire below burning right furiously.

In the centre of this third chamber crackled and  
spattered another great fire, but here good Mr. Hartley  
and his friends managed to pause while they drank  
some more healths. The King over again, the Queen  
over again, the Royal Family, Peace, Unanimity, and  
so forth.

More fires were ablaze on the great staircase and in  
other parts of the house, and they were allowed to  
burn themselves out—to their credit, be it said, they  
burnt nothing else: no damage happening to any part  
of the building save the precise spot allotted to the  
fires.

The birthday fell on the 4th of June; let us hope  
that the summer of that year, 1776, was not a very  
hot one, or these good people must surely have been  
melted away between their enthusiasm and their  
bonfires.

H. A. F.

#### KING HABIT.

OF all the kings of the earth, there is not one who  
rules so many people as King Habit. Almost  
every man, woman, and child obeys him; both the  
good and the bad, the wise and the foolish.

It is strange that each person creates this King  
Habit for himself first, and then bows before him.  
And this is the way in which King Habit is created.  
A man does something or other one day, without  
thinking much about it: for instance, he plays with  
his watch-chain while he is talking to a friend: a few  
days afterwards he meets another friend, and as he  
talks to him, again his fingers get to the same place,  
while he is thinking of something to say; next day  
he is chatting with another friend, and again he  
twitches and twirls his chain, and after a little while  
he can hardly get a word out unless he is fidgeting  
with his watch-chain. He has by degrees made a  
King Habit for himself, which he may have great  
trouble in driving from his throne.

There was once a Member of Parliament who had  
got into a habit of always putting his hand under his  
coat, and pulling at the strings at the back of his  
waistcoat while he was speaking. A rival who had  
noticed this trick, one day, when the other was going  
to make a great speech, managed to cut the strings  
off. It is said that the poor man got up, began his  
speech, put his hands to pull the waistcoat strings,  
found they were gone, lost the thread of his argument  
—began again, coughed, stammered, stuck, and at  
last sat down, covered with confusion. King Habit  
was too strong for him. He had got into the way  
of pulling his waistcoat strings when he spoke, and  
without them he could not get on.

This was only a silly habit, but habits that are



good and habits that are bad are formed in the same way, and rule over us in like manner; therefore we ought to take care what kind of kings we are setting upon the throne in our breast.

Did you ever happen to see a sculptor carving a human face on a statue? If you did, you would see that the face was not struck out at a single blow. It took a thousand blows before even the rough shape was cut out of the stone; then it took ten thousand fine touches with the chisel-point before the features were all brought out! It is a slow work, but at last the full likeness stands fast in the solid stone. And it is in just the same way, by a thousand acts, or a thousand thoughts repeated day after day, that we each create our habits of good or evil. And even animals have their habits formed in the same way. In the Arctic regions, the sailors travel over the wide fields of ice in sledges drawn by dogs. Captain M'Clintock had twenty-nine dogs with him; most of them were very glad, when their work was done, to get rid of the collars and straps that fastened them to the sledges; but there was one old dog, who went by the name of 'Harness Jack,' for he had got so used to his harness that he would not allow it to be taken off, and plainly threatened to use his teeth when any one tried to remove it.

Since, then, we are all forming habits of some sort or other, we should strive to do two things.

*We ought to strive to form good habits.*

'Custom is second nature,' and every time we do an act of duty it makes the next doing of it easier, until by degrees it becomes a habit, and we should not be easy if we left it undone.

A nephew of George Washington, the American general, tells us that Washington used to retire to his library every evening at nine o'clock; and though he had visitors with him he always left at that hour and did not return. He remained alone in his library till ten o'clock, and passed into his bed-chamber by an inner door. His secretary had long wondered how he spent that hour, knowing that he wrote nothing, and that the books and papers were not disturbed. One day, during a violent storm of wind and rain, he was so curious to discover the secret, that he allowed himself to do what was not right—he crept to the door, and through the key-hole he saw Washington on his knees, with a large book open before him, which he felt sure must be a Bible, as a large one was always in the room.

What a blessed habit this was which the brave general had made king in his breast! How wise we should all be if we were to follow his good example!

*But we ought to strive also to check bad habits when they are forming.*

And we must do this by keeping a very sharp lookout on the little beginnings of evil; for,

'Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.'

We must not let even the 'camel's nose' get in. You will know what that means when you hear that the Arabs have this proverb to teach the danger of trifling with the beginning of a bad habit: 'Beware of the camel's nose.' And Mrs. Sigourney has explained the proverb in the following lines:—

'Once in his shop a workman wrought,  
With languid hand and listless thought,

When, through the open window's space,  
Behold a camel thrust his face!

"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;  
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,  
In came the nose, in came the head—  
As sure as sermon follows text,  
The long and scraggy neck came next;  
And then, as falls the threatening storm,  
In leapt the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,  
And on the rude invader frown'd,  
Convinced, as closer still he prest,  
There was no room for such a guest;  
Yet more astonish'd heard him say,—  
"If thou art troubled, go thy way,  
For in this place I choose to stay."

Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,  
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!  
To evil habit's earliest wile  
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile,—  
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,  
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose!

And if we ever find that the camel's nose has got in—that a bad habit has got hold of us, the next thing that we must do is boldly to set to work to get rid of it—to pull King Habit from his throne, and to turn him out of our heart and home; and to do so *at once*. We often hear people talking of giving up bad habits by degrees; but that is a bad sign. Webb, a famous pedestrian, who was a water-drinker, was once urging a friend, who was a slave to strong drink, to give it up. The friend promised that he would do so by degrees. 'By degrees!' cried Webb: 'if you should unluckily fall into the fire, would you tell your servants to pull you out by degrees?' So give up a bad habit at once, if you really wish to get rid of it.

And remember, it is *little* good habits that we have to form, and *little* bad habits that we have to check. For it is these little habits which are the true seeds of character. We might as well plant acorns, and expect that they should not grow, as yield to little bad habits day after day and expect them not to increase. We might as well expect to see the firm and noble oak where no acorns were ever planted, as look for true greatness and goodness in life where the seedling of little good habits had not been first carefully nurtured day by day.

### FEEDING-TIME.

WHO but Hunger sets the world agog?

She queens it over Manikin and Og;  
She weaves our clothes, she rounds each engine wheel;  
I read, I ride, because you want a meal.  
Were she not mistress we should idlers be,  
Uncleared the forest, and unsailed the sea.  
Did she not rule thee, O what pride were thine!  
'Tis well she makes thee cousin to the swine.  
Own the relation, and don't name him ill,  
Grunting and blustering as he takes his fill:  
And though he can but gormandise and snore,  
Till he is fatted for a bacon store,  
Don't call him greedy, chatterbox, or he  
May, when he's sausage, have it out with thee!

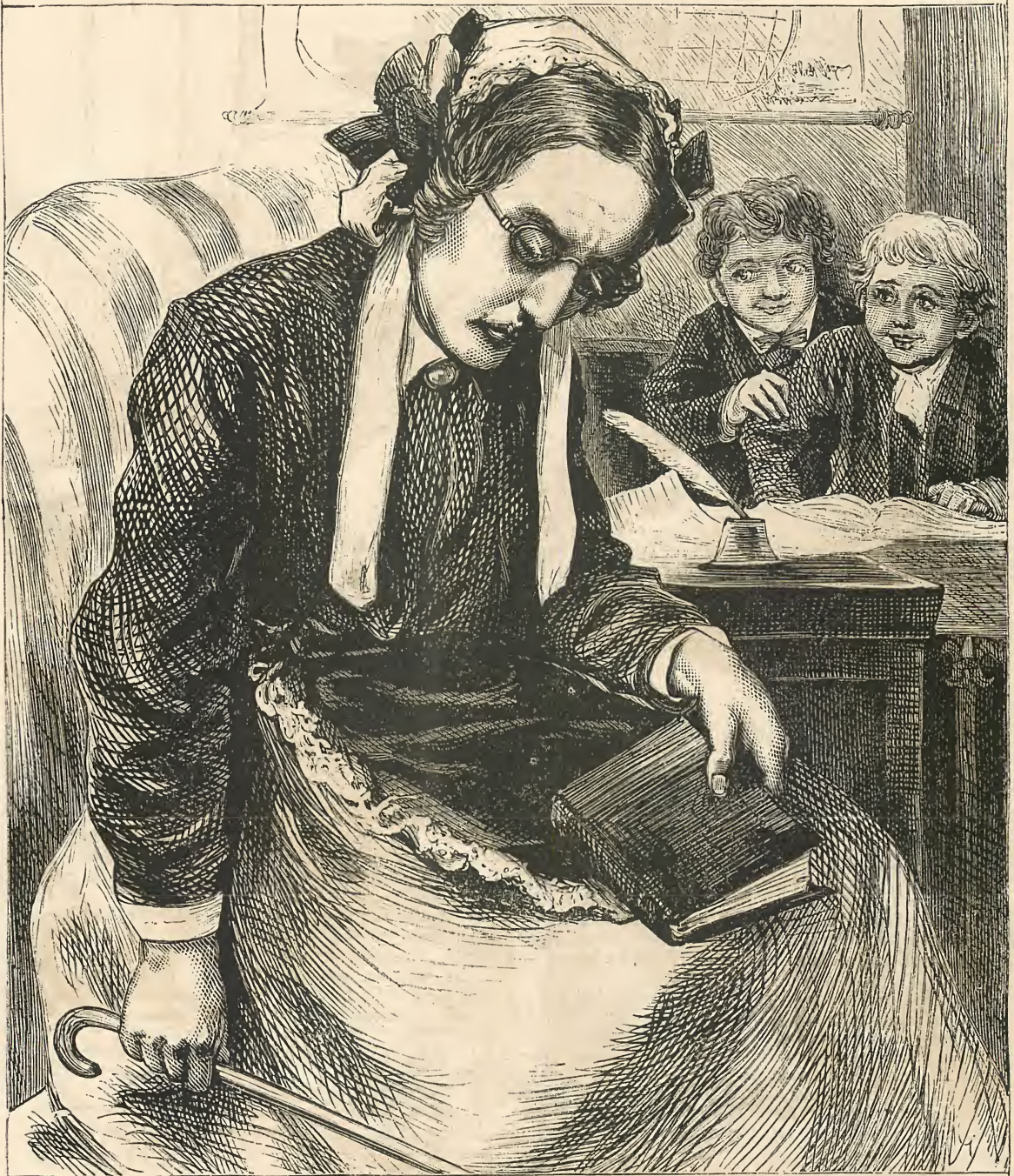
G. S. O.





Feeding-time.





Miss Cross fell into a decided doze.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 291.)*

THE Miss Cross's school it was the custom for the children to eat the dinners which they had brought with them from home in silence.

When dinner was done Miss Cross took down a large yellow jug, which could hold about two quarts of water; but this she filled at a tap in a yard outside, and then gave it to the children one by one to drink from; and lest they should make themselves ill, or quench their thirst, she was very careful to snatch it away as soon as the poor child had put its lips to it.

The heat that morning made their thirst a complete torture, and they were all looking forward to the moment, short as it would be, when the yellow jug should appear; and knowing that that moment would not come before the last scrap of food had been eaten, they made haste to get rid of their parcels, which seemed bigger than usual. The big jug appeared—alas! only to increase the torment of their thirst.

Paul's turn arrived. He had just consumed a parcel of sandwiches large enough for two boys of twice his size; and besides being lukewarm with the heat, they were plentifully powdered with salt. No sooner had he eaten them to the last crumb, therefore, than he felt terribly thirsty. The jug came, and he had just lifted the cool water to his mouth, when, in spite of his desperate clutch, the jug was snatched away, and passed on to the next.

If there was to be a breaking-up, then was the time: the boys would have been in the best spirit for a general smashing of everything, and it was a wonder that they bore it so well.

'Please, Miss Cross,' said Paul, leaving his seat, 'as it's the last day of school, may we all have another drink?'

Miss Cross was at first surprised; but perhaps the pleasure she had found in the cool water herself—for she had just finished off what was left in the jug—made her gracious. To the surprise of all, she rose up and said, 'Well, children, as it is breaking-up day, and hotter than usual, the jug shall go round again.' And so it did, and each was allowed a longer pull at it.

In the afternoon lessons began again; but after a feeble attempt to bear up against the heat the school-mistress let her cane fall to the ground, her head sunk on her chest, and she fell into a decided doze. The children were careful not to rouse her, and played among themselves till it was nearly time to close the school. Then Miss Cross opened her eyes, and looking up at the clock was surprised to see how late it was.

She dismissed them with a few words, and they broke up with a hearty cheer, which for once Miss Cross did not attempt to stop; and away they went, not at all sorry to exchange the musty old school-room for the open air.

## CHAPTER X.—A VISITOR.

SUNDAY morning arrived, and Paul went out for a walk, and to show a new suit of clothes which he had forced himself into for the first time.

It was already very hot, and the people who were out walked leisurely along on the shady side of the way. Among others were a great many well-dressed boys and girls, and a sprinkling of well-dressed adults, turning down a quiet little street nearly opposite Paradise Place.

Paul was curious to know who they were, and where they were going to.

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. He looked round; it was Walter Reed, between whom and Paul there had grown up a friendship since the accident.

'What are you looking at?' said Walter.

'Those people,' said Paul.

'Who are they?' asked Walter.

'I don't know. Do you?' rejoined Paul.

'No; let's go and see. Shall we?' said Walter.

Paul was agreeable, and walked off with Walter as fast as his new clothes, which he was afraid of bursting—they were so tight—would let him.

They went with the stream, which, they found, poured into a large building with a Gothic front, a large window, and a door almost as large. They stopped short at the entrance, and reading a notice found that they were in the presence of St. John's Sunday-school.

A soft, subdued sound of singing, stole from the interior, which they caught a glimpse of through red curtains, and the throng of people who were going in.

As they were standing thus, a sweet voice spoke behind them,—

'Thank you, Mary; I shall do now.'

The speaker was a little girl of about eight or nine years of age, and a young woman was stooping to kiss her as Paul looked round.

'I'll call for you again, Agnes,' said the young woman, whose duty it was, by her appearance, to take care of the little girl, and who as plainly found a pleasure in her duty.

The two boys made way for her, and let her pass; but she turned back, and with a winning smile and the same sweet voice as before said, 'Won't you come in?'

Walter and Paul looked at each other and grinned, but were too bashful to say anything.

A gentleman just then came in, and at the little girl's request persuaded our two friends to enter. After a little further invitation they allowed themselves to be shown into the schoolroom, a large chamber full of children and teachers, with windows through which the sunlight streamed, and walls which were bright with devices and Scripture texts.

Walter and Paul blushed very much when they found themselves looked at by one or two children near the door, which gave them the impression that the whole school was staring at them. They tried to look as much at home as possible, however, and were put in a class with other boys of their own age, and their names and addresses were set down in a book by the teacher who received them.

Very pleasant they found it, and what with singing,



reading, and listening, they were quite surprised when they found it was time to go.

When Paul reached home he found dinner ready, and his parents wondering what had become of him, and whether it was possible that he had been kidnapped for the sake of his clothes, such things having been done before. He soon satisfied their curiosity by telling all he had seen and heard, not forgetting the little girl; and when he spoke of going again nothing was said against it.

He repeated his visit to St. John's school in the afternoon by himself; and whether he had expected to see the little girl and was disappointed at not seeing her, or that it was really not so lively as in the morning, he could not quite tell. It did not prevent him, however, making up his mind to go again next Sunday morning, to which he looked forward with some impatience.

In the evening, as they were sitting round the table, and Paul was reading aloud from a book which he had received at the school, whilst Lucy played on the floor, they were all startled with a loud flourish on the knocker outside, and Paul was sent out to answer the summons.

The visitor was a tall, well-dressed lady.

'Does James Proudman live here?'

'Yes, ma'am,' he said, timidly; 'that's my father's name.'

'Tell him his sister is here—his sister Frances,' said the lady.

Paul went into the parlour, which was now a picture of neatness and comfort, and gave his message.

Susan at once began to bustle about, with the idea of putting things in order, whilst James went out to meet his sister.

'Don't put yourselves out,' said the visitor, in a somewhat sharp, commanding tone.

'Not at all,' said James, a little confused under the novelty. 'How are you, Sister Frances? Will you walk in? our room is small, but—'

The lady did not need much persuasion, but walked in, lifting her veil with one hand as she waved the other in a haughty manner. 'You need not make any excuses, James,' she said; 'I am used to take things as I find them.'

Finding a chair near the door, she took that by way of illustration, and seated herself in an erect position, as young ladies do when their mothers tell them to sit up.

Paul and Lucy had meanwhile retired into a corner, and from that position stared at their aunt with open eyes.

'I dare say you are surprised to see me, James?' she said, looking at her brother.

'Not at all!' answered James, who was really too much surprised to say how he felt.

A short pause followed, during which the visitor threw a quick glance round the small apartment, which had not looked at all mean till she entered. Everybody was ill at ease. Such a strange meeting, they thought, for a brother and sister who had been parted so long.

The visitor completed her survey, but looked far from pleased with what she saw.

'This is your wife, James, I presume?' she said, without looking at Susan.

James admitted his guilt so far.

'And these are your children?'

James acknowledged them, too.

'But not all?' said his sister, as though she was putting him through his catechism.

'All now,' said James. 'There were three. There was a boy four years older than that one,' pointing to Paul, who blushed at being so directly referred to, 'but he was drowned in the river last summer.'

'Poor little fellow!' cried his sister.

There was just a touch of tenderness in her tone which had not before appeared; and Susan was encouraged by it, and prompted by her feelings as a mother to speak, —

'Such a well-grown boy, too!' she murmured, the tears starting to her eyes.

If Sister Frances felt any sympathy she contrived to hide it. She turned to her brother, and repeated the question she had made before—'I dare say you feel surprised to see me, James?'

James started, and was about to make the same answer, 'Not at all!' but his sister rendered any reply needless by talking on, and taking it for granted that if her brother was not surprised he ought to be.

'I should be surprised in your place, James; for you must be aware that after the manner in which you—but I need not speak more pointedly; you must know to what I allude. After that, I say, you had no right to expect me to be the same to you as before. I couldn't do it. But when I heard that you were struck down with paralysis it seemed to me to be a duty that I owed to see you. I shall be easier in my mind now that it is done.'

'It was very kind of you,' said James, not venturing to offend his imperious sister by seeming to underrate her goodness in thus overlooking the crime he had committed, in choosing a woman whom he liked for his wife, and not one more after her own heart.

'I don't wish to be thought unkind,' said his sister, as if there were really a danger of it; 'it was right. I can only say that I am glad to find that your illness was exaggerated to me, and that if you stand in any need of help my position enables me to offer you it.'

'No, thank you, Frances,' said her brother, with almost a touch of independence, which did not sit naturally on his broken-down, feeble character. 'No, thank you; Susan and I have got along so far without much help, and we'd rather not bother any one if we can do without it now.'

Sister Frances rose to go. She looked at a small gold watch which she carried as she did so, and held it very near the lamp before she could make out the time, so that the Proudman's could all admire it.

'Good-bye, James,' she said, holding out her hand to her brother, and passing the fingers along to Susan across the small round table. 'I did not ask you what you had been suffering from.'

'A kind of fit, I think,' said James.

'Fits are likely to come on again.'

With this piece of Job's comfort she swept out of the room, smiling a little at the two children as she went.

At a sign from his parents, Paul followed to show his aunt out, Susan holding the lamp near the room door; but she was beforehand, and almost out of the court before he could reach the outer door. He opened it





## JAPANESE SCENES.

### THE HAIRDRESSER.

again and peeped out; her tall figure was passing away towards the High Street. He watched it till it was out of sight. He had heard his father call her 'sister,' and wondered if they had ever been as dear to each other as he and Lucy were; and if so, whether it could be possible for time to change them in the same way. As for his parents, they had only just recollected, so much had the visit taken them by surprise, that they had not asked Sister Frances to take a little refreshment—a breach of good manners of which Susan, in particular, had not believed herself capable. The fact that her sister-in-law had treated her so coldly, only made Susan the more vexed. 'She'll, perhaps, go and think I did it on purpose,' she remarked.

'Never mind, girl,' said James, soothingly: 'she'll be coming again some day, perhaps, when we shall be better prepared for her.'

*(To be continued.)*

AS Japanese men have the tops of their heads shaved, they require to come under the barber's hands almost every day. The hair at the sides and back is allowed to grow long enough to make a short tail, which is tied up and laid forward on the head. The man who is being operated on here has tucked his hands comfortably into his sleeves, and sits on his heels, which is their usual attitude. The hairdresser has his combs near him, the razor stuck in his own hair; and now he has taken some water into his mouth, and is letting a fine stream of it go on the hair under his hands! Curious, but true. Gardeners will water plants in the same manner; and once when an English lady was fainting, a Japanese was about to try it to revive her. She saw him, and that was quite enough: she jumped up directly! S. M. S.





### THE NEST ROBBERS.

**A** LITTLE bird built a snug nest in a tree,  
 With moss and with feathers as soft as could be,  
 And she laid in it pretty eggs, one, two, and three.

No fierce cat molested that cool, shady dell,  
 No sun's burning rays on the nest ever fell,  
 For the leaves were so thick that they sheltered it well.

Beside that green tree flowed a stream bright and clear,  
 With the wild wood anemone blossoming near,  
 And the blue-bell that gladdens the spring of the year.

And the little bird sat and poured forth her sweet song,  
 From morning till evening, so loud and so long,  
 And the nestlings were hatched and grew healthy and strong.



Three little boys lived in the village hard by,  
They had all that they wanted, a bounteous supply—  
Food, clothes, and a cottage, all cosy and dry.

Kind fathers worked for them all day on the farm,  
Kind mothers watched over and kept them from harm,  
As the birds kept her nestlings, so safe and so warm.

In summer they rested beneath that tree's shade,  
Or else in the greenwood at hide-and-seek played,  
Their stories repeated, and paper kites made.

The little bird sang to them day after day,  
From morning till night the same sweet roundelay,  
Contented and cheerful, and fearless and gay.

Said Tommy, 'To climb that tall tree would be fun,  
And find out the nest and away with it run;  
I've seen the old bird and I'm sure there is one.'

So they set off at once and Tom climbed to the spot,  
And the mother bird cried, but they heeded her not,  
And they laughed as they thought of the prize they  
had got.

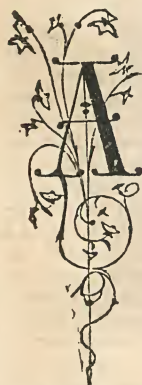
They carried the nest home in triumph and glee,  
But next morning the nestlings were dead, one, two,  
three,  
And the bird flew away from her home in the tree.

Do you think it was funny, little girl—little boy—  
To rob that poor bird of her innocent joy,  
And that dear little home in the wood to destroy?

I think it was cruel and thoughtless, don't you?  
Well, then, just remember that rule ever new,  
And as you would be done by, to little birds do.

M. H. F. DONNE.

### PAINTING THE BLACK-EYE.



CLERK one day got into a quarrel with some companions, and in the scuffle he received a blow on the face, which caused those blue, brown, green, yellow, and red streaks and bruises to appear, which people strangely call a *black eye*.

The next morning, as it happened, he had to go and see a magistrate about some business. But who would think well of a clerk with a black-eye? A black coat may be respectable, but a black-eye is quite the contrary. What was he to do? 'Necessity is the mother of invention.'

So he fell on this plan: he went to a portrait-painter, and had skin-coloured paint put over his black-eye; and thus he escaped any unpleasant questions when he appeared before the magistrate.

You might think that this could not be done; that sharp eyes would see the white paint, if not the black-eye. But, whether the story is true or not, it is certain it could be done; for there was a Frenchwoman in London whose trade was to paint ladies'

faces—not to hide bruises and black-eyes, but to hide wrinkles and yellow cheeks. This Frenchwoman did not call her trade by the vulgar name of 'painting,' but by the grander name of 'enamelling.'

Here is part of her advertisement, copied from a London newspaper of the year 1862:—

'Enamelling has become quite general amongst ladies who frequent crowded assemblies. Madame — begs leave to say that she is the only possessor in the world of that great and beautiful art. Her method restores the hair, teeth, and complexion. It is done by the use of the fragrant, liquid flowers of Arabia, which give a soft tint to the cheeks, lustre to the eyes, pearly brightness to the teeth, peach-like bloom to the cheeks, and alabaster whiteness to the neck, arms, and hands.'

It is very sad to think that any one can be found silly enough to believe such nonsense, or vain enough to let themselves be cased over with paint and plaster for the sake of deceiving their acquaintances.

Solomon says, that 'the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness' (Prov. xvi. 31); and wrinkles are no disgrace, unless they have brought no wisdom with them. Grey hairs and wrinkles are God's warnings of the time when we are to travel into the other world, through the solemn gateway of the grave; and I am afraid that one reason for painting the face and dyeing the hair is that people do not like to think of death coming to them, because they do not love God, whose angel Death is.

And yet, in trying to hide Death's approach from themselves, they really hasten his coming; for every one's skin is full of very tiny openings, called pores: these are the mouths of tiny pipes, through which moisture comes *from* the body or goes *into* it; and if the mouths of all these little pipes are stopped up with enamel, then they are not only hindered from doing their proper work, but they also carry the poison of white lead into the veins.

I hope that all my readers have plenty of colour of God's own beautiful painting in their faces; but if, as you grow older, He takes away the roses from your cheeks and puts white lilies, or even yellow daffodils, in their places, be content, and do not go and have them daubed with paint or enamel, even if it is called by such a grand-sounding, nonsensical name, as 'Liquid Flowers of Arabia.'

But people paint over other spots and scars besides black-eyes and brown moles. They try to hide their faults by deceit and lying; and this is the kind of painting the black-eye which I wish you always to avoid.

We cannot keep free from sin. We all of us do wrong sometimes. We fall short of our duty to God or to our neighbour. But when we do so, let us feel that we only make things worse when we try to 'paint the black-eye' by craft or falsehood.

Some people think, that if they do not say false words they do not tell a lie; but remember, 'the essence of a lie is the wish to deceive.' If you make a person believe what is not true by a look or action, you lie just as much as if you had spoken many words. There are no 'white lies'; they are all as black as midnight.

Others 'paint the black-eye' by calling sin by a lighter name: they call a drunken man 'a merry



fellow,' or a liar 'a sharp rogue,' and so on. Don't do this. 'Call 'a spade a spade,' and a sin by its real name, and then you will be less likely to yield to it.

The Bible name for those who 'paint the black-eye' is 'hypocrite;' which just means one who daubs his face, or puts a mask upon it. A hypocrite tries to make himself look like a good man, but when his paint is washed off he is seen to be a sinner; and God, from Whose Eye no paint can hide the stains beneath, declares that 'the hypocrite's hope shall perish' (Job, viii. 13).

It is always better, if you have fallen into a fault, to confess it, rather than to 'paint the black-eye' over with excuses.

'A fault confessed is half-redressed;

A simple saying, brief and wise:

The ready truth is always best,

If truth without disguise.'

Street beggars are sadly given to 'painting the black-eye;' but even they would sometimes find it a better plan to speak the truth instead of inventing all kinds of stories to cloak over the faults and vices which make many of them beg instead of work. Miravaux was one day taking a walk, when a sturdy young fellow begged of him. Miravaux looked at him, and asked,—

'How is it that a strong man like you are not at work instead of begging?'

'Ah!' said the beggar, putting on a piteous face, 'if you did but know how—lazy I am!'

This honest answer won him the coin which he did not deserve, except for speaking the truth.

But though it is wrong to paint our own black-eyes, we ought always to paint those of others, if we can do so, without breaking God's law of Truth. It is mean to tell tales of the faults of others, and wrong to speak of their failings behind their backs. If we cannot help seeing a black-eye on any one's face, let us remember that there are other ways beside brawls in which people get bruised, and let us not take for granted that he 'has been fighting;' and so, too, if we hear of a flaw in any one's character, let us not blacken the black-eye; but let us rather paint it by making the best excuse for him that we can, knowing that true 'charity thinketh no evil,' but is always ready to believe that story false which ought not to be true.

### HARD SPELLING.

IT is said that an Inspector, who was examining a School at Ipswich, gave this piece of doggerel for dictation. It is so hard to read, so difficult to understand, and so full of puzzling words to spell, that most scholars would say, 'It wasn't fair:—'

'While hewing yews Hugh lost his ewe,

And put it in the Hue and Cry.

To name his face's dusky hucs

Was all the effort he could use.

You brought the ewe back by-and-bye,

And only begged the hewer's ewer,

Your hands to wash in water pure,

Lest nice-nosed ladies, near a few,

Should cry, on coming near you, "Ugh!"'

### 'A MAN OVERBOARD!'

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, in his *Autobiography*, tells the following anecdote:—

'I remember once, when cruising in the *Endymion*, a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the forecabin, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their stations, I missed one of the foretop men.

'Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and trying to hide himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and booms.

"Hullo!" said I; "who are you? What are you doing here? youskulker! Why are you not at your station?"

"I am not skulking, sir," said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks were running down with tears.

'The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years.

'I begged his pardon in full sincerity for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day.

"Never mind, sir; never mind," said the kind-hearted seaman: "it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir; but I must do my duty."

'So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mastering his grief within his breast, he bravely walked off to his work as if nothing had happened.' H. A. F.

### DEFENCE OF HOUGOMONT.

THE Battle of Waterloo began with the struggle for the possession of the château of Hougomont, and, probably, such a place never before sustained such a succession of desperate attacks.

The English Guards on the right, under Colonel Macdonell, fell back upon the haystack (afterwards burned) which stood between the building and the wood, while those on the left, under Colonel Lord Saltoun, fell back to the south hedge of the orchard: those on the right were assisted by their comrades from the windows of the house, as well as from the loopholes of the stables. They managed from that point to keep the enemy at bay for some time, but perceiving some of Prince Jerome's troops outflanking them, and thus exposing them to the danger of being cut off from retreat, they fell back and hastily entered the building by the north gate, with the French close upon them. At length Colonel Macdonell and Sergeant Graham, by great personal strength and extraordinary bravery, succeeded in closing the gates against their assailants; some Frenchmen who had entered the courtyard falling a sacrifice to their undaunted gallantry.

Early in August, after the Battle of Waterloo, while the Allied army was in Paris, the Duke of Wellington received a letter from a clergyman, expressing his wish to confer a pension of 10*l.* a-year for life on some Waterloo soldier, to be named by his grace, and Sergeant Graham, who had so highly distinguished himself at Hougomont, was selected to receive the proffered annuity.





Defence of the Hougomont.





Marvellous Exertion.



## MARVELLOUS EXERTION.



LETTER from Kingston, dated January 10th, 1795, reported the following remarkable circumstance, which seems almost beyond belief:—A vessel which had lately arrived from America with a cargo of horses met such bad weather and contrary winds on her passage, that the master was forced to lighten her by ordering some of the live stock to be thrown overboard.

Among the stock there was a horse, who, possessing more strength and courage than his companions, actually buffeted the waves for two days, and at the end of that time was taken on board and brought into port, where he is now alive and doing well.

## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 300.)

## CHAPTER XI.—OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

WE have now brought the Proudman into smoother waters and under brighter skies; but water however smooth, and the sky however bright, are liable to change: the one clouds over, the other becomes rough, when we least expect it.

Sister Frances had touched the keynote of a change which a short time after fell upon our humble friends, and threw them into the deeps of trouble again, when she warned her brother that fits were likely to return; it was the more sad that that change should occur at a time of merrymaking, and therefore when they were the worst prepared for it.

Once a-year it was the custom at Torrington's to set apart a day for an excursion. The great day, which had been anxiously looked forward to, once more arrived, and the sun seemed to promise such weather as holiday folk love.

Two gorgeous vans, with four horses in each, drew up before the house at business at an early hour. Then came the printers, with large rosettes in the button-holes of their best coats; and the wives and children came, too, in all the colours of the rainbow.

After a good deal of bustle and giving of orders, such as 'You sit here, Mary,' and 'You sit there, Mrs. So-and-so,' and 'There's room for another one between these two ladies,' or 'There's no more room on this side, we shall be squeezed to death if you put any more here,' the wives and children were squeezed inside the vans, and the men mounted on to the outside: hampers and bottles had been stowed away already. The drivers presently climbed to their boxes, flags were waved, bugles were blown, and at a touch of the whips the horses started off in splendid style.

That year it was decided to put up at a pretty little inn in a secluded part of Epping Forest, some fifteen miles from London. The place has disappeared since—fallen a prey, we fear, to the builders, with

so much else of what was once not unfitly called a forest.

Among those on the roof was James Proudman, happy enough at the thought of having a good coat to set off his rosette with, his wife in the van beneath him, and plenty of good things to eat and drink in a hamper near the driver. Along the streets they sped, the sun shining above them, the wondering crowd below; but by-and-by the houses began to get thin, and the trees to thicken. Hedgerows and fields flew past them as they rolled along the dusty country roads, and at last the forest was reached. After a pleasant drive under the trees, whose branches almost touched them at times, they arrived at their inn. The steaming horses were put up, the excursionists got down, and set themselves to pass their time away as merrily as possible, which was the work of the day; and what with swings, donkey-rides, three shies a-penny, glasses of new milk, emptying the hampers and feasting themselves, and above all the sense that London generally, and their own shop in particular, lay miles away, a very happy day it was for most of them.

A very happy day it would have been for the Proudman but for two circumstances. They had scarcely left the vans when it was discovered that Paul had disappeared.

They did not think much of it at first; but as time went on and no Paul was to be seen, everybody grew anxious about him: uneasiness grew to alarm at length. Susan was in a sad state of mind, and was wishing that she had not come, and 'Would somebody kindly go and look for her boy?'

One or two friends joined the father of the lost boy, and started off in different directions, but they returned after awhile without success.

The terror of the mother became distressing.

Another and larger party went off hallooing through the wood, inquiring of all they met, and they were so zealous to find the lost sheep, that some of them lost themselves for a time.

Paul all this time had been through some strange adventures. The first thing that had attracted his attention was a rabbit. He had seen plenty of rabbits at Spriggs's, and had even pushed bits of cabbage-stalk through the bars of their hutches; but these, with their hanging ears and sleepy looks, were tame things compared with this. Here was a real wild one, with its ears bolt upright, and its eyes wide open, looking the picture of impudence.

With that instinct of sport which all boys have, he first of all threw a short branch at it, and then, as it darted away, he gave chase. He saw it in front of him for a short time, but it soon disappeared. Paul's curiosity was raised, however; where there was one rabbit there were likely to be more: so he walked on and on without thinking that he was getting deeper into the forest. There were so many things to lead him on; so new, and strange, and beautiful to a town-bred boy—things that seemed to start up at each step on purpose to decoy him away and keep him from recollecting where he was. Prettier the flowers and more wonderful the ferns grew as he advanced. Lovely walks wound away in all directions, and seemed to lead to spots where the trees were greener and the grass thicker and softer. Every



instant some strange bird or insect fluttered or danced past him, in front of him, and over his head, almost within reach. Groups of wild rabbits appeared in the dark-green shade of the copse, some with their ears up, some down, whilst others were pointing their ears both ways in the most artful manner, but directly he came near they all turned their white curly tails and lurched off to their hiding-places. At last he thought he would turn back, but, alas! when he did so the place seemed changed, as though some enchanter had waved his wand over it. The part he had just come through was as strange as that which he had not yet touched upon. There were half-a-dozen paths, but they were all alike; which one he had come along he could not tell. He listened, but heard nothing except the strange noises of the wood, and they sounded half-mockingly, as though they triumphed at having tempted him so far.

With a terrible fear in his heart that he might never see his friends any more he ran along the path that seemed in the most likely direction. By-and-by he heard voices, and hastening on he came out upon a little open space, and found himself at the same moment in the presence of a party of gipsies. There they were, with their dark-brown faces and ragged attire, some finishing the morning meal beside a little smoking fire; others were getting ready for travel, and were fixing the saddles on to the backs of about a score of donkeys, which were standing with their heads to a bank from which they had been choosing a meal of thistles. A big, shaggy dog, was running about, and on seeing Paul began to bark in a deep, hollow tone, but otherwise no one took any notice of him except a lad, who called out, 'A donkey, young man?'

'I've lost my way,' answered Paul, with tears in his eyes.

'Which way did you come?' asked the gipsy.

Paul described the place where his friends had been when he left them.

The boy turned round to the other gipsies and said something that he could not hear. The gipsies then began to move away. The donkeys were taken from the bank, and were driven along into the forest. The dog barked, the drivers shouted, and in a moment what had been repose was changed into a scene of activity and life.

'Come with me,' said the gipsy; 'we're going there.'

Paul ran along beside the boy, with a secret mis-giving, however, as to the result. After a long walk they came to a place where, by the sound, there was a party of holiday makers in the midst of their enjoyment. To Paul's surprise and delight, he was amongst his friends.

'O you naughty boy, where have you been?' was the cry of more than one, as they led him to his mother, who was so overjoyed at seeing him that she forgot to scold him.

'Where have you been, Paul?' asked his father, on returning a short time after from a long search.

Paul said he had been somewhere, but could not tell where; he had been hunting the rabbits.

Later on in the day James had a stroke of a kind similar to the first, but in a milder degree. It was such as to prostrate him, however, and, of course, put

an end to all pleasure for Susan, whose only wish now was to get home, added to the regret that she had ever left it.

The children played about near them; it was not necessary to interrupt their happy sport with the griefs of older hearts.

The sun sank: the shadows of the trees lengthened along the ground; the shadow of evening stole over the sky.

'Now, gentlemen, when you are ready we are,' said the drivers.

Once more the bustle of getting into the vans began. There was a little confusion in calling over the names, owing to some of them answering to the wrong ones. All were there. Everything was ready. Off! they have started.

The instinct of the horses told them that they were homeward bound, so that the drivers had no reason to smack their whips except for amusement. How they bowled along the dusty roads!

The inn, the gipsies with their donkeys, the swings, the forest itself, all faded in the distance, and became part of the darkness behind them. The lights of London glimmered ahead.

Like others of the younger of the party, Paul and Lucy had both fallen fast asleep, and so they continued in spite of the merriness of the men on the roof of the van, whose good spirits had for the time got the better of their reason, for whilst the mood was on they sang, 'We won't go home till morning,' and accompanied their voices with loud blasts on the bugles and a stamping of feet on the roof. Very tired, indeed, must the children have been to have slept through it. James, too, was in a state of half-consciousness, by which he was paying the penalty for the excitement of the earlier part of the day. At length the van reached the shop. The children were awakened, rubbing their eyes to find that they were no longer in the bright sunlight forest of which they had been dreaming, but in the cold dark street.

'What's the matter with father?' asked Paul in a whisper, as he saw his father being lifted out of the van helpless.

His mother did not answer. He looked up in her face. She was weeping.

Presently a cab was pulled up near them, and the little party of the Proudman's, accompanied by a friend, went inside, and were driven home.

James was put to bed and the doctor called in; he shook his head when he saw the sick man. There was the worst to fear.

Thus ended the day's excursion.

#### CHAPTER XII.—VISITORS.

JAMES PROUDMAN did not get over the attack, so as ever to resume work; for a week or two he continued weak, and unable to bear any exertion or excitement. Even the children were kept from him on that account, and all they knew of him was from their mother, who reminded them now and then that 'father was very ill and they must be very quiet,' and from the visits of the doctor. Hour after hour the two children would sit by themselves in the little parlour. A kind of gloom had fallen upon the house,





"Come with me," said the gipsy.

which they too felt, though they could not understand it. Paul was too young to enter into any clear idea of what was passing.

Visitors came from time to time, and went into the sick-chamber for a few minutes, and then took their departure. When any one spoke it was in a whisper which Paul could not catch, much as he tried. Among other visitors, the tall lady who had called

that Sunday evening came. This time, a gentleman came with her, who stayed in the room with him and Lucy whilst their aunt went in to her brother.

'You don't know me, little boy, do you?' said the gentleman, drawing Paul out from the shade of the corner where he had been standing.

'No, sir,' answered Paul, in the hushed tone which he had learned from his elders.





Uncle Grover was shaking his sides with laughter.

'And who is this little girl?' asked the gentleman.  
'Does she know me?'

'That's Lucy, sir,' said Paul. 'She's my sister.'

'And a pretty little sister, too,' said the gentleman,  
kindly taking Lucy on his knee, in front of Paul.

'Would you like to know who I am?'

Lucy drew back, and put her finger to her lip, but  
did not try to say anything.

'Would you?' asked the gentleman, turning to Paul

'If you please, sir,' said Paul.

'My name is Grover,' said the gentleman. 'I'm  
your uncle—Uncle Grover. Do you think you can  
remember that?'

'Yes, sir,' said Paul. 'Uncle Grover.'

'That's a man!' said Mr. Grover. 'And now, Lucy,  
can you say "Uncle Grover?"'



Lucy was dumb, and refused to add a single word to her rather limited stock. It took Lucy a long time to make friends as a rule.

They sat for some time in silence, without changing their position; then Aunt Grover, as we must now call her, came out, and after bidding the two children good-bye, and giving them a present each from their purses, they departed.

'Did that gentleman tell you who he was?' asked their mother.

'Yes, mother,' said Paul: 'he's Uncle Grover.'

'Uncle Grover,' lisped little Lucy promptly. 'See what he gave me!' she cried, holding up a sixpence.

'My!' said her mother, affecting to be amazed. 'And is little Lucy going to let mother save it up for her?'

'No,' little Lucy would not; she would rather save it for herself.

'Here's mine, mother,' said Paul, showing Lucy a good example by giving his money to his mother's keeping.

Lucy at once changed her mind and did the same.

'That's good children!' said Susan, kissing them.

'You will be good and not make a noise and wake poor father, won't you?'

'And you put dat in money-box?' lisped Lucy.

'Oh yes,' said her mother kindly; 'and you shall have it again some day.'

'When father's better?' asked Lucy, in her prattling way.

'Yes, when father's better,' said Susan, with a tone of sadness, and turning away to attend to the sick man.

The doctor continued to come as usual after that, and things went on as before, till one day there was an alarm, the doctor was sent for, and there was a sound of sobbing in the sick-room. The children crept closer to each other, and cried too, not knowing the extent of their loss; no, not even when their mother came to them and clasped them in her arms, saying, 'You have no father now!'

'Have no father? Where was he, then? They had not seen him go by: did he go out at the other door?'

Their mother pointed upwards. 'Up there,' she said, sobbing, 'where we shall all go some day, among the angels.'

#### CHAPTER XIII.—AT UNCLE GROVER'S.

A SHORT time after the death of James Proudman, Susan, a widow, in widow's weeds, with Paul and Lucy at her side, looking the little orphans that they were, in their black garments, left her saddened home for a time, and directed her steps to Mr. Grover's house, at Mrs. Grover's invitation.

'When your uncle speaks to you, Paul,' said Mrs. Proudman, 'you must mind, and understand what he says, and don't let him think you are stupid.'

'What must I say when he speaks to me?' asked Paul, with a dread of this uncle of his which that gentleman's kind and easy character did not deserve.

'When he asks you a question,' said his mother, 'you must try and make him a proper answer. Perhaps he may ask you where you go to school, what would you tell him?'

'I would tell him I go to Miss Cross's school,' said Paul, smartly.

'Yes,' said Susan, approvingly; 'and if he asked you what sort of school it is?'

'I would tell him it is a dirty old place, full of spiders and dust, but that they are going to white-wash it, and——'

'Oh, no, Paul,' said his mother; 'he would not want to know all that; he would ask you to tell him what your teacher tells you to do.'

'Must I tell him how she makes us stand on the stool with that horrid red tongue on?' asked Paul, with surprise.

'O dear no, Paul! nothing like that. He would think you had the red tongue on every day.'

'So I do, almost,' said Paul.

'But you must not let your uncle know that,' said Susan. 'Tell him what you learn, and——'

'Where I am in arithmetic, and how many syllables I can spell?' cried Paul, his eye kindling up with pleasure at the way in which he would surprise Uncle Grover. 'I can do compound division; shall I tell him that?' he asked.

Susan did not know what was meant by compound division, so she thought he might safely tell him that. 'But don't say anything, Paul, till he asks; that would be rude.'

'And what will he give me if I do it all right?' asked Paul.

'Your Uncle Grover is very well off, Paul,' said his mother, 'and if he took to you, he would get you a place when you were old enough.'

'When I'm as old as Johnny was, will he?' asked Paul, thoughtlessly.

'Yes, yes, child!' said Susan in a sad tone. 'How you do talk!'

Paul was touched at her manner, and regretted that he had hurt her. For a little time they walked on in silence, thinking.

'Is Lucy going to stay at Aunt Grover's?' Paul asked presently.

'I think so,' said Susan: 'a little while.'

'No, I'm not!' said Lucy, pouting.

'What, not and have nice things?' said her mother, coaxingly.

'She's a nasty thing!' said Lucy, making up her mind not to be tempted.

Talking thus, they arrived at Uncle Grover's house, which was a fine one, in a grand street.

'Scrape your shoes well,' said Susan, glancing at the broad white step; 'and mind you wipe them on the mat inside.'

A timid fluttering knock with the lion's head that adorned the knocker brought a smart-looking servant-girl to the door, who, not often having the chance of speaking to people in her own sphere, was somewhat stiff and patronising in her manner.

'All right, Anna!' said Aunt Grover in her sharp tones, as she came forward and shook Susan's hand more warmly than Susan had expected; more than that, she kissed the two children very heartily, and led them all into the kind of room which Susan used to dream about having some day. A beautifully furnished room it was, but one where comfort had been considered before grandeur.

'My dear,' said Aunt Grover, looking towards a



low arm-chair near the window, with its back turned to the door, 'poor James's wife is here.'

Susan looked at the arm-chair, but could see nothing but a pair of slippers which were peeping over the top, and which, strange to say, did not move.

'Charles!' said Aunt Grover in a louder voice.

This time the slippers went down and a face rose in their place, the face of Uncle Grover.

'My dear,' he said, 'did you speak? Ah! good afternoon, Mrs. James!' he added, seeing Susan: 'you must excuse me, I was buried in my book here.'

He held up a book in his hand, which must have been a dry one, for he looked very sleepy, in spite of the effort he made to seem wide awake. His manner was hearty, however; he came forward, shook hands with Susan, patted Paul on the head, and took Lucy up into his arms.

'You know me, little girl?' he asked.

'You, Uncle Grover,' lisped Lucy, unable to conceal her knowledge.

Uncle Grover was well pleased with this answer, and kissed her before he put her down.

Aunt Grover now led Susan and her little niece from the room, leaving Paul with Uncle Grover. When they returned Uncle Grover was shaking his sides with laughter.

*(To be continued.)*



#### UNCLE DICK'S STORY.

'WELL, boys,' said Uncle Dick, 'you have often asked me to tell you how I came by this scar on my forehead, and as none of you seem to know what to do on this rainy afternoon, I will tell you all about it now. You will think that an ugly scar on one's face is no enviable thing for a man, but I have often had cause to thank this one of mine. It has often kept me to the path of duty by reminding me of the circumstance you are going to hear about.'

'When I was a boy at school, a few of us were very fond of spending our half-holidays in wandering along the shore and through the woods. I remember well how we rejoiced at the prospect of a whole holiday, which was to be given in honour of some old school-fellow's success. We planned a day's excursion; a journey along the sands to a little promontory a few miles distant; a bathe there; a ramble in the woods close by; a lunch there; and then a walk home across the hills into the back of the town. I told mother of our plans. She only said,—"Mind, Dick, you do not enter Barclay Wood." Barclay Wood was forbidden ground, which we had often longed to explore, although we knew that a number of old quarries made it a dangerous place for a walk. I readily gave my word, as I had before, and looked forward to ample enjoyment outside the forbidden ground. How anxious we were about the weather you can easily guess. At last the day came, and we were off, four of us, all as lively boys as ever went out on a summer's morning. The walk by the shore was glorious; so, too, was the

bathe. Then we got into the wood, drew out our supplies, and began upon them with sharp appetites. Boys, you know, do not generally spend much time over such meals, and we were soon afoot again. Now on our way back we had to pass Barclay Wood. We stood and looked into it. As we stood, one of us espied what he took to be a bird's nest in some bushes just within. There would be no harm in just getting over and looking into it, he said. I drew back, but the others were over the rails and among the rich grass in a moment. I stood and looked, and then, ashamed to seem wanting in courage, I tried to think lightly of my promise, and entered the wood. From the bird's nest other objects enticed us on. Presently a butterfly flitted past me. After it I went, through grass and bushes. It dropped behind some brambles. I hurried round them; before I could stop myself I saw a deep pit before me, and then felt myself falling, falling down.

'The next thing I remember is waking in my bed at home, to find myself bandaged and stiff. My companions, hearing a cry, followed cautiously in my steps, and found me lying at the bottom of a small quarry. It was long before they could get help to bring me home, and long before the doctor would give hopes of my recovery. But here I am now, and that first act of disobedience has been a warning light to me all through life.' A. R. B.

#### THE UNINVITED GUEST.

**H**IS dinner over, Hector lay,  
Dozing at kennel-door one day—  
Not quite asleep, but in that state  
When people say they meditate.  
Body and mind alike at ease,  
It was not hard our dog to please,  
And so he smiled upon a sparrow  
That fain would spy out bits of marrow  
In fragments left on dinner-plate—  
A hungry guest, albeit late.  
Hector gazed softly at the bird,  
Nor paw, nor eyelash rudely stirred:  
'I'm fed,' thought he, 'so this poor chap  
I would not grudge his bit and scrap.'  
And then from mood of meditation  
He passed to one of self-laudation,  
Which soothed him so he slept outright,  
Nor woke till supper-bell that night.

A generous dog is this, you ask,  
In comfortable ease to bask,  
Giving of what he does not need,  
Content, if full, the poor to feed:  
Oh, quick to see a Hector's sin,  
Two-footed judge, now look within!  
You, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones,  
Are just as lavish with your bones,  
When you are filled and need no more,  
Like Hector at his kennel-door.  
You gave of superfluity,  
And then you call it charity.  
Old Hector, poor, fat, selfish beast,  
Is quite as good as you at least!

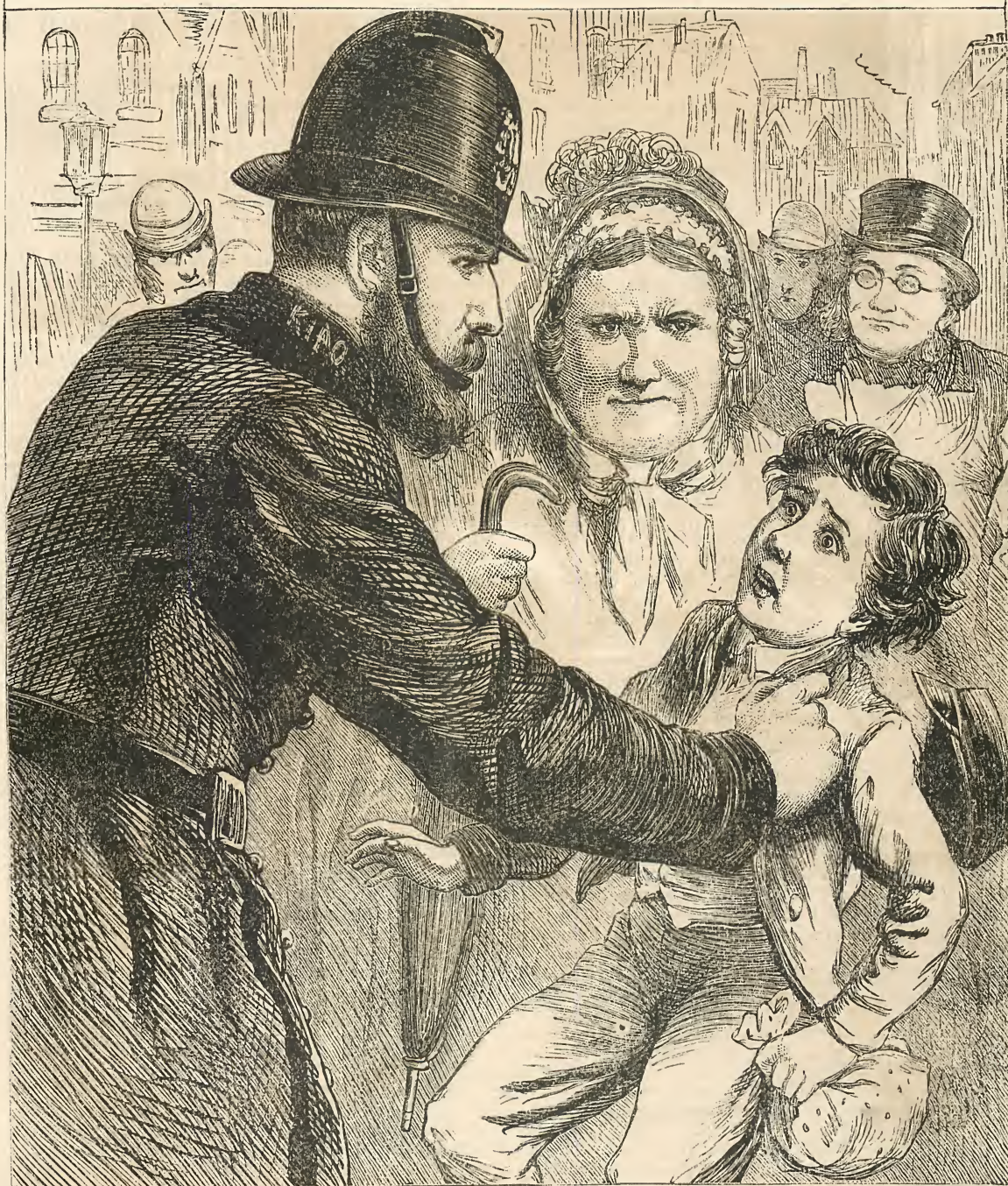
H. A. F.





The Uninvited Guest.





The Policeman seizing Paul.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 311.)



O your son Paul is going to be a painter?' he said, speaking to Susan.

'Is he?' she asked, with surprise, for it was the first she had heard about it.

'Yes,' laughed the worthy gentleman. 'The best of it is he is going to paint—what do you think?'

Susan could think of nothing but pictures.

'Red lions?' said Uncle Grover, with another burst of laughter.

'What have you been saying?' said Susan, shocked at the depravity of such an idea.

'It's some folly of Charles,' said Aunt Grover: 'take no notice of him, my dear; he is fond of a joke.'

Mrs. Grover so often gave her husband credit for making jokes, that he at last grew to believe that he was capable of it; beyond being a very pleasant, good-tempered man, however, and ready to laugh or be laughed at, Mr. Grover was not a witty man.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Aunt Grover, when they were seated, 'how much that boy is like poor James!'

'Do you think so?' asked Susan.

'The image!' cried Aunt Grover.

'Some people think he's like me,' said Susan, timidly.

'My dear creature,' said her sister-in-law, shocked at the idea of her brother's children being like their mother, 'where could their eyes be?'

'Where, my dear?' put in her husband from the couch, where he sat in an easy posture: 'why, in their heads, I suppose, like other people's!'

'Nonsense, Charles!' said his wife, checking this untimely display of his jocular ways. 'And what do you think of doing?' she said, turning to Susan.

'There is only one thing,' said Susan, sadly, 'and that is the bit of ironing, and—'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted Aunt Grover; 'I mean for the poor children?'

Anything would do for Susan herself.

'I will try and do my best,' the poor mother began.

Susan's best did not satisfy Aunt Grover, who, no longer waiting to hear the mother's plan, unfolded her own.

'I have been talking it over with Charles, and although James had many faults, now that he is no more we must not bring them up again, nor must they blind us to what is our duty to his children. We have decided that Lucy had better stay with us. She would be a great expense and anxiety to you as you are, and you could not do so well for her as would be done here. Charles has always wished for a girl, and he would be very fond of Lucy, and very kind to her; in fact, she would be like our own. As for Paul, Charles has kindly proposed to put him in a good school.'

'You hear that, Paul?' said Uncle Grover, taking the boy between his knees. 'Would you like to go to a school like that?'

'Yes, sir,' said Paul, nodding.

'And learn to paint red lions?' asked Uncle Grover.

'Charles,' said his wife with a frown, 'I was saying that Paul would be sent to a good school till he is old enough to go to work—two or three years, say. He would be thirteen then—a good age for boys in his position to begin life.' Aunt Grover's own boy, Charley, was to go to school till he was seventeen; but Charley was not in Paul's position. 'When he leaves school he will be put in a place, according to what he's most fit for.'

Susan bowed her head. Hard as it was to lose her children, who were now doubly dear to her, she could see that it would not be kind to them to let her fondness stand in the way of their getting on.

'I could see Lucy now and then?' she said, with a tremble in her voice, lest she might be asking too much even in that.

'Oh, certainly, my dear!' said Aunt Grover, with one of those little bursts of kindness which seemed to come from a part of her nature that was not often brought to light; 'and Paul will be with you the same, you know.'

So it was agreed and settled that Aunt Grover's plan should be acted upon; and as we intend passing over the two years that Paul was at school, we will tell our readers here that he made the most of his time there, and distinguished himself above others of his own age in most things, notwithstanding a few trifling slips which he, like all boys, fell into. Lucy, in the meantime, grew prettier and prettier, and kept on adding to her stock of words; whilst above all, under Aunt Grover's management, she became industrious and tidy in her habits, and grew to like her aunt in spite of the hardness that she showed at first sight.

## CHAPTER XIV.—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THE two years soon passed away, and Paul left school, and through Uncle Grover's recommendation was taken on at a large upholstery warehouse and manufactory.

It was the first morning of his new life, and Susan, whose appearance had not altered since we last saw her, was giving him a few parting words of advice.

'Mind you be a good lad,' she said, 'and be obliging. Don't be above doing anything that is not wrong, but never stoop so low as that. There are many people who don't mind telling a lie and injuring others to profit themselves, who would scorn to clean their own boots; but I know which is cleanest in God's sight. Soap and water will take the stains out of your hands, but if you dirty your character, Paul, no rubbing will get that clean. Above all, be honest.'

'I know I could never steal anything,' said Paul.

'No, you may not,' said his mother; 'and yet you may be dishonest, Paul.'

Paul looked a little puzzled at that.

'Anybody who pretends to be what they are not is quite as dishonest as one who steals. If you tell a lie it is dishonest; or if you make out that you do more work than you really do, that is dishonest, too. Whatever you have to do, Paul, do it all over; as I have often told you about the forks, you know, to clean in between: so whatever they give you to do, clean in between.'

Paul listened attentively to his mother's advice, and



receiving a kiss at the end of it and a little parcel containing his dinner he started.

'Make haste home,' was the last injunction of his mother, as she watched him out of the court.

Paul walked very soberly for the first hundred yards, but when he glanced up at the clock of St. John's Church he grew uneasy about the time, and changed his walk for so brisk a run, that people suspected that he had stolen the little bundle that he carried: but whilst they were thinking he ran on and disappeared round the corner of the street at the top of his speed.

There happened to be a stout old lady round that corner, and her breath was so short that she had to stand at every few steps to recover herself. She was in the act of stopping thus when who should come full speed round the corner but Paul; and in a moment the little breath she had left was knocked out of her body.

Paul would have begged her pardon, but the old lady had by some means twisted both her hands into his hair, and was pulling it so savagely that his only thought was to escape.

When she had gained a little breath she spent it in calling for the police; but before any policeman appeared a small crowd had collected round her, and encouraged her with such observations as 'Go it, old girl!' 'Let him have it!' 'Off with his head!' and other comical remarks of the kind, till the policeman who was wanted appeared with a 'What's the matter here?'

'This little thief—bless me! O policeman! this young vagabond——!'

She could only gasp out these words, when the policeman, who was an obliging man, seizing Paul by the collar of his coat, saved her the trouble of explaining by saying, 'He ran up against you, ma'am, did he? Oh, yes—an old trick! Come, sir!' addressing himself to Paul in a stern way; 'I've seen you before, haven't I?'

Paul was protesting his innocence of the terrible crime of having been seen before by a policeman when a benevolent-looking gentleman in spectacles, who had seen Paul running, said, 'I saw him, policeman; by the way in which he was running I should think he had already stolen something if he did not mean to rob this poor old lady. He looks a desperate character!'

Paul looked anything but desperate, except in the wild way in which his hair stood up; but that was enough of itself to strike terror into the heart of the old gentleman, who was very timid, and always expected that something was going to happen.

'What have you got there?' said the policeman, seizing the parcel and pulling it open. The crowd was disappointed. It was in hopes that some treasures would appear, instead of which it turned out to be sandwiches.

The old lady was now very anxious to give Paul in charge for assault and battery, but the policeman contented himself with filiping Paul behind the ear with his glove and telling him to mind where he was going to and not run so fast, and then he dispersed the crowd.

Paul, directly he was released, set off running as hard as he could, to show how impressed he was by

the policeman's advice, and arrived at Deane and Co.'s warehouse and offices very much out of breath.

A gentleman was standing near the door as he entered. He was a very fierce-looking person, with a tremendous moustache that twisted off at the ends: and when he saw Paul he said, in a voice as threatening as his moustache, 'Are you the new boy?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Paul, uncovering a very rough head of hair, and evidently taking the gentleman aback with his appearance.

The moustache repeated his question in a tone of thunder, which, if Paul's hair had not been already on end, would have made it to be so.

It completely deprived him of the power of doing anything except turn very pale and twitch at his cap.

The fiery gentleman now seemed to lose all patience, and turning round to a man in short sleeves he said, as he walked away, 'Crabbe, see if you can make anything of this boy; he seems a perfect idiot.'

'Come here, boy!' said the man in short sleeves, who had answered to the name of Crabbe.

Paul dragged a pair of heavy boots over the floor in the direction where he was called.

If this was to be his getting on in the world, he thought, the sooner he left off the better. With a great many bitter thoughts on the old woman, and the policeman, and the gentleman with the fierce moustache—who seemed to him at that moment to be his natural enemies, but, strange to say, forgetting that he had been himself the most to blame in making so much needless haste—he walked up to Crabbe.

'Now then, young fellow, what's your name?' was the question asked him by that person.

'Proudman,' answered Paul. 'Paul Proudman.'

'You are the new boy, are you?' was the next question, the same that had puzzled him just before.

'Yes, sir,' said Paul.

'Come along with me,' said Crabbe, leading the way into a passage which was as dark as pitch, and from which a strange smell like varnish came.

'That was Mr. Hill who spoke to you just now,' said Crabbe, whom Paul could hear still, though he was not visible. 'Mind the steps.'

Before the caution was given, however, Paul was at the bottom on the bridge of his nose. Stunned as he was by this sudden fall, he could hear a sound of suppressed laughter, which he guessed to come from Crabbe, and from that moment he added him to the list of his enemies.

'You must be a rickety sort of fellow,' said Crabbe, by way of consolation, 'to fall on to your face like that. Did you hurt yourself?'

'No, sir, thank you,' said Paul, manfully keeping back the tears which were ready to force their way, and resolving to give his guide as little satisfaction as possible. It was a hard struggle, though, and in his heart he wished he was safe at home again.

(To be continued.)

#### A LESSON FROM THE SNAIL.



WIFE, domestic, good, and pure,  
Like snail should keep within her door;  
But, not like snail in silver track,  
Place all her wealth upon her back.





### A KING'S HOUSE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

**T**HIS is the kind of house in which a king or a great English gentleman lived in the days of Magna Charta. First there was a large hall, with a high roof, and a muddy floor covered with rushes. This hall would be lighted by window-holes, not filled with glass, but with ill-fitting shutters. The walls would be whitewashed. From the hall one door would lead into a small stone chamber—the cellar. Over this cellar was a small wooden chamber, called the ‘solar.’ This was the private room of the owner, and had to serve for his bedroom, and for a parlour whenever he wished to be in private. Its floor would be of clay,

the window fitted with a wooden shutter. Its furniture would not be very grand, only a bed; that is to say, a bench with a mattress and bolster upon it; a chair, with its legs fixed in the ground, for movable chairs were luxuries; and a box in which clothes were kept. This room was sometimes reached by stairs leading from the hall, and sometimes by a staircase outside, just as lofts are reached now-a-days. Besides these rooms the house would contain a larder, and a place for other household stores; and outside perhaps a shed, used as a chapel. Kings’ houses have improved since those times.

A. B.





Purre, Dunlin, or Stint.  
Sandpiper (10 species).

Avoset.  
Phalarope.

Curlew.  
Whimbrel.

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

### IX.

**H**OW pleasant it is to walk on the sands, and to see the big waves rolling in! On they come, higher and higher as they approach the shore, until, gathering themselves up for the mighty effort, they hurl themselves down upon the beach, as though in fury that they have at last reached a bound beyond

which they cannot pass! But these waves, which look so barren, really bring an endless supply of food to a class of birds which otherwise would starve; and some of these you see in the picture. They are all, like those we saw last month, long-billed birds, and, like them, are specially fitted for finding their living in moist places. The pair in front are Sandpipers; behind them a couple of Curlews; while the only one which the artist means us to identify in the flock in



the background is the Avoset—the white bird partly hidden by the Curlew's turn-down beak, and distinguished by a funny turn-up one of his own. There are several sorts of Sandpipers, some of them so very rare as only to have been seen two or three times in this country. The one we are more familiar with is the Common Sandpiper, or, as it is also called, the Summer Snipe, a visitor which comes in April and leaves in September, spending the summer very contentedly by the margins of brooks and ponds, making its nest near the water. From what the following writer says it must be perfect in the art of shamming: 'The Common Sandpiper,' he says, 'breeds with us; and I this year started an old one from her nest at the root of a fir-tree. She screamed out, and rolled about in such a manner, and seemed so completely disabled, that, although perfectly aware that her intention was to allure me from her nest, I could not resist my inclination to pursue her, and in consequence I had great difficulty in finding the nest again.'

Among the many sorts of birds which live upon the bounty of the waves, one of the commonest is the Sanderling. It is very like the Sandpiper, and they may easily be mistaken one for the other. It was by means of one of these little birds that God once saved a man's life. I will tell you how it happened; but some day, perhaps, you will read the whole story for yourself in Mr. Smiles' charming life of Edward, the Scotch naturalist.

Poor Edward was in sad trouble. The exhibition of his collection of birds and other things, upon which he depended to pay his way, had utterly failed. Nobody seemed to care anything about the beautiful and rare things he had been at such pains to collect.

Ruin stared him in the face, and in agony of mind he rushed down to the sea, determined to drown himself. The story goes on:—'He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, before rushing into the sea, when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sands near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, one apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something of the nature of this bird, he approached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Don mouth. When he recovered his consciousness he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the farther side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature. His ruling power saved him.' It is sad to think of the poor man being in such distress; but the story shows how kindly God watches over us, even when we least remember it, and may make even little unknown birds the means of protecting and saving us.

#### A STIRRING LIFE.

**A**N old Admiral—Admiral Drew—died the other day, at the age of eighty-six. He entered the Navy in 1806, and served his country for sixty years. The story of his life, told by himself, would

have formed a volume of adventure and excitement dear to boyish heart; but, alas! it is not on record that he wielded pen as well as sword; and we must rest content with a few anecdotes of his career.

To begin with. The little midddy, Mr. Drew, joined an 18-gun brig, the *Bellette*, Captain J. Phillimore, engaged in an attack on the Boulogne flotilla, and afterwards going to the relief of Colberg. Landing with his captain, and attending him to the fort of Colberg, Mr. Drew, like a true midshipman, at once perched himself upon the most exposed parapet of the fort, with his legs hanging over, and shaking his fist in the direction of the enemy, their bullets and shot falling around him like hail, while the Marshal and his captain were conversing under the friendly protection of a massive stone wall. Suddenly Blucher espied the lad, and said, 'That, Captain Phillimore, is a brave little boy.' 'No,' said Captain Phillimore, 'he is a silly little fool,' and at once ordered him down from his dangerous position—an order which, of course, he obeyed, but with the utmost deliberation, not forgetting before he did so to treat the enemy to a parting salute, popularly known among small midshipmen and schoolboys as 'taking a sight at them.' He was, however, quite unable to understand the reason for his captain's sharp order, and declared 'that he was not doing any harm.'

No wonder, with such a fearless heart, and serving under so wise a captain, that little Mr. Drew got on in the world.

In 1807 he was at the siege of Copenhagen, seeing much service there. But it would be impossible to chronicle all the actions he was engaged in during the busy war-time of that day; we must simply chronicle the tit-bits of this exciting life.

After serving in some half-dozen different ships, Lieutenant Drew found himself, in 1823, under his old captain again, in the *Thetis*, bound for the West Coast of Africa. An Ashantee war was then raging, and our Lieutenant was ordered to land some 100 Bluejackets, with a portion of a native regiment, and hold Cape Coast Castle against the Ashantee army of 50,000 men.

While holding this fortress, Mr. Drew displayed a conspicuous act of gallantry and tact, for which he was 'gazetted'—an honour which in those days was the only equivalent for the modern Victoria Cross—and on his return home he was promoted to the rank of commander.

These are the facts: A marine on sentry announced to our young officer that the native troops within the walls of the fort were going to mutiny, and had already spiked some of the guns, meaning to rise the next morning and murder all the Europeans, and open the gates to the Ashantees. Mr. Drew instantly ordered the man to return to his post as quietly as possible, and not even to mention the affair to any one. Then he made his own plans. At midnight he caused an alarm to be sounded, pretending he saw the Ashantees outside, advancing. As might be expected, every native rose up from his sleep fully accoutred and ready to march, while the Europeans had still to dress. Feigning great anger against his own men for their laziness, and saying they were not worth their salt in an emergency of this sort, and praising the natives for their sharpness, Mr. Drew



ordered the latter to make a sally with him at once, without waiting for the Europeans. The native troops, knowing well that there would be no attack till morning, readily obeyed the command (thinking it best to appear loyal to the last); the gate of the fort was opened, and out they marched. Then, by previous arrangement, every native being safely outside, Mr. Drew rushed back to the fort, stopping the advance of his own men, and crying, 'Back! every *Thetis* man! Back for your lives, and close the gates!' By this stratagem he thus saved the lives of his whole party.

After attaining Commander's rank, Captain Drew married and retired to Canada, where he intended to settle down for life. But the rebellion in Canada soon broke out, and the energetic Captain could not stay quiet at his own fireside. He volunteered his services to the Governor-General, and they were gladly accepted.

His first bit of work was a tough one, but then Captain Drew's powers were known. Some Americans were making themselves very troublesome, by sending a vessel to Navy Island with arms and ammunition for the rebels. Could the new volunteer stop these goings on?

Captain Drew said Yes. He engaged hands to man seven small boats, who were to row across the rapids, only a short distance from the great Niagara Falls, to cut out and capture the rebel steamer moored under the very guns of Fort Schlosser. This desperate service, however, was actually accomplished. Captain Drew and his little convoy safely stemmed the tide of the rapids, boarded the vessel, captured her, and under fire of the guns of the fort towed her out into the stream, the commander with his own hand setting her on fire and sending her flaming over the Falls of Niagara, he himself being the last person to leave the steamer, and in the hurry of the moment, being almost left behind by his own men, to go over the Falls with the burning vessel. For this exploit Captain Drew received from the Governor-General and the two Houses of Parliament of Upper Canada a sword of the value of one hundred guineas, besides being appointed Commodore of the Provincial Marine.

Finding, after a while, that his life was not safe in the colony after this last bit of work, he took various commands afloat, resting again after some years as Naval Storekeeper at the Cape of Good Hope, and only retiring for active service in 1862. So ended in peace and content what we may, indeed, call a stirring life.

H. A. F.

#### PUZZLES TO FOREIGNERS.

WE are not surprised when foreigners tell us that they find it hard to learn our language. Take, for instance, the word '*fast*.' The Hudson River is *fast* when the ice is immovable, and when the ice disappears very *fast* the stream is open again. A clock is called *fast* when it is quicker than time; but a man is said to *stand fast* when he is stock-still. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and they eat *fast* when they gobble up a deal in a short space of time.

#### THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN and a needle being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle people are very likely to do.

'I should like to know,' said the Pin, 'what you are fit for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?'

'What is the use of your head,' replied the Needle, sharply, 'if you have no eye?'

'What is the use of your eye if there is always something in it?' retorted the Pin, bluntly.

'I am more active, and can get through more work than you can,' said the Needle.

'Yes; but you will not live long, for you have always a stitch in your side,' said the Pin.

'You are a poor crooked thing!' said the Needle.

'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back,' retorted the Pin.

'I will pull your head off if you insult me again,' quoth the Needle.

'I will pull your eye out if you touch me,' snarled the Pin: 'for, remember, your life hangs upon a thread.'

While they were thus bickering a little girl entered, and trying to sew something hard, soon broke the needle at the eye, and threw it under the grate. She then tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and trying to pull it through her work the head came off, when she threw it into the ashes, where the needle was already.

'Well, here we are together again,' said the Needle.

'We have nothing to quarrel about, now,' said the Pin. 'It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses.'

'Tis a pity we had not come to them sooner,' said the Needle. 'How like we are to many men who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust as we do!'

#### A HORSE GUARDIAN.



ON one occasion a gentleman was returning home from a fatiguing journey, and became very drowsy. He fell asleep, and, strange to say, he also fell from his saddle, but in so easy a manner that the tumble did not rouse him, and he lay sleeping on where he alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home as one might have expected, stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. Some labourers at sunrise found him very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones. They wished to approach the gentleman, that they might awaken him, but every attempt on their part was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his determined and faithful guardian.





A Horse Guardian.





The Nightingale.





### THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE late Bishop Stanley gives the following account of a nightingale which was reared from the nest in 1835:—‘It soon became tame, and was kept in a cage till May, 1837, singing always in the winter from Christmas till April, and showing no signs of impatience at the usual period of migration; it was silent the rest of the year. Next May it was allowed to go out of its cage, which was hung up open at the door of the house. At first it returned regularly in the evening to its cage, and was taken in and released the next morning. As the season advanced it sometimes stayed out all night in the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, but if called by any of the servants, whose voice it knew, would return and feed out of their hand. For a day or two towards the end of summer it seemed rather uneasy, but this soon wore off. As the evenings got cool in the autumn, it returned to its cage before nightfall, and was taken as usual into the house, and was kept there for the winter.’

### PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 316.)

#### CHAPTER XV. —MR. CRABBE.

WHEN Paul arrived at the foot of the little staircase in the manner we described he had for a time seen more light than was desirable; but on rising to his feet he found it as dark as before. Groping more carefully his way along the passage he came to a second and longer flight, which he descended in safety and found himself in a large and dimly-lighted basement, which seemed to be full of lumber, in the midst of which several boys were engaged in various ways.

They were so busily engaged, in fact, that Crabbe, who appeared to be a kind of foreman, suspected that something was wrong.

‘Now then, Jackson,’ he said, speaking to a sharp-featured boy, whose face at that moment was a decided failure to look innocent, ‘you know what I told you about those tickets; how many have you done?’

‘All those!’ answered Jackson, trying to make a small heap of tickets, on which he had been writing, appear like a big one.

‘Put this new boy into the way of helping you,’ said the foreman, turning to Paul. ‘Why, what is the matter with your nose?’ This question was a natural one; for, in spite of Paul’s effort to conceal it, his nose was bleeding profusely, much to the astonishment of the boys, who stared at him whilst they whispered among themselves, till Paul wished that the basement or cellar had been ten times darker than it was.

‘Go over to the tap yonder,’ said Crabbe, pointing to a dark corner at the extreme end of the cellar, ‘and bathe your nose there; and don’t let go of it, or you might not be able to find it again.’

This ironical allusion to the swollen state of Paul’s

injured organ caused a laugh among the boys, which the foreman did not correct, as he usually did when he himself was not the author of the jest.

Meanwhile Paul had found the tap, and was able from the darkness of his corner to observe the situation in which he now found himself, as well as the movements of those who, it appeared, were to share the place with him.

The more he looked at the place the less he liked it, whilst the boys who were to be his future comrades gave him even smaller satisfaction: nor did Crabbe improve on acquaintance.

As these thoughts passed through Paul’s mind the foreman came to the opposite corner, and thinking no one noticed it, he raised a can, like those in which working men carry their coffee or tea, to his lips, and so stood for several minutes, gradually elevating the lower part of it above his head.

Crabbe then put the can on its shelf, and took down a coat, which he shook and then put on, and leaving strict orders to Jackson to see that the others conducted themselves properly in his absence, he went out.

Jackson was a favourite with Crabbe; hence he was treated with a confidence that he did not deserve. But the fact of deserving favour was by no means the way of securing it with Crabbe at any time. It was more the sharp, cunning nature of the boy Jackson, than any good quality which had taken the foreman’s fancy.

Jackson, as soon as Crabbe’s back was turned, showed at once how little he was fitted to keep the others in order by putting a paste-brush inside the collar of the next boy to him, whose face was turned another way.

The lad having drawn out the brush without the paste, turned sharply round, and, much to Jackson’s concealed delight, made a violent onslaught upon another boy, who happened to be the meekest of the lot, but whom he caught smiling at the trick played upon him.

This led to a general disturbance, until a step on the stairs restored order; but as no one appeared the uproar was resumed.

All this Paul observed from where he stood; nor would he have left the safety of his corner had there not been a movement among the boys to molest him when he ceased bathing his face. The flow of blood had already ceased, and seeing no towel near, he was compelled to use his handkerchief—a new one, unfortunately, as it happened.

Having dried his face he emerged from the darkness of his corner, and walked boldly towards his comrades.

‘My eye!’ cried Jackson, who was the first to catch sight of him; ‘look at the new boy!’

All eyes were turned upon Paul, and a roar of laughter followed, in the midst of which Crabbe appeared.

‘So you have begun your sport already?’ said he, looking at Paul, and disguising a smile. ‘So you think that you were taken on here to amuse the boys, do you? Well, come along with me, and see if Mr. Hill is agreeable.’

Taking Paul by the arm he led him, notwithstanding Paul’s reluctance, up the stairs, and along the dark



passage, whilst the unfortunate boy was still ignorant of the cause of his approaching disgrace.

Crabbe did not pause till Paul found himself forced into a little counting-house, which was cut off from the rest of the warehouse by a glass partition, and into the presence of two or three gentlemen, all of whom were strangers to him, except one, in whom, although his back was towards him, he recognised Mr. Hill—the gentleman with the fierce moustache.

Mr. Hill did not turn round at once; but a sound of suppressed laughter among the clerks, and the dreadful noise of the junior clerk, who had previously been sucking a piece of india rubber, and swallowed it directly he caught sight of Paul's face, roused him. He looked round and saw the cause.

Paul, in using his pocket-handkerchief for a towel, had not dreamt that the beautiful colours which it contained would come out. We have already said it was a new one; and he had no sooner applied it to his face than a brilliant blue dye was transferred from the handkerchief to his features: the more he rubbed the deeper it grew, so that at last he presented the oddest appearance in the world.

'What have you there, Crabbe?' asked Mr. Hill.

'The new boy, sir,' answered Crabbe in triumph, and pushing Paul into as much relief as possible, but still ignorant of the cause of their merriment.

'The new boy!' exclaimed Mr. Hill.

'That's him, sir, I assure you,' said Crabbe; 'and that's what he has been doing with himself on purpose to make the boys laugh.'

'He *must* be an idiot,' said Mr. Hill. 'What have you been doing with your face, boy?' he asked Paul.

'Nothing,' said the latter.

'Look there,' said Mr. Hill, pointing to a looking-glass that hung near.

Paul stepped forward and looked, and with a cry of shame and surprise he hid his face in his hands. All was explained.

'It was the handkerchief,' at length he said, in the bitterest of tones, drawing the still damp handkerchief from his pocket: 'the blue came out, sir.'

Whether the explanation was sufficient to persuade Mr. Hill of his innocence or not is uncertain, but his fierceness gave place to a smile, which curled the ends of his moustache, and saying to a little old gentleman, who had been a quiet and amused observer of the scene, 'See what it means, Mr. Snapper,' he walked leisurely out of the office into a room, on the door of which the word 'Private' was written.

Mr. Snapper was the chief clerk, and the eldest servant in the employ of Messrs. Deane and Co. His appearance, neither in person nor attire, would lead you to suspect the large salary he received and the important duties he fulfilled. Assuming a severity which was unusual to him, he began to rebuke Crabbe for what he called 'a needless exhibition.'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Snapper, as Crabbe sought to justify himself, 'all I have to say, Mr. Crabbe'—Mr. Snapper called everybody *Mr.*—'all I have to say is, that you have made a great mistake. I wish you clearly to understand that in my opinion you have made a great mistake. I may even go so far as to say that you have acted with—*with indiscretion.*'

Mr. Snapper meant more than this; but he was not a man of strong language, and lest he should say

something indiscreet, he declined to have any more to say on the subject, whilst Crabbe, disappointed at the easy escape of the boy, whom he had done his utmost to injure in the few short hours he had known him, went away with Paul. From that time he had a dislike for our young friend, which was one of Paul's greatest trials during the earlier part of his service at Deane's.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—AT DEANE'S.

PAUL soon grew familiar with the work, and in the course of the day became friendly with Jackson, who showed such a surprising knowledge on all kinds of things that Paul greatly admired him, and thought to himself that the best thing he could do would be to copy such an excellent example.

There were some things, however, even in Jackson, that Paul could see were not such as would be likely to please his mother, if she knew of them.

Some of Jackson's sayings were comical, but more often they were merely vulgar slang, and sometimes so gross as to bring a blush to Paul's cheek. His new acquaintance, too, threw ridicule upon many things which Paul had been brought up to respect; nothing was there too sacred for him to deride. In a character like this one would expect to see a want of principle in his ordinary actions; so it was, for he openly said that if he had a chance of stealing anything without being found out he would do it.

All this, of course, Paul did not find out at once, and there was a smartness and dash in Jackson's manners, and a power of influencing others, which blinded him to the bad points of his comrade's character.

'How long have you been here?' Paul asked, when he was feeling more at home in his new place.

'Not long,' said Jackson: 'they don't give you the chance of being here long, I can tell you; it's come and go at this shop.'

'They told me I should rise if I let them see I was diligent and had a wish to get on,' said Paul, ruefully.

'Let who see?' asked Jackson, with a mocking laugh. 'I should like to catch them seeing anything here. There's old Deane—nobody sees him, and he notices nobody. He's too big a gentleman to think of any of us down here. He would just as soon think about looking after the rats as us. Then there's Hill—all he does is to strut up and down and call people fools and idiots.'

'Did he ever call you one?' asked Paul.

'He calls everybody so,' said Jackson.

This was consoling to Paul, who had been pained at the way in which Mr. Hill had treated him.

'Who is that little old gentleman in the office?' asked Paul next.

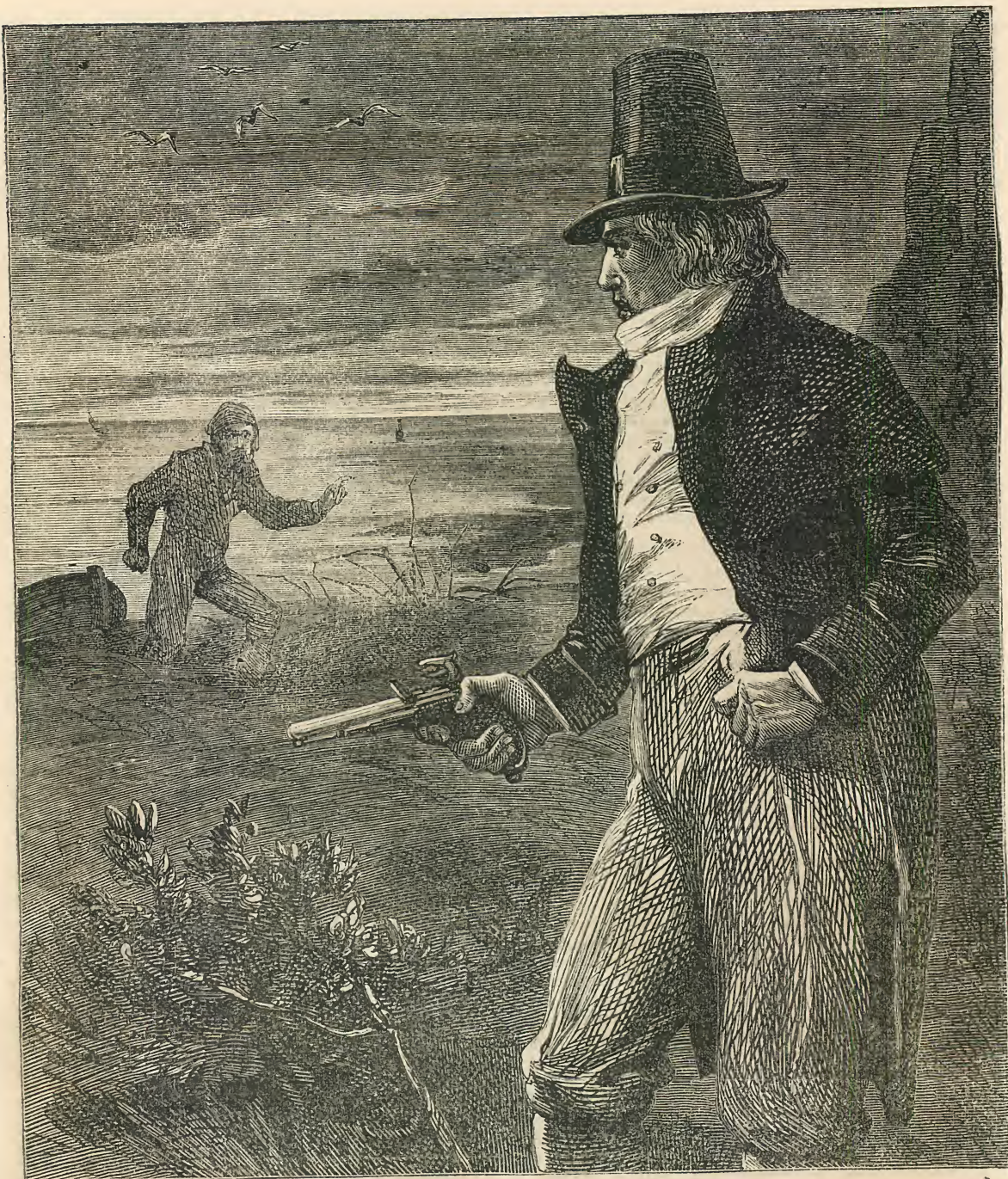
'What, the snuffy little man in the old merino coat?' asked Jackson.

Paul supposed that must be the one he meant.

'That's Snapper,' said Jackson, looking as though he tasted something disagreeable. 'He's the head clerk, and one of the greatest misers you ever met. He has 500*l.* a-year at least, and yet he's the shabbiest one out. No one ever knew of him buying himself so much as a pair of shoe-laces, and he eats nothing but bread and cheese.'

(To be continued.)





Count R—— advanced pistol in hand.

### A MIDNIGHT ESCAPE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the French.

AT the Castle of R——, about three leagues from Bordeaux, at six in the evening of the twenty-ninth of October, 1792, a gentleman of about thirty years of age, a young lady, and a child about eight years old, were assembled in a low room, lighted by

small and barred windows. The elder persons were full of painful thoughts; but the child made his shouts heard, which were repeated by the echo through the corridors of the castle. Trunks and packages were strewn about the room. Count R—— frequently showed movements of impatience and anxiety as he turned his eyes upon his wife and son. His agitation betrayed the fears of his heart.

‘William is a long time before he returns,’ he said,





Count R—— escaping from his Pursuers.

rising from his seat: 'has the scheme failed? has he betrayed me? O God! save my wife and son!'

'My dear,' said the lady gently, 'cease to worry yourself: Jacques the footman is an honest fellow.'

'Yes. He is a Republican,' replied the Count.

'Still he is an honest man,' replied the lady.

'But William ought to remember that we are impatient to see him back again. I feel very much inclined to go as far as the village.'

'Do not go out!' exclaimed Madame de R——, throwing herself on her husband's neck: 'do not go out, I implore you!'

'I am armed,' said the Count.

'Wait only a few minutes. William cannot be long.'

The Count sat down again. His son Edward, who had been playing about the room, now climbed up on his knees. He took him in his arms, kissed his forehead, and then appeared calmer.



Half an hour had passed away in a sad silence, when two gentle knocks at the door announced William's return. He was followed by a man who carried a bulky packet under his arm.

'Monsieur le Comte,' said William, 'here is Jacques. All is arranged; we must start.'

'You are very late, my friend,' replied the Count.

'Because I could not get out of that wretched public-house until I had drunk to the health of the Republic; for I must pass as a patriot, as a citizen, and I don't know what else beside.'

'It is true, M. le Comte,' said Jacques; 'but here we are at last. I bring you the clothes which you must put on at once. You must disguise yourself as a sailor: it is the safest thing to do. And for you, Madame, here are caps and petticoats of my wife's, and a cabin-boy's dress for M. Edward. All this is necessary, otherwise there are no means of saving you.'

'Brave man!' said the Count, pressing his hand with an emotion which he could not conceal.

'Listen, M. le Comte: I am only a simple sailor, owner of the boat which my late father left me. It is three years ago now since that terrible north-west gale stripped me of all I possessed, but it was you who set me afloat again. Do you think that we are folk who don't remember all that? No, no, by the faith of a sailor; and it is with all our hearts that we are going to brave the sentinels and coastguards for you, and put you on board an English ship, or land you in Spain or Jersey. My boat is provisioned for a fortnight.'

'Here is my purse,' said the Count; 'take it.'

'I have no need of it,' said Jacques. 'Keep it, you will want it in a foreign land. Before long it will be midnight: then it will be high tide; then you must go, one by one, to the shore at Martinet. If you went altogether it would arouse suspicion; and we have a bad lot in the village who can't sleep. I know very well why—the wicked never sleep.'

The Count R—— had given proofs of his courage and his love for the royal family, both at Paris and at Versailles. He was one of those brave men who exposed themselves to death on the 10th of August, rather than allow the queen's apartments to be profaned by a furious mob.

The Count had retired to his castle, with the hope of living there unnoticed among the peasants who loved him.

One morning he saw a stranger, mounted on a fine horse, covered with dust and foam, enter the castle courtyard; the man gave him a note and at once departed. Count R——, astonished, opened the note, and read these words:—'Fly, Monsieur le Comte; your life is threatened. The Representative has just ordered your arrest; you have not a moment to lose. Fly! it is a friend who implores you to do so. This evening it will be too late.' When he read this note the Count thought it might be a snare which was laid for him; he resolved to remain at home rather than separate himself from his wife and son. However, he informed the Countess of the message, who, less confident than her husband, with tears in her eyes, implored him to go. It was then decided that they should all start together. But how were they to fly? They were still deliberating when William,

the Count's man of business, was announced. This man was young; he had been brought up at the castle. He was a peasant who had received the usual education of his class, but who concealed under a coarse exterior and common clothes a quick penetration.

Count R——, therefore, at once told him his fears, and informed him of the letter which he had just received from Bordeaux. William perceived the necessity for a prompt departure.

He prepared a plan, which was accepted.

'Do not trouble yourself, Monsieur le Comte,' he said. 'I will entrust you to the hands of a man who will know how to lead you to safety, so you have nothing to be anxious about.'

William went to see his cousin Jacques, the owner of a boat. All was soon arranged between them. The Count and his family were to be landed in Spain or Jersey, or taken on board the English fleet, which for some days had been in sight of Corduan. Jacques was one of those old sea-wolves of which many are to be found at the mouths of rivers. Entirely occupied by his arduous calling, he troubled himself very little about the various forms of government which for the last three years had succeeded each other. All he cared for was to be able to govern his own bark; and if he had any difficulty it was only when the sea was rough, and the winds prevented him from affording help to vessels in danger. Formerly he had distinguished himself by his courage on board the squadron of the Comte de Grasse. He was honest, upright, and kind-hearted. When his cousin proposed to him the perilous mission of rescuing the Count from the plots of his enemies, it was with the greatest enthusiasm that he accepted it. A squeeze of William's hand was the pledge of his determination.

Midnight had just sounded from the castle clock. The Count started. William's presence prevented a scene which might have deprived the fugitives of that strength and energy of which they then stood so greatly in need.

After a debate, full of the most devoted love, it was decided that Madame R—— and her son should go on first, and that the Count should follow them in a few minutes.

Rather more than five minutes had elapsed since Madame R—— had left under the escort of Jacques and one of his men, when the bell of the outer gate of the castle rang violently. William left the Count, and went out by a secret door to examine who their late visitors might be. It was not long before he perceived that they were men armed with sticks, swords, and guns, who ordered the porter in the name of the law to open the gate, and to deliver up to them the keys of the castle. The porter, who was in William's confidence, parleyed with them as long as he could, and did not yield up the keys till he saw that all resistance was impossible. The haste which the chief of the band made to reach the Count's apartments, counting as he said, in a loud voice, to find the hare in his hole, proved that he was well acquainted with the castle.

During this time M. de R—— and William were on their way to the shore at Martinet by cross-roads. Twenty times they risked their lives, but what was



the despair of M. de R—— when at last they arrived to find neither the boat nor his wife nor Jacques!

'You have betrayed me, William!' he said, seizing his arm.

'No, Monsieur le Comte,' replied William, firmly.

At the same instant a man came out of a ditch and approached them slowly. Count R—— advanced to meet him, a pistol in his hand; and when he was near enough to recognise him, he saw that it was Jacques.

'What have you done with my wife and child?' he said, in a voice trembling with emotion.

'Silence!' said Jacques, putting his finger to his mouth. 'Silence, Monsieur le Comte! or you are lost. They are in safety. You must follow me.' After an hour's walk they arrived at the banks of the river, at the foot of a very high rock. Jacques, making a trumpet with his hands, hailed a bark, which the morning fog prevented them from perceiving. They did not wait long for an answer.

'William,' said Jacques, 'return to the castle and watch over the corn and stores. Those rogues have come as far as Martinet, and we've narrowly escaped being caught by them; they have gone on further, and they may find us here yet.'

'Farewell, Monsieur le Comte! courage and confidence!' said William; 'we will take good care of all in the castle.'

The Count pressed his hand affectionately. 'Farewell,' he said to him, in a choking voice.

Three minutes had not elapsed since William had left the Count and Jacques, when he returned running, and making signs which were only too well understood by the fugitives. 'Embark!' cried William; 'here they are!' But the boat had not yet touched the shore; they heard the oars beating the water with hurried strokes; on the other side they perceived armed men, who were pursuing them running, who evidently saw them. It was all over with them. 'There is only one means of safety,' said Jacques; 'follow me.' Both rushed into the water, the sailors in the boat redoubled their efforts, and in less than a minute they arrived to the aid of the fugitives. The wretches who pursued them, furious at not having been able to capture them, raised savage cries and terrible threats. One of them, who appeared more exasperated than his comrades, and who was armed with a gun, took him at the fugitives; he fired, and a ball struck Jacques in the leg. The unfortunate man fell to the bottom of the boat. 'It is nothing,' said Jacques, as he got up again.

In the evening, when they passed near the cutter stationed at the mouth of the river, they were hailed; but they were able to answer in a satisfactory manner. They cruised about till the morrow, hoping to meet an English vessel. At early dawn they saw a sail coming straight to them; it was an English frigate. Jacques steered toward it, and soon he had the happiness of putting on board the Count and his family, who were conveyed safely to England.

Count R—— profited by the first law in favour of emigrants to return to France. His property had indeed been sold, but he knew that his steward William had become the purchaser of it to preserve to him. An unknown hand had supplied him with the means of paying a higher price than that offered by

the Count's enemies. This friendly hand was the same which a week before had written the note urging the Count's departure; this hand was that of a man who could not forget that Count R——, by lending him a large sum of money, had rescued him from the infamy of a convict's life.

When Count R—— returned to his castle he was welcomed with the greatest joy. He threw himself on William's neck and embraced him as a brother.

'And Jacques?' he asked immediately. 'Where is Jacques?'

'Here he is, Monsieur le Comte,' replied William, pointing to a man who, out of respect, was keeping in the background; and this man had a wooden leg.

'Ah!' cried the Count, 'then you are my brave fellow, who saved us! But you are wounded! How did that come about?'

'Oh, it is nothing; it does not hinder me from working.'

'But in what battle did you lose your leg?'

'In a battle in which the combatants were not very numerous, but which was not without glory. Do you remember, Monsieur le Comte, the shot which fell on the boat?'

The Count embraced the old sailor with tears in his eyes.

The Count, William, and Jacques, henceforth dwelt together in the Château of R——; and in winter evenings they often related to their children the adventures of the night of October 29, 1792.

J. F. C.

## ZULUS.



THE Zulus have become a name too well known amongst us since their soldiers killed so many of the English troops who were sent to attack their king, Cetewayo. They have long been one of the most warlike tribes in South Africa. Captain Allen Gardner, a traveller, who went amongst them about forty years ago, in a journal published at the time, describes the dress and weapons of the Zulu soldiers much as they are now. The dress consists of a kilt of cats' tails coming down to the knee, the shoulders and upper part of the body are decorated with the long hair of ox tails, on the head they wear an otter-skin cap.

Both men and women shave the head close, leaving only a tuft on the crown, to which the men fasten a ring lying close to the head, and in which they stick feathers. The soldiers in old times were armed with bundles of short spears, or darts, called 'assegaïs,' which they either use to throw or stab their enemy; but in recent warfare many of these Zulus are armed also with guns. They carry large shields, made of ox-hide on a wooden frame, which when placed on the ground reach to the mouth of a man of ordinary height. The Zulu soldiers are fine, tall men, wonderfully active, and they have shown themselves to be brave and fearless. It is sad that the soldiers of a Christian land should have to fight at all, most sad that they should have to shed the blood of ignorant savages.





A Zulu Soldier.





Crabbe, in his favourite corner, taking his coffee.





## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 323.)*

AUL'S opinion of Mr. Snapper fell very low at this account.

'And he is such a hypocrite!' Jackson went on; 'he's a superintendent of a Sunday-school, and awfully religious. He would look down on you and me, bless you, like pickpockets!'

At that moment a loud voice called down the stairs, 'Tim!'

It had an electrical effect upon the meek-looking boy who had suffered in the morning through Jackson's mischievous sport; directly the name was called he started up and ran up the stairs with a noise and speed that seemed incredible, and alarmed Paul, who asked his friend Jackson what it meant.

'He's going to be sent away,' said Jackson, with a wicked look.

Paul did not look at him, or he would not have asked so innocently as he did, 'What for?'

'Because he lives the furthest off,' answered Jackson, delighted at Paul's surprise.

'Sent away because he lives furthest off?' said Paul.

'They send you away for anything here,' said Jackson.

But just then the voice came again; this time it called 'Harris.'

The big boy who had beaten Tim for smiling at the trick played him with the paste-brush, behaved in a similar manner to Tim; namely, started up and disappeared up the staircase.

'Is he going to be sent away, too?' said Paul.

'No,' answered Jackson; 'he's going to fetch the barber to put Mr. Hill's moustache in curl-papers.'

Paul saw now that Jackson had been joking with him all the time, and he had been silly enough to take it all in. He felt ashamed of himself for being honest and open enough to suppose that Jackson was only capable of telling the truth.

'You are a greenhorn!' said Jackson, mockingly.

If to be a greenhorn is to trust in one's fellows, Paul never made the mistake of being one again, so far as Jackson was concerned, for from that time he placed no dependence on a word that Jackson told him.

A little later the voice called again; this time the name of 'Ploughman.'

Crabbe, who at the moment was in his favourite corner, with the mouth of the coffee-can to his lips and the end of it high in the air, left off abruptly and came forward wiping his beard, and said, 'Who was that he called?'

'Ploughman,' said Jackson; 'and whoever heard of Ploughman?'

'He means you, Proudman,' said Crabbe; 'so cut away, sharp!'

Paul ran upstairs as fast as he could as the name of 'Ploughman' came thundering down them: at the top he found himself face to face with Mr. Hill, who looked fiercer than ever.

'Your name's Ploughman, is it not?' he asked Paul, in a loud voice, as though he was shouting to some one down a deep mine, instead of to a boy within a yard of him.

'No, sir—Proudman,' said Paul, correcting him.

'Eh?' roared Mr. Hill, in a tone that made Paul tremble, and holding up his hand to his ear to catch Paul's answer.

Paul repeated his name.

'Louder!' shouted Mr. Hill, stamping his foot in fury. 'I can't hear!'

'Proudman,' said Paul as loud as he could, and for the third time.

Mr. Hill then asked him where he lived.

Paul told him.

'Take these letters to the addresses given, and leave this parcel at Clapham.'

Paul took the letters and parcel, and was walking away, when Mr. Hill stopped him.

'You need not come back to-night.'

Paul thanked him and departed. If this was the way in which the boys were sent away, it was not so dreadful after all.

It was late when he had finished his task and reached home; but a cheerful fire and a nice tea, and above all, the friendly face of his mother, raised his spirits, and thinking to himself that if he complained of his new place it might grieve her, he resolved to speak as hopefully about it as possible.

Carefully avoiding all allusion to the bitter feelings and fears that had assailed him, he confined his narrative to a description of the places he had seen, the persons he had met with, and the work he had to do. He told his mother how the handkerchief had coloured his face, and made everybody laugh; how Crabbe smacked his lips after the coffee, and how Mr. Hill shouted; he told her about Mr. Snapper, who was such a miser that, although he had 500*l.* a-year, he lived on bread and cheese; and, finally, he described Jackson and Harris and Tim: how Harris was a big boy and a bully, and Tim was a meek, timid boy, whom everybody disliked, whilst Jackson was the cleverest of the lot of them, and the one he would choose for a friend.

It was time to go to bed before he had finished, and then, tired out, he bade his mother good-night, and went to sleep, and slept the dreamless sleep of the healthy, weary, hard-worker.

## CHAPTER XVII.—AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WE have already stated that Crabbe was a man of likes and dislikes; that is, he took a liking to one boy and a dislike to another, and for no just reason. It would have been of little consequence to any one if he had not been possessed of so much power.

It was in his distribution of the work that this power was felt. The work was very different in its character, some parts being light and agreeable, whilst others were as heavy and offensive. A just man—that is, a man worthy of the power, would have divided this work as equally as possible, so as to let one boy have as much of the two kinds as another; but Crabbe divided it so that one had the hard part and another the light.

Late at night, sometimes, when the boys were hoping to get home, messages would have to be



carried to a distance, a task that the boys would gladly have escaped. It fell to Crabbe to send whoever he liked, or rather, whoever he disliked, and he did not fail to show which of the boys he disliked most. Tim was the one who was honoured with this bad distinction till Paul came, and then Tim had no chance.

This was not the only way in which Crabbe abused his trust. It was more than suspected by the boys that he charged the firm for their travelling expenses, not half of which ever came into their hands.

Paul recollected, with tears in his eyes as he opened them to these things, what Jackson had told him on the first day, how little the masters troubled themselves about the rights and wrongs in their concerns.

Hope almost died out of him at times as he felt how low he was, how weak, how completely he was at the mercy of his tormentor Crabbe, how he dared not even complain of the injustice done him, since that would only have increased his enemy's pleasure over his misery.

Yet he bravely concealed his sufferings from his mother, and was bright and cheerful when at home. He turned his leisure hours to good account. A wise man is always at school. Good books, and the simple counsels of his mother, kept him from being ruined by the society he was now thrown into, and also fitted him at the same time for a better.

Mr. Snapper, the chief clerk, who had suffered so much in Paul's opinion after the description Jackson had given of him, and whose name was by no means a key to his character, took a fancy to Paul, and made up his mind privately to interest himself in the lad's welfare.

The first thing he did was to send Paul for his bread and cheese, instead of Jackson, whom he had liked at first, but whose good faith he had grounds to suspect.

In this simple way their friendship began.

One day Paul, who had just been on the usual errand, was leaving the office, when Mr. Snapper called him back.

There was no one in the office besides themselves, except Mr. Shoddy, the junior clerk, a young man who sought to hide his littleness in those unfailing marks of a weak mind—large cigars, large oaths, large collars, and large ideas of his own importance. In the office he seemed to think it was his business to tuck a pair of very long legs under his desk, sprawl out his arms, and suck confectionary, to the great annoyance of Mr. Snapper, who, owing as he did his own success to modesty, joined to perseverance and tact, of course disliked the idle and vain. Yet Mr. Shoddy looked upon himself as a very underpaid man, considering the value of his services.

The only notice Mr. Shoddy ever took of Paul was to send him for sweetmeats and pasty, and accuse him with stealing portions of them by way of thanks.

'Paul,' said Mr. Snapper, on the occasion we refer to; 'I have great pleasure, Paul, in telling you what you will be very glad to hear—that Mr. Deane has instructed me to pay you two shillings and sixpence a-week more salary.'

This piece of news pleased Paul as much as it seemed to disgust Mr. Shoddy, who was heard to mutter something about beggars being served whilst

gentlemen had to wait, but which Mr. Snapper did not seem to notice.

'If you should ever be passing near that spot,' said Mr. Snapper, taking a little book out from his desk and giving it to Paul, 'you would be welcome. We have a number of lads about your age, and we shall be glad to have as many more, if we can get them. Tell your friends there is plenty of room.'

Paul thanked him and left the office, without being at all injured by the look of disdain which Mr. Shoddy threw after him, and which he was fortunate enough not to perceive.

In the fulness of his joy at having his salary raised, he forgot to look at the book which Mr. Snapper had given him, but put it away into his pocket: moreover, he told Jackson his good fortune, but was somewhat surprised to find that his friend was less pleased at the news than he expected.

Not so his mother, when she heard the happy event. Visions of wealth and houses full of furniture floated before their minds at this unexpected stroke of success.

During the evening Mrs. Proudman happened to speak of Sunday schools.

'It is a long time since I went to St. John's last,' said Paul, thinking of the few visits he had paid in the hope of again seeing the little girl, whose name was 'Agnes;' and how he had lost his interest in the school on finding that little Miss Agnes only came now and then, very seldom. Paul had almost forgotten her now, so seldom did he think of her.

'That reminds me, mother,' he said, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing thence the little book Mr. Snapper had given him, 'that the head clerk gave me this to-day. I wonder what it is about.'

He read it for a few minutes.

'This is about a Sunday school,' he said, looking up. 'Jackson told me Mr. Snapper was a superintendent somewhere, and I suppose this is the place.'

'Where is it?' asked his mother, who was busy as usual.

'St. Mark's, Clapham,' said Paul.

'Does Mr. Snapper live down that way, too? Why Mr. Deane has a house there,' said Mrs. Proudman.

'I should think so!' exclaimed Paul: 'and a fine house, too. I should like you to see it, mother; you would be wanting to have one like it.'

'Oh, no, Paul!' said Susan, with a somewhat saddened expression. 'I do not want a fine house; if I could only have—'

'And so you will, some day, mother,' said Paul, guessing what she would say, and with a look which said as plainly as words, 'And I will get it for you, too.'

'But mother,' he said, after a slight pause, 'shall I go there one Sunday?'

'Did Mr. Snapper ask you to?' asked his mother.

'Yes,' said Paul.

'Then of course you will,' said Susan.

It was thus settled beyond doubt, that since Mr. Snapper had asked him, and since it would be risking his good opinion not to go, he should go, and the following Sunday was fixed for the first visit.

(To be continued.)





### A FRIENDLY HORSE.



NE day as I was leaving the field, one of my horses galloped up and caught my arm, and made an attempt to pull me in the direction he wished to go. He then left, and trotted off towards a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from my house. In a few minutes he trotted up again, and seemed by his actions

to wish me to follow him. I did so; and when I reached the pastures I saw another horse entangled in a bridge, which had broken through with him.

After I had set his companion free from his dangerous position, the horse which had given me notice of his companion's danger came up and rubbed his head against me, showing great signs of satisfaction.





#### THE HEROIC PEASANT.

**I**N Italy, on the banks of the river Adige, stands the city of Verona. Over the river, for many years, there was a fine bridge, on the central arch of which stood a small house, the residence of the tollman. During one very severe winter the river was frozen over, and a thaw succeeding the frost the ice broke, and some of the blocks floated to the bridge and broke its central arch before the toll-collector and his family were able to escape. The ice

was driven more and more violently against the bridge, so that gradually its walls gave way, and at last nothing was left but the single pillar on which the toll-taker's house was built. The unfortunate man, who saw his own death and that of his wife and children staring him in the face, could only wring his hands and implore help. But although many persons were assembled on both sides of the river, and boats were at hand, no one had courage enough



to venture to the rescue. A rich nobleman sprang forward, holding a bag of gold in his hand, and exclaiming, 'This is for any one who ventures over the river to the rescue of the family on the bridge.' The assembled crowd heard the words of the generous Count, but no one was seen to come forward; for, large as the reward was, no one had courage enough to attempt to win it, until a plainly-dressed peasant made his way through the crowd to the shore, unloosened a boat, and with his strong arm forced a passage through the crashing ice. With anxious hearts the spectators watched him from the shore. The rescuer arrived at the cottage, but, unfortunately, his boat was too small to contain the whole family, and three times the peasant performed his short but perilous voyage. Those whom he had rescued overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude, and the Count placed the purse of gold in his hand: but he refused it, saying, 'I do not put my life in jeopardy for money. Give it to this poor man and his family, for they have lost all their goods in this flood.' And without waiting for an answer he left the shouting multitudes and returned quietly to his home.



### 'WIDE-AWAKE.'

It is not a good sign of us all that the word 'wide-awake' has come to have a very doubtful meaning. When we say that a person is 'wide-awake,' we do not mean only that his eyes are wide open and that he has shaken off sleep, but we mean that he is a person who is sharp-witted, and cannot easily be cheated. This is not a good sign of us; because it seems to say, that if a man is not wide-awake his neighbours will take advantage of his sleepiness to deceive him.

I never like to meet a man about whom people say, 'Oh, he's very wide-awake!' for I think that he has got his character most likely from having dealt sharply with some one who had not his eyes quite so wide open as himself, and I fancy that, if I have any dealings with him, he will probably serve me in the same way.

But a wide-awake child is worse than a wide-awake man; for one of the best beauties of childhood is that it is simple, and free from guile. As Luther sang of his little son,—

'He hath not skill to utter lies:  
His very soul is in his eyes.'

*Sleeping children* are so beautiful that artists have painted them and sculptors have chiselled them in marble. *Children awake* make a pleasant picture if they are good, and they ought to be the joy and brightness of their home; but *children wide-awake* are horrible!

Therefore, children, try to be awake at the right time, but do not be too 'wide-awake.'

*Be awake.*—I have heard of a little maiden who said 'It was so very hard, she had always to go to bed just when she wished to stay up, and to get up just when she wished to lie in bed;' and I know that many youngsters feel as she did: but if they had old

heads on their young shoulders, they would know that those who are growing require more sleep than those who are at their full strength; and also that, if they do not go to bed early, they will not be ready to get up for the bright morning hours, which are the very best of the whole day.

It is a happy thing to be awake early, and to get into the habit of rising early. Lord Chatham said,— 'I should have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and on the walls of your chamber, "*If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.*"' Therefore, that you may be early awake, and may keep awake at your lessons or at your work, be early in bed. I sometimes wish, when I hear children grumbling about having to go too soon to their pleasant bed, so soft and sweet, that they knew what it was to be really weary. In the factories, before the law was passed which limited the hours of labour, children often fell asleep over their work, though they knew that they would be speedily roused, and punished for doing so. During the battle of the Nile many ship-boys were so wearied that they were seen lying asleep on the decks, awakened neither by the noise around them, nor by the fear of their officers' anger, nor by their own danger. They were so weary that they must sleep, whatever came of it! I think, if some little people who make ugly faces about going to bed had more to tire them, they would not only be glad to go to bed, but would thank God that they had a bed to which to go, while the children of poverty have to sleep under the dry archway of a bridge, or on the warm pavement beside the baker's door.

But when you are up, *Be awake.* There is small danger of your falling asleep at your play, but I think there are a great many dreams which are dreamt at lessons or in church. Now this is wrong. Do not dream in bed, if you can help it, and *never* dream out of it. *Be awake,* keep all your wits about you, fix them on what you are doing, and then you will do it well.

But yet, do not be too wide-awake, either in body or mind.

It is terrible when any one is too *wide-awake in body.* Then doctors try to make them sleep; for, if they do not sleep, they go mad, or die. Southey became insane from want of sleep during his unceasing watch over the sick-bed of his wife. A poor young prince of France was killed by being kept wide awake. Wherever he laid down his head to rest, his cruel gaolers roused him; and at last he died, not from want of food, but from want of sleep!

A Chinese murderer was doomed to die in the same way. On the eighth day he begged that he might be poisoned, shot, blown to pieces with gunpowder, or put to death in any other way; but even this mercy was denied him, and on the nineteenth day he died.

But in happy England there is no fear that cruel men will inflict such torture on us; and we trust that God will always put His finger on our eyelids when we are weary, 'for so He giveth His beloved sleep;' and that we may never be too wide-awake in body.

And I hope that we may not be *too wide-awake in mind,* in that bad sense of which I have spoken.

Let us suffer ourselves to be defrauded, rather than



cheat another. Let us rather suffer wrong than run any risk of doing wrong to our comrade. Better be always sound asleep, than so wide-awake that our friends can hardly trust us.

Those boys and girls who pride themselves on being 'wide-awake,' generally pretend to know a great deal more than their neighbours: indeed, they would have their simple companions believe that they know almost everything!

Do not imitate them in this; and do not seek their company, in order to become as 'wide-awake' as they say they are: for the real truth is, that such boys and girls commonly are very ignorant at the bottom, and their stock of knowledge consists often of what they would be much better without.

Therefore, do not be eager to share their secrets; and be content to be called sleepy, and stupid, and slow, rather than to be wide-awake in mind, in a way that will make yourself unhappy, for you will always be afraid of being found out in your ignorance; and in a way that will be disagreeable to all grown people; and displeasing to God, for He loves to look upon meekness, lowliness, and humbleness of heart, and this is the very opposite of the wide-awake and self-conceited temper.

#### 'IF YOU PLEASE.'

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, 'Yes, if you please.' These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, 'If you please.' Among your playmates don't forget, 'If you please.' To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that 'If you please' will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, 'If you please.'

#### ITINERANT POETS.

MOST boys and girls know something of Oliver Goldsmith's travels on foot through Europe, which led to his beautiful poem, *The Traveller*. In thus wandering he imitated some earlier but less famous poets. Thomas Corgat, in 1608, traversed France, Italy, and Germany on foot, walking nearly two thousand miles, and half that distance in one pair of shoes, which were only once mended. When he came home these shoes were hung up in his village church at Odcombe, in Somersetshire. There they remained for nearly a century, and were pointed out to visitors as 'the thousand-mile shoes.' An account of this journey in verse was afterwards published by

Corgat. John Taylor, who called himself the king's water-poet, from his having served in the Royal Navy, and afterwards plying as a waterman, amongst other strange freaks walked from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to and fro, neither begging, borrowing, nor asking meat, drink, or lodging.' Like Corgat, he wrote an account of his adventures. Corgat at last fell a victim to his hobby. In 1612 he gathered the people of Odcombe together at the village market-cross, and took leave of all before setting out for a ten-years' walk. After rambling for four years, and visiting Greece, Egypt, and India, he died at Surat in 1617.

A. R. B.

#### THE STORY OF ANDROCLUS.



ANDROCLUS was the slave of a Roman Consul in Africa, and was treated so badly by his master that he ran away. Taking shelter in a cave from the heat of the sun, a lion entered, who seemed to be in great pain. The animal, seeing Androclus, instead of attacking him, went up to him and held out its paw, which had been pierced by a large thorn. The poor fugitive, recovering from the fright the entry of the beast had caused him, extracted the thorn; and when the injured paw was healed, the slave and his strange companion lived together in the same cave some time. The lion brought home game enough for both, but Androclus got tired of such a savage life, and left the cave and his shaggy friend. By-and-by he was captured by some soldiers, and sent a prisoner to Rome, where he was condemned to be thrown to the lions in the Amphitheatre, as a runaway slave. Now when criminals were condemned 'to the lions' they were not allowed any weapon whatever, but were exposed, unarmed and quite defenceless, to the fury of the ferocious beasts, to be torn to pieces for the amusement of the scarcely less ferocious spectators. Poor Androclus was standing alone in the vast amphitheatre, without hope of human help, and the lion was let loose on him; but what was the wonder of the spectators when the lion, instead of springing on the slave and rending him, went gently up to him and began to lick him! It was the lion from whose paw Androclus had extracted the thorn, and who recognised his benefactor and companion of the African cave. And when Androclus had told his story the people were struck with admiration, and he received his pardon, and the lion was given to him. And the grammarian Apion, who was in Rome about the year 38 A.D., in the reign of the Emperor Caligula, says that he himself witnessed the scene; and that Androclus used to lead his lion about the streets, and that it was quite tame and gentle.

As an immense number of lions were captured in Africa, and brought to Rome for the cruel sports of the Amphitheatre, there is nothing improbable in the same lion that had lived with Androclus in the cave being let loose on him.

A. R.





Androclus and the Lion.





The Mastiff. By HARRISON WEIR.



## THE MASTIFF.

ROOM for the Mastiff—huge and strong,  
 With a deep deep voice like a battle gong,  
 Or a minster bell that's pealing;  
 And a lion's heart, when peril's nigh,  
 And underneath the moonless sky  
 Dark shrouded forms are stealing.

Afar from men my lot is cast,  
 In lonesome fields, where the weary blast  
 Sighs through the leafless willow;  
 But in the yard old Tear'em keeps  
 A still watch, and his master sleeps  
 Serenely on his pillow.

And should there fall upon the ground  
 A stealthy foot, he hears the sound,  
 And gives a wild alarm;  
 The baffled rogues in wrath depart,  
 For a villain has a craven heart,  
 And a mortal dread of Tear'em.

Old Tear'em is of high degree—  
 A pug that stands beside his knee  
 Looks nothing but a kitten;  
 His grandsires roamed among the trees  
 With painted aborigines,  
 When Cæsars ruled in Britain.

Hard by there stood a wattled hut,  
 Well hung with webs, and dark with soot;  
 A squaw to boil the kettle;  
 Some flax-haired urchins on the floor,  
 Bone lances for the wolf and boar,  
 A bed, and rude oak settle,

Some clumsy arrows for the moose,  
 Yew-bow, glib with daily use,  
 Some baskets made of osier,  
 Coarse pottery to hold the mead  
 Of honey made, as you may read,  
 And not unlike ambrosia.

But you will grieve, when you are told  
 What English mastiffs did of old,  
 In Rome's vast Coliseum:  
 Torn by their fangs the Christians fell,  
 Chanting in faith unquenchable  
 A *Credo* or *Te Deum*.

Worried by dogs, or wrapped in blaze,  
 A common sight in those bad days,  
 The martyr died a hero;  
 A few sharp pangs, and he was blest,  
 But infamy will ever rest  
 Upon the name of Nero.

G. S. O.

## ABOUT GLOVES.

VERY common things have often quite a history of their own, and much could be told about the antiquity and uses of gloves. They are mentioned by Homer and Xenophon; and another ancient author tells of a glutton who used to wear gloves at table, in order that he might be able to handle and eat the food whilst hot, and so get more than his share.

Gloves often figured in ceremonies: such as the

conferring of dignities. There was also a custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of Kings of France. When hawking was a favourite pastime gloves were a very necessary part of the dress. Judges, we are told, were formerly forbidden to wear gloves on the bench; but now we know that when there are no cases for trial at an assize they are presented with a pair of white gloves by the sheriff. We read of a pair given to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Oxford, at a time when their use was uncommon, and 'the Queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands.'

A. R. B.

## THE HEATH AND THE HIVE.



JUST under the rotten stump of an old willow-tree, which grew on the bank of a brook, winding through a tract of heath and moor, a little colony of wild bees had fixed their abode. Their nest was a full mile from the public road, so they were left pretty much to themselves, and enjoyed the world in their own fashion, making the most of it in summer, when the whole plain

was yellow with the golden furze-blossom; and revelling, like jolly fellows as they were, in the winter, when nothing better than a cold nose was to be got by going out of doors.

They had formed a bad opinion of mankind, although there were stories told among them about the palaces which man had built for the convenience of their race. These traditions had a bad effect on the minds of some of the junior members of the colony, who longed to go and see these grand palaces, in spite of the warnings of Gray Fuzbuz, their 'oldest inhabitant,' who said that those of their own tribe who had deserted the queen-mother, after a brief period of enjoyment and vain boasting had disappeared for ever.

Young Petalby did not believe the croakings of old Fuzbuz, and he resolved to see for himself, and only waited for a fine day and a side-wind for going and returning, that he might track the course of the brook, which he knew, before he had flown a dozen miles, would bring him to the town, on the outskirts of which he had heard that the hives were situated.

The long-desired chance came at length; and one fine morning, early in July, he stretched his wings and set out for the distant town. After he had flown several miles he perched for a few moments upon a honeysuckle to rest himself, and sip a little dew from its curly horn.

He was just about to resume his flight, when he heard a noise that surprised and frightened him.

'That is certainly a bee,' said he to himself; 'and yet it is not one of our troop, for we all buzz B flat, and this fellow is a full semitone lower: he must be in a sad case, too, or he would not thrash away at that rate. I'll try and get a sight of him, if I can.'

So saying, Sir Petalby rose a few yards into the



air, and then he saw a sad sight. On the opposite side of the stream, kneeling on the sandy bank, and stooping over a flat stone, upon which he had pinned down an unfortunate 'worker' in the fork of a split straw, was a village urchin, bent upon sucking the honey from the 'bag o' the bee.'

Sir Petalby's anger and valour fired at the sight, and darting down to the rescue, he alighted unseen upon the ragged rim of the monster's 'wide-awake,' and stuck his sting into the soft part of Master Mangleum's left cheek with such vigour, that he at once began to dance a hornpipe to some shrill music of his own composition.

During this performance the captive managed to wriggle his way out of the fork, and, like a bee of breeding as he was, hastened to thank his deliverer for his timely aid. We need not dwell upon the compliments that were exchanged between them in the shady hollow of a dock-leaf, whither they both repaired, that the rescued prisoner might repose after his struggles, and refit his soiled and ruffled surtout. Suffice it to say, that mutual confidence soon ensued. Sir Petalby informed his new friend, who rejoiced in the name of Shinyshanks, of the object of the journey; and the other at once proposed to be his guide to the hives, among which was his own home. So soon, therefore, as the sufferer had in some degree recruited his strength, the pair set forward on their journey, Shinyshanks leading the way; and they arrived, before noon, at the scenes which our truant adventurer had so long desired to behold.

'This,' said his companion, as they alighted on the top of a high wall which enclosed a spacious and well-filled garden, 'is our domain, where we find plenty of everything, and where everything belongs to us. That old fellow yonder, with a spade in his hand, is old Stifle the gardener, who looks after our comfort, and keeps the garden full of flowers all through the season for our especial benefit. But come, let me know what you think of our fare. Just dip your proboscis into the cup of that campanula, and tell me how you like the flavour you find there.'

Sir Petalby did as he was bid, and kept his head so long out of sight, that his friend was fain to remind him of his manners by buzzing round the flower.

The visitor declared, on emerging from the calix, that he had enjoyed a great treat, and he showed an evident desire to renew his acquaintance with the viands; but his host observed that much better things were to be had.

'Come with me,' said he; 'I can show you good quarters, where we can take a snack together.'

With that he led the way to a retired spot in the garden, where grew some splendid white lilies; and selecting a large flower, he invited the visitor to enter. Here the new friends dined together, and afterwards held a conversation upon the respective laws and governments of their different tribes. Sir Petalby was full of admiration at all he saw around him, and despired his own shabby under-ground residence, and desolate heath. Having expressed a wish to view the inside of a hive, his friend led the way to his residence, and pointed out all the wonders and treasures of the edifice. They afterwards made the tour of the garden together, and even entered the gardener's

cottage, and perched upon old Stifle's paper cap as he sat in his arm-chair; and there they watched the operation of filling his pipe, but decamped with all speed at the first cloud of smoke which he blew forth.

The sun was now beginning to sink towards the horizon, and Sir Petalby told his friend that he must return. The grateful Shinyshanks insisted that he should not go away empty-handed, and the other consented to accept a cargo of honey, lest he should be blamed for spending the day in idleness.

Bidding farewell to his friend, after making an appointment for another meeting, the wanderer set out for his humble home, with feelings very different from those of joyful excitement with which he had started that morning. Never before had the vast plain appeared so dreary: he could not help contrasting its barren surface with the garden he had just quitted, and bemoaning his fate which had consigned him to so humble a career. He reached his home in safety, but said nothing to his companions concerning his adventure. He had resolved as yet to keep his own counsel; but he waited with impatience for the hour when he was again to meet his more fortunate friend.

They met on the appointed day; and Sir Petalby revelled in the enjoyment of the luxuries of the garden, and returned at eventide loaded with the presents of his friend. The month of August was now fast approaching, and another meeting was agreed upon for an early day in that month. By this time our discontented traveller had almost made up his mind to cast off his allegiance to his sovereign, to quit the snug retreat where he had first seen light, to say good-bye to his old companions, and to join the hive of his friend Shinyshanks.

On the morning of the appointed day he sallied forth, and as he approached the town the sun rose fair in the heavens, but a most unwelcome odour almost stopped his flight. While revolving in his mind what could be the cause of so strange a smell, he was struck with the unusual silence. Fears for his friend, not unmingled with alarm for his own safety, began to rise in his insect mind. Still, determined to proceed, and not without a hope that all might yet be well, he made a circle to avoid the current of the wind, which blew the horrid odours in his face, and, coming round in the rear of the blast, he alighted on the garden-wall, just above the range of hives.

Here a most woful spectacle met his view. Amidst a number of the oldest hives, now lying overthrown and plundered of their contents, stood the monster Stifle and his daughter. The beautiful architecture of the industrious nations had been wrenched from its foundations, with all its treasured stores, and cast into earthen vessels—dish, pot, and pan, of every shape and size—where from the delicate six-sided chambers the liquid honey drained away. And, worst of all, in holes dug in the ground there lay the bodies of the owners, crushed together, and reeking in the fumes of burning brimstone.

Poor Sir Petalby stood aghast, and for some minutes he had not the power to stir from the spot. While gazing around him in all the excitement of terror, he saw the lifeless remains of his poor friend





Shinyshanks lying on the edge of a dish; he knew him by his glittering golden thighs, and he grew sick at heart at the sight. At length, sighing 'a sad farewell to all his greatness,' he summoned back his fear-scattered energies, and hastened home to the scene of his former safety and contentment.

When he got home again among his old companions the sun was high in the sky, the sweet smell of the wild thyme was abroad in the air, and the cheery hum of his busy brethren made the wilderness vocal with joy. 'Ah,' said he to himself, 'welcome peace,

and safety, and humble home! Gray Fuzbuz was right after all; a little with security, is better than all the wealth of the world enjoyed at the hourly peril of existence.'

#### MOTHER WAKES.

**M**OTHER wakes, while baby sleeps,  
To shelter him from harm;  
When he in cradle softly dreams,  
Or rests upon her arm.





Mother wakes, while baby sleeps,  
 Unconscious of her care;  
 She only asks that when he wakes,  
 With smiles his face be fair.

Mother wakes, while baby sleeps  
 Through childhood's simple days;  
 God grant that as he grows in sense,  
 His love her care repays. H. A. F. G.

PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 331.)

VERY respectable indeed looked Paul, as on that fine Sunday morning he walked cheerfully along in the direction of Clapham, for the purpose of finding St. Mark's, and surprising Mr. Snapper, whom he expected to see, and who knew nothing about his coming. Without much difficulty he found St. Mark's—a



pretty little building surrounded with trees. Pausing on the threshold as two or three boys passed by him and entered, he at length made up his mind and followed them.

If the outside of the school had been pretty the interior was still more so. It was smaller than St. John's, but the walls were brightened with texts in the same manner, which, as he sat near the door, he busied himself with reading.

Presently Mr. Snapper appeared. Paul waited for him to catch sight of him. At present he was busily engaged at the upper end of the school. How cheerful he looked, nodding to every one! and how different from the description Jackson had given of him! He did not care so much for Jackson, somehow, as he had done. Something in Mr. Snapper's appearance, and the way in which everybody was shaking hands with him, showed him that what Jackson had told him must be mostly, if not altogether, untrue. There were the bread and cheese, of course, which he knew of; but that by itself was nothing.

'Good morning, Paul,' he said, taking Paul's hand in a friendly manner; 'did you find out the place all right?'

'Yes, sir, thank you,' answered Paul.

'You must not lose it again now you have found it,' said Mr. Snapper.

'No, sir,' said Paul.

'That young lady you see coming down the school-room at this moment is Mr. Deane's only child,' said Mr. Snapper, leaving him.

Paul followed the direction of Mr. Snapper's glance, and saw a young, but thoughtful-looking lady. To his surprise he saw that she was the fair girl whom he had seen once, and only once, three years before at St. John's School, and whom he had heard the attendant call 'Miss Agnes.'

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—TIM.

MISS AGNES was, as we have said, young, but she was thoughtful beyond her years, and had early felt a strong desire to tell others about those beautiful truths which she felt deeply herself.

Mr. Snapper, who for many years had been heart and soul in the cause of teaching the young, had of course many opportunities of speaking to Mr. Deane's daughter, and he soon drew out the secret wish of her heart, and enlisted her interest in his school. For some time she attended as a scholar, but she was soon made a teacher. There was a class for very little boys, who were sadly ignorant. The misery of these little fellows touched her heart, and when the teacher who had for some time taught them left Agnes offered to take charge of the class, and her request was granted.

There had been some doubt at first whether the boys would pay proper heed to one so young as Agnes, but it proved that this fear was groundless. She was gifted with that tact which exercises influence over others through the affections. One of the most touching features in St. Mark's School was that little circle of rough boys listening earnestly and quietly to the teaching of this gentle girl.

Paul had made up his mind to become a regular attendant of St. Mark's Sunday school, and his seeing Miss Agnes did not cause him to change his decision.

To see her teaching her class in the distance on Sunday, and to wish that he had been qualified to sit near her, and to think of her the whole week long, became now the dream of his life; but no one knew this, not even his mother, who knew most of his secrets. Meanwhile he did not neglect his work at Deane's. If Crabbe continued to annoy him, he felt that he had a friend in Mr. Snapper, and that was far better than the lonely struggle he had had at first.

Jackson's influence grew less and less after his first visit to St. Mark's school. He found it to be out of tune with the lessons and examples he met with there. Another boy had begun to interest him now. That boy was Tim.

About this unfortunate lad there was an air of mystery which Paul could not penetrate. His dress was thin and poor, his features were pinched, his manners were rough, his mind dull, his temper sulky; he was shunned and neglected by all. Paul was at first inclined to join the others in treating him with coldness, especially when he observed that the hard way in which he himself was treated by Crabbe seemed to please Tim more than anything else. So mean a spirit as this, a spirit that took pleasure in the pain of another, almost caused him to hate him. To say the truth, there was very little in Tim to like.

When Paul was sometimes cast down by the unfriendly nature of all around him, Tim, as if glad to find another as wretched as himself, seemed pleased with the efforts of Harris and the other boys to annoy him, as they would often do when Paul refused to act exactly as they did, or did not conceal his dislike for their evil talk.

The sight of Agnes, however, teaching boys, much of Tim's stamp, had softened him, and rendered him lenient to the boy's faults. He felt sure that Tim would have had a friend in Miss Agnes.

At dinner-time the boys used to busy themselves with cooking at a fire those little meals which they had brought with them. It was a large fire, but not large enough for all, so there was often a struggle which should take it first and keep out the others. In such a struggle the weakest had but a small chance. Harris and Jackson bore down all before them.

This kind of thing was not pleasing to Paul, who preferred to eat a cold dinner to squabbling for a place at the fire. He thus avoided an unceasing strife with the other boys.

Tim seldom brought anything at all, but sat, as a rule, moody and silent in the corner, whilst the others quarrelled over their food without noticing him. Paul observed him, and was surprised to see that he rarely ate anything. So he took the first chance of asking him a question. 'Perhaps he has no friends,' he thought.

One day the other boys had gone out. He and Tim were alone, and it was the time when he, with the other boys, used to eat his dinner, and when Tim alone used to feel most that he had no dinner to eat. Taking his parcel from the place where he had left it, he seated himself near the fire opposite Tim.

'Have you a father, Tim?' asked Paul, by way of opening.



Tim was surprised, and for some time did not answer. At length he said, 'No.'

'Nor a mother either?' asked Paul, kindly.

Tim returned the same answer.

Paul continued to eat for a short time in silence. If he hoped to hear Tim say anything further, he was disappointed. Tim looked the same dull, moping creature as ever.

'Do you ever feel hungry?' asked Paul, coming a good way nearer the point at one step.

'Always!'

'Don't they give you anything to eat?' asked Paul, with surprise, and pausing in his meal.

Tim looked doubtfully at him for a few seconds, as though he was uncertain what was meant by the question. At length he asked, in his hopeless way,—

'Don't who?'

'Your friends,' said Paul. 'You have friends, have you not?'

'I've got an uncle and an aunt,' said Tim, carefully, as if to distinguish between them and the most remote idea of friendship.

'What do they give you?' asked Paul.

'He gives me a thrashing sometimes,' said Tim, sulkily.

'But what do they give you to eat?' Paul inquired.

'To eat?' Tim repeated the words with a kind of scorn, as though the question was an absurd one, and did not deserve an answer.

Did Tim live on the air, then, like the chameleon which he had read about? Paul thought to himself, and looking at the poor boy in a curious way, as though he expected him to go off into different colours every minute. Tim's face never changed colour, however, at anything short of his uncle's walking-stick or buckle-strap, and at that moment it was a deep sallow, from which the trace of a recent bruise in one place was dying away.

'What did you have for breakfast, Tim?' asked Paul, giving up the idea of his own dinner till he had made out the riddle.

'A bit of dry bread—so big——' said Tim.

He held up his fist to give his more fortunate companion an idea of the size of his breakfast, and clenched his fingers as tightly together as he could to make it as small as possible. They were so thin that they did not need clenching, however, to show how true was Tim's complaint of his bad treatment: they spoke plainly enough on that point.

Was it any wonder, Paul thought, that Tim should look so wretched and moping as he did? Another question arose now: What ought he to do for one who was so badly served by his own kin? and the answer seemed to come at once.

'Pitch into this,' he said, giving Tim the balance of his dinner. He did it quickly, lest he should be tempted to resist the direction of his good spirit.

Tim looked at the parcel which had been thru t into his hands without speaking or moving; for once his usually pale features were tinged with the scanty blood he had in him, and then, catching hold of his face with both hands, he burst into tears.

'Tim!' cried Paul. 'Tim! leave off, or Jackson or some one will catch us, and we shall be chaffed no end.' Then Paul added, 'Eat, Tim, before any one comes; quick!'

Then Tim began to eat; but he soon stopped short, and said,—

'I won't touch any more,' and he thrust the remainder into Paul's hands. 'Don't ask me to. It would choke me if I did. It's a wonder I am not dead now, and I wish I was—I do.'

This passionate outburst, accompanied as it was by the most violent gestures, so astonished Paul that he could not say or do anything.

'Haven't I hated you?' he cried, accusing himself. 'Haven't I been a spy upon you, and told tales about you, and done everything to get you into trouble? Wasn't it me that stole your penknife? I didn't know you would do this then; how should I?' He finished by declaring that if Paul wished to have him locked up, he would fetch the policeman himself, and be glad to. He might just as well go to jail as go home.

'I'm very sorry, Tim,' said Paul, taken by surprise at this list of confessions, 'that you turned against me like that; and I'm sorry that you took the knife, because it was a present.'

'I sold it to a boy for twopence,' said Tim, not attempting to hide anything now.

'That was a pity,' said Paul, bitterly; 'it was worth ten times that. But it's no use thinking any more about it,' he added; 'you should have gone halves with me in the eatables if I had known. But look here, Tim, finish up this, and we'll say no more about what has gone by.'

Somehow the thought of Miss Agnes rose to his mind as he was speaking, and to that thought perhaps Tim owed the generous treatment he received from Paul. Far from Tim's understanding was it to make it out, however, why he should be served with such kindness. To him, with the memory of what others had been and done to him, this goodness on Paul's part was a marvel. Till that moment he would as soon have looked for a dog to give up its bone to him, as for Paul or any of the others to show him such a kindness.

'Why didn't you serve me out?' asked Tim, after a while.

'What good would that have been?' said Paul. 'No, no, that wouldn't alter it, and you might do it again.'

'Never!' said Tim.

'Not now, I hope,' said Paul; 'so you must finish that up and we'll be friends—won't we, Tim?'

Tim looked very different now from what he had been a little while before. The poor fellow refused to take any more of Paul's dinner, though he was willing to swear eternal friendship.

'Shake hands, Tim,' said Paul.

Tim allowed him to take his hand, but in a manner as though he would say, 'You may take it if you think it worth your while, but if you cared as little for it as it deserves, you would have nothing to do with it.'

Paul shook Tim's hand, however, whilst Tim shook altogether. A feeling of gratitude had taken possession of his heart and driven out all the bad feelings for the time, that had so long held possession there.

Mr. Hill's voice calling Paul put an abrupt end to the scene, but not the consequences of it; they lasted as we shall see.

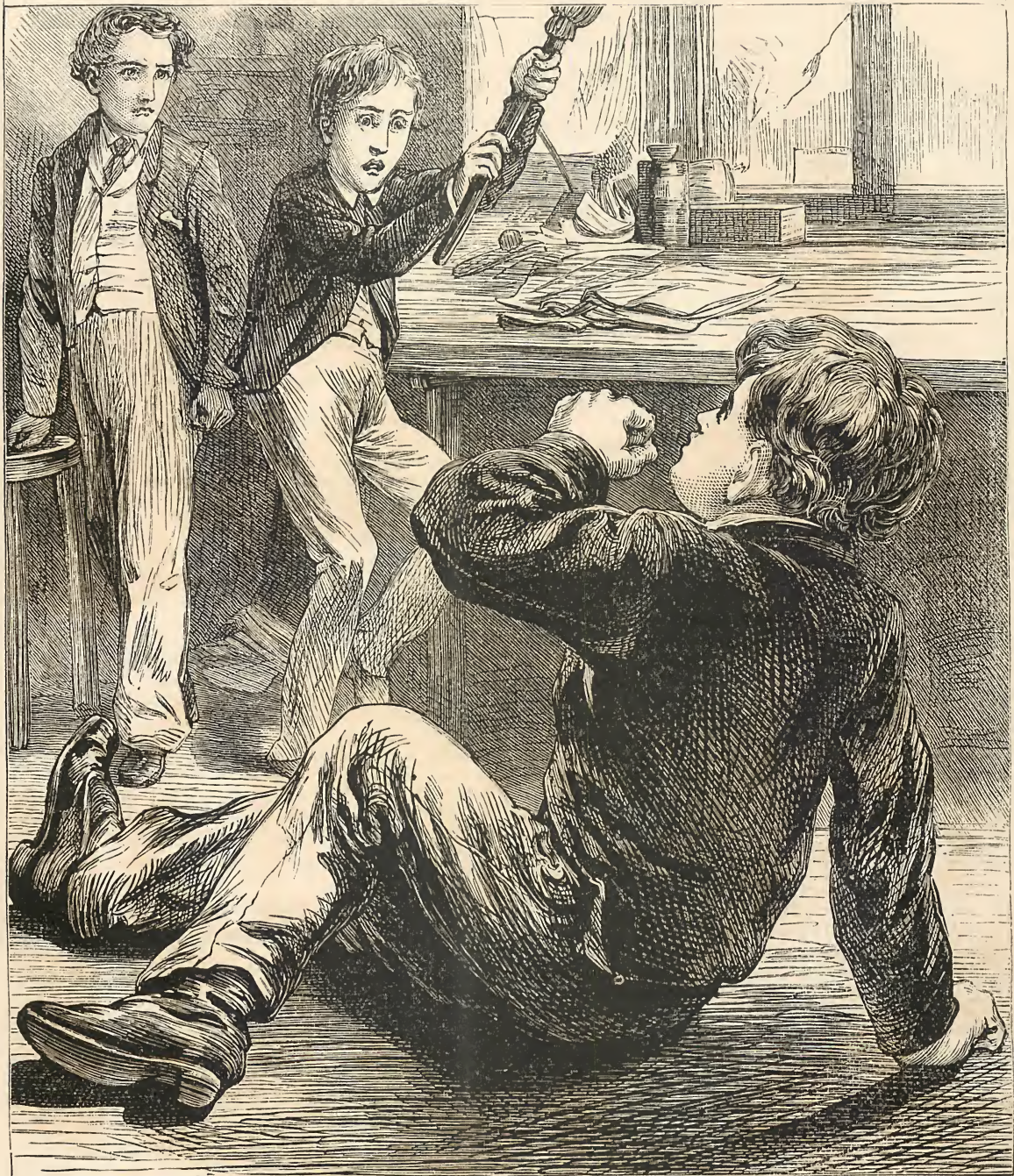
(To be continued.)





Paul sharing his dinner with Tim.





Harris recovering from the blow.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 343.)*

## CHAPTER XIX.—TIM TO THE RESCUE.

**I**f you please, miss,' said Paul, bashfully, to Agnes Deane, to whom Mr. Snapper had already introduced him, 'I'm going to bring a new scholar here next Sunday.'

'Do, Paul,' said Agnes. Who is he?'

'A very unfortunate boy, miss,' said Paul; 'we call him Tim: he has not got any other name that I know of. And if you please—'

Agnes smiled, and encouraged him to speak.

'May I ask a favour?' asked Paul.

'Oh, certainly!' replied the young lady.

'If you would be kind enough to let him sit in your class?' Paul blushed as he spoke. 'He is such a poor boy, and I am afraid he is not much of a scholar, either.'

'How old is your friend?' asked Agnes.

'Not so old as I am,' said Paul, looking as much more than fourteen as he could; 'but he is nearly as tall.'

Paul was not very tall, so that the latter part of Tim's description did not alarm her.

'Let him come, Paul,' she said; 'and although my class is quite full'—Paul thought it would have been a wonder if it had not been—'I dare say we can make room for him.'

If Paul had at any time a tendency to be spoiled by the bad example of Jackson, Harris, and others, it was very certain that that tendency had not the smallest chance, now that Miss Agnes Deane had taken so high a place in his thoughts.

She seemed to him a being of a superior kind to himself, and all others he had seen, which may account for his saying so little about her to any one. Others might have regarded her as a mere ordinary girl, with yellow hair and blue eyes, such as many other girls had, which would have grieved him greatly.

Therefore he said nothing about her, but went on day by day working and thinking that she was near him; for wherever he was, in the cellar, in the streets, or at home, Miss Agnes was looking at him, and guiding him in the path of right: to be unkind to any one or any thing, was quite impossible with her mild, reproachful eyes, looking so fixedly upon him.

He had never shown a rough or peevish temper, but now his cheerfulness and gentleness were remarked with surprise by those who did not know the cause, and now he did not try to conceal the dislike which he had always felt for the idle and unclean talk that went on among his companions.

This, too, they could not help observing, and it opened the way to a new kind of persecution which he had not before known.

The boys determined amongst themselves, led on by Harris and Jackson, to chaff him. 'He's getting too good for this place, and we must tell him so,' Harris said.

One morning a chance offered itself. Harris began by asking Paul how his mother was.

Paul was surprised at the unusual interest which was thus shown for his mother's health, but replied quietly, 'Quite well, thank you.'

'Remember me to the old girl,' said Harris, 'when you see her, and tell her that I shall drop in one afternoon to tea.'

The boys, who now expected some fun, laughed out at this; one little boy especially, who hoped by that way to please Harris, who, as a rule, was very hard upon boys less than himself.

Paul, however, was far from pleased, for he had a proper respect for his mother at all times, and deeply resented anything like an impertinence thrown at her.

'It's not right, Harris,' he said, turning angrily round upon the bully, 'to speak of your own mother like that, as you often do, and I will let you know that you may not speak of mine so.'

Harris, by putting out a very big tongue, hoped to put Paul out still more, but the latter had turned away again and seemed inclined to let it pass.

Not so, Jackson, who at once made a ring of himself and the other boys, in such a way as that Harris and Paul stood in the centre.

'We'll see that there's fair play,' said he.

'You are mistaken,' said Paul, firmly, 'if you think I am going to fight: that's out of my line.'

'Good boy! good boy!' said Jackson and his friends, in a kind of mocking chorus.

It was a trying moment.

Paul was as brave as the best of them, but brave as he was he feared to disobey his conscience. That told him that it was a silly and wicked thing to fight. On the other hand, it wanted great courage of a better kind to stand and face those who were now mocking, and were about to attack him, without flinching or yielding. A boy with less spirit would have fought Harris, as the easiest way to escape the jeers of the others.

Harris mistook the peaceful way in which Paul stood as a sign of cowardice, and became very brave in consequence.

'Come along!' he cried, trying hard to make an uglier face than nature had given him, and dancing round and round Paul like a large monkey, whilst he threw his fists about as though he was knocking down invisible giants.

Paul did not move.

'If I thought that fighting you would do you any good, Harris, I would fight you; but as it would only do you harm, I won't.'

Nothing irritates a quarrelsome person more than the calm reason of one more wise.

Jackson had meanwhile been as busy as Harris. He made the ring smaller and smaller, till Harris and Paul were pressed against each other.

'You pushed me,' said Harris, working himself up into a state of froth, and knocking down a whole regiment of the giants.

'I did not push you,' said Paul.

Harris gave him the lie and a slight stroke with his hand, and leaped back into the arms of his supporters, expecting, as did everybody else, that Paul would rush upon him.

For a moment it seemed as though it would be so. Paul clenched his fists: a fiery look darted from his eyes, but by a great effort he altered his intention,



and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he stood and looked hard at his assailant, keeping down the resentment that burned within him.

How far Miss Agnes was the cause of this self-restraint was known to none but himself.

'Will you fight me now?' asked Harris, becoming brave again, and approaching Paul.

'I should like to,' said Paul, with a firm air, 'but I must not.'

Harris was sufficiently encouraged on hearing this to strike him again. If Paul's hands had been tied it would have pleased him better still, because it would have been even safer.

Whether Paul would have given up the struggle with himself for the pleasure of knocking Harris down is doubtful; but at that moment Harris, who had sprung back as before, received a box in the ear from behind, and about the same time measured his length upon the floor.

Everybody was astonished at this unexpected interruption to the fun which, so far, had been all on one side; the cause was still more surprising.

Tim had been a spectator, but the sight of his friend Paul being the object of such a violent and unprovoked attack had made him indignant. A short broom lay conveniently near, and heedless of what might follow, intent only on avenging his friend, he took it up, and with all his force placed the thick end of it against Harris's head with the result shown.

When Harris recovered from the ringing in his ears, which the blow had left, he looked up and saw Tim as excited as an Indian who has taken a scalp, and dancing about with the broom in his hand.

He was not long in getting to his feet, and would have made short work of Tim, who, although sufficiently strengthened by Paul's dinner to knock Harris down as he had done, was none the stronger generally for going short of food seven days a-week.

But Paul, who had been peaceful enough on his own account, would not stand by and see poor Tim ill-treated—even Miss Agnes would not wish that; so he rushed between him and Harris in time to receive the blow that was meant for Tim, and to give back another big enough to pay for that one and the two previous ones in one instalment, shortly after which Harris said that he had had enough. As might have been expected, Paul, Miss Agnes, and Tim, proved too many for Harris.

It did not end there, however, for Crabbe came in, and in a moment detected the two combatants, and Paul being one of them, to secure him he seized both and led them away to the counting-house. He hoped by so doing not only to get Paul dismissed, but to get into Mr. Deane's good graces, for that gentleman abhorred quarrelling more than anything.

Mr. Deane was not in the counting-house, but Mr. Shoddy was, and on seeing Crabbe with the two boys he disentangled his long pair of legs, which he had twisted into a little recess under his desk, and bringing himself to a standing posture he worked a round piece of glass into the corner of his right eye, twisted the rest of his face towards it to keep it there, and, as well as the twisted state of his mouth would let him, exclaimed, 'My eye!' the instant after alluding to which feature the glass fell out of it.

Mr. Deane now came from the private office.

'What now, Crabbe?' he asked, severely.

'These boys, sir!' said Crabbe.

'Well?' said Mr. Deane.

'Fighting, sir! I caught them at it!' said Crabbe.

'Tell Mr. Snapper to pay them, and send them about their business,' said Mr. Deane, sharply.

Crabbe was of course delighted; Harris was rather relieved than otherwise; but as for Paul, words would not express how his heart sank within him at this summary command.

Mr. Snapper now entered, Mr. Deane had already left it.

'You're to pay them, Mr. Snapper, and send them about their business,' said Crabbe. If he had been doing them the greatest kindness he could not have spoken more cheerfully.

'Indeed!' cried Mr. Snapper, raising his spectacles with his brows in surprise. 'And how is that?'

'Fighting!' said Crabbe, winking at Mr. Shoddy, who was rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and seemed to understand Crabbe's meaning perfectly.

'You too, Paul?' said Mr. Snapper, sadly shaking his head and his keys to get at the one belonging to his cash-box.

Paul had been in the greatest trouble of mind all this time: to carry such news home to his mother would be terrible. Mr. Snapper's surprised and reproachful inquiry made him desperate.

'Won't you prevent it, sir?' he said appealingly.

'I'm afraid it is beyond my power,' said Mr. Snapper: 'if Mr. Deane knows that you have been fighting, I am very much afraid that there is no hope.'

'Don't say that, sir,' cried Paul; 'if you would only speak a word to the master for me, sir. He doesn't know that I was forced into it. I did not want it, but I was driven to it. I would not ask you for myself, but it would break her heart.'

Mr. Snapper looked doubtful, and lost the key which he had just before found.

'I don't know, I'm sure,' he said.

If Mr. Snapper did not know, Crabbe did, and came to the old gentleman's rescue. 'It is all nonsense! that's the way they all go on when they're found out. I always knew that youngster was a bad one.'

Paul looked indignantly at the vindictive man, as he repeated his request, 'Do say a word for me! if you knew all you would, sir.'

'How did it happen, Mr. Crabbe?' asked Mr. Snapper, again losing his key.

'He was not there, sir,' said Paul.

If Crabbe could have contradicted him safely, he would have done so, but it would have been needful to have a word with the other boys first, and that was not possible just then, so he contented himself with saying that he knew enough about *him*, meaning Paul, that if he had had the ruling of it he should have been off like a shot long before that.

Whether this remark decided Mr. Snapper or not was a secret, but that gentleman gave up the idea of finding the key, and saying, 'I think, after all, I will speak to Mr. Deane,' he went into the private office.

Crabbe looked as sulky as a cat that had just seen a mouse run down its hole whilst Mr. Shoddy did what was very needless in so lanky a young man, namely, stretched himself, and intimated in that way that he was sick of





The result was that an explanation was allowed, and the boys, with the exception of a rebuke, got off that time scot free, much to the chagrin of Crabbe, who directly he got into the cellar ran to his corner like the little Jack Horner we have all heard of, to console himself, not with Christmas pie, but with the coffee-can, which he emptied at a draught, and that without smacking his lips after it as he generally did.

*(To be continued.)*

#### JAPANESE SCENES. THE LION'S HEAD.



HIS wonderful mask is supposed to represent a lion's head. It is so put on that the wearer can look out at the mouth and see his way. He goes about, beating the drum which is slung round his neck, to attract people to some show that is going on. When a sufficient





Lapwing = Pewit.  
Plover.

Dotterel.  
Sanderling.

Thicknee = Stone Curlew.  
Landrail.

Moor-hen = Water-hen.  
Coot.

number have assembled he will take off his strange head-gear and tumble about with his fellows.

He may also be seen walking in processions at festival times, to the great amusement of the children, who all the while are half afraid of him.

S. M. S.

## OUR WILD BIRDS.

X.

THE nearer of the two birds swimming in the water is a Coot, the one behind is a Moorhen. The Lapwing is easily recognised by his long crest, while the bird just going to run between him and the water is the Landrail, and the larger fellow at the back is the Thicknee.



The most interesting of the group is the Lapwing, not only on account of the great beauty of its plumage, but because of its sharpness and intelligence. Very likely, when walking across a ploughed field or a heath, you may have seen a pair of birds almost as large as pigeons, suddenly rising up and whirling round you overhead, crying 'Wee-whit! Wee-whit!' in so mournful a manner that you thought they must be in trouble. They were Lapwings, and the trouble was seeing you so near their nest. If you had come upon them very suddenly, the hen bird would have fluttered just in front of you as if wounded, and have made you run after and try to catch her. That is the trick she and many other birds play to decoy intruders from their nest. Lapwings are very useful in a garden to eat up the slugs, and I have read of one who used to spend the summer in this way, but when winter came he would creep into the kitchen and sit by the fire in company with the dog and cat. What are called plovers' eggs are generally those of lapwings, and it requires a practised eye to discover them, as they are laid on the ground without any real nest; in some places dogs are trained to find them.

Did you never on a summer evening hear a harsh sound like the scraping of a bit of iron on a saw? It was the call of the Landrail or Corncrake, a summer visitor, and its wild, rough note, is so mingled with memories of calm summer evenings and the delicious scent of hay and dog-roses, that one can never hear it without a thrill of pleasure. It is said to be able to sham death so perfectly as to deceive sportsmen. A story is told of one which had been picked up by a pointer and put in the game-bag, carried home, and laid on the table without showing a sign of life. When it thought danger was over, it sprang up and dashed at the window, which I am sorry to say was shut, so the poor bird's little art proved of no avail. Another was brought, apparently quite dead, and laid by the dog at the feet of a sportsman. He turned it over with his foot as it lay on the ground, and was convinced life had departed. As he stood by in silence, he saw it open one eye. As he took it up its head fell, its legs hung loose, and it again seemed to be quite dead. He put it into his pocket, and before long felt it struggling to escape. He took it out, when it was apparently as lifeless as before. He retired to some distance from where it lay on the ground, and in about five minutes the bird warily raised its head, looked round, and was off.

This is the only bird I know of who carries its action to such perfection, as it is principally insects, and specially beetles, that resort to this trick of feigning death in order to escape it.

I am very fond of Moorhens, and think they add a great charm to the quiet pools they frequent. If you come upon them suddenly, how they scutter along the surface of the water to the nearest bed of reeds or bank, where they hide close till the danger is past! As of almost every bird whose doings have been watched, there are stories told of its sagacity and cleverness, showing us how much we are disposed to underrate the intelligence of the lower animals. Dr. Stanley tells the following anecdote:—A water-hen, observing a pheasant feed out of one of those boxes which open when the bird stands on the rail in front of the box, went and stood in the same place as soon

as the pheasant quitted it. Finding that its weight was not sufficient to raise the lid of the box, it kept jumping upon the rail to give additional impetus. This only succeeded partially; so the clever bird went away and returned with another bird of its own species. The weight of the two had the desired effect, and they both enjoyed the reward of their sagacity. Who would have suspected a poor timid Moorhen to be endowed with all the qualifications necessary for such a feat? It had the reason to perceive the cause which opened the box, namely, the applying of a weight, and also to know its own weight was increased by jumping down from a height; and it had the power of communicating its wishes to another bird, and telling it that combined action was necessary to obtain the food. We may be sure, then, that reason is not confined to man, but is shared in a greater or less degree by the inferior creatures, down to the poor beetle who feigns death in order to escape from the hands of her captors.



### SAVING A CREW.

THE *Alpheus Marshall*, a bark of 900 tons register, belonging to Nova Scotia, and laden with a general cargo, bound to London from New York, went to pieces on the rocks at Atherfield, on Sunday night, the 9th of February, 1879. Looking at a map of the Isle of Wight, it will be seen that its southwest side, from the Needles to St. Catherine's Point, is exposed to the full force of the sea as it rolls in from the Atlantic.

The shore between these points is a rugged and wild one. Reefs of rocks run out, which prove disastrous to any unfortunate ship which in rough weather is driven upon them. Many tales are told by the fishermen and others along this coast of fearful wrecks, which took place before the existence of the National Lifeboat Institution; of helpless crews, who one by one were washed overboard, and whose heartrending cries for help were unavailing, for none could reach them from the shore: of brave attempts also, sometimes successful, to snatch a few from impending death.

The National Lifeboat Institution has now two boats on this coast; one at Brooke, and the other, the *Rescue*, at Brighstone. It is of the brave work done by the latter that I now wish to write.

The evening of that Sunday in February was rough, dark, and stormy, with a stiff breeze from the south. At about eight o'clock a loud report of the lifeboat gun told the neighbours that a ship was in distress; another report of the gun confirmed the news, and a general rush to the shore was made. But not a light could be seen, nor sound heard, excepting the roaring of a tremendous ground sea. However, the lifeboat crew drew out their boat, put on their life-jackets, and prepared to launch.

A delay now occurred, in consequence of a report having been brought that no ship could be seen for two miles to the eastward. This news somewhat abated the excitement, but all eyes were strained still



in the belief that lives were in jeopardy. At last the light of a streaming rocket told its tale. The horses were at once attached to the lifeboat carriage, the helpers took their places, and the difficult task of launching a lifeboat into a heavy sea began. The horses had to haul their load over loose shingle, upon which waves of towering height and thundering sound dashed with tremendous force. But the brave Brighstone crew were not to be daunted. Into their well-tried boat they leaped; and at the word to 'let her go,' the helpers with a hearty cheer, and a strong pull, launched the *Rescue* into as rough a sea as ever rolled in at Grange Chine.

Many feared that her crew could never pull her through such a sea; but gradually she drew away—now on the crest of a huge wave, and anon hid in the trough beyond. A few minutes sufficed on such a dark night to hide her from view; but her bright light, as she took her eastward course, flickered out her whereabouts. For nearly four miles the crew had to pull their boat to the Atherfield Ledge, where they found the *Alpheus Marshall* bumping on the rocks, with her head to the wind.

The moon had now risen, and the clouds had become lighter, revealing the terrible position of both the ship and her crew. Big seas were sweeping over the drenched crew, who had taken refuge, some in the rigging, and some on the poop-deck. These poor fellows (a mixed crew of American, French, German, and Scandinavian sailors), having already one of their number washed overboard, were sending up loud cries for help, and when they saw the fruitless endeavours of the Atherfield Coastguard to throw a line, by means of the rocket apparatus, over their ship, they were all but in despair. Then it was that the welcome hail of the coxswain was heard above the noise of the waves, and strong men wept for joy as the *Rescue* was made out to be a lifeboat.

Now came the difficult task—to attempt to go alongside the fast-breaking-up ship would be instant destruction; so a rope was caught from the ship, and the lifeboat made fast to leeward, and, one by one, by means of a rope fastened round the waist, the wrecked sailors were drawn through the sea and lifted into the boat. This occupied nearly two hours: for fourteen well-nigh perishing men had to be thus saved. The *Rescue* had now been afloat three hours, and her crew, wet, and growing tired, turned homewards; and need it be said how anxiously she was being looked for at Grange? At last a dark speck became visible on the water; a blue light was lit and answered from the boat, while men who had followed from the wreck, along the cliff, told how all were saved. Meanwhile the boat gallantly rode over the waves; and as she neared the shore how carefully did her coxswain and his mate steer for the light on the spot on the beach thought best to effect a safe landing! But the sea ran mountains high, and men old at the work shuddered and almost held their breath as the last few waves had to be surmounted. One more, and all will be safe! But no! One more, and the *Rescue* was broadside on: her drags had tripped, and all her precious cargo—twenty-seven in number—were thrown out and swept high up on the shore!

Now came a struggle for life. The bystanders,

regardless of self, dashed into the retreating wave and rescued the nearly exhausted men.

Excepting a few slight bruises nobody was hurt. From a cottage near coffee, tea, and stimulants were served out, and the wrecked crew told off to lodgings in the village. A Thanksgiving Service was held in the village church, and intense interest was felt by all who were present at it. Supper was given to the crew in honour of their bravery.

The brave coxswain above referred to is over seventy-three years of age, hardy and strong, and holds a medal for saving life. This was his eleventh launch to rescue the shipwrecked upon this shore.

The Royal National Lifeboat Association does a grand work in maintaining these lifeboats on our coasts, and when any of our young readers chance to see one of the collecting-boxes of the Society they should not fail to drop a coin into it, with a prayer in their hearts for the brave fellows who man the lifeboats. G. P.



### A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

—o—

OST great musicians have shown signs of genius when very young, but none in a stranger way than Davy, the composer of *The Bay of Biscay*. Left an orphan at an early age, he was brought up by an uncle, a weaver by trade, who knew something of music, and used to lead the singing at the village church. He had a spinet, and on this he used to practise his tunes. When no one was at hand, young Davy would thump the keys of this instrument with his little fists, trying to produce the tunes he had heard his uncle play. This his uncle found out, and finding the spinet injured by Davy's thumping, he always kept it locked. Here was an end to the boy's musical practices, and for a time nothing seemed to console him. At last he began to get cheerful again, but spent a good deal of his time no one knew where. But one day, as his aunt went about her duties, she heard from the upper part of the house faint sounds like an old psalm tune. People were very superstitious in those days, and the good woman at once put these sounds down to the powers of darkness, and was careful not to go near the garret at the top of the house. But when the sounds had been heard for two or three days, she thought it best to tell her husband. Then the pair armed themselves, and went up to the garret whilst the sounds were going on. Peeping through a crack in the door, they saw a curious scene. There was young Davy, striking with a stick several horse-shoes, which were hung on a wire across the room, and trying to form the tunes he had heard his uncle play. They wisely did not disturb him, but on another day brought Dr. Jackson, the organist of Exeter Cathedral, to see the performance. So struck was he by it that he at once offered to take Davy as his pupil without payment. This he did, and the boy became a musician. A. B.





A Young Musician.





Tiny on the Tea-table.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from p. 348.)

## CHAPTER XX.—SOWING THE SEED.



AT half-past eight on the Sunday morning after the incidents told in the last chapter, Paul stood beneath the clock of St. John's Church, waiting for Tim.

If the clock were to be believed, old father Time had given up his rather monotonous task and was having a rest. Paul knew, however, that the clock was a story-teller. Time was racing along as fast as ever, and Tim, like the clock, was all behind.

Just as Paul gave him up Tim appeared, and the first thing he noticed in the poor boy was, that his weekday clothes and his Sunday clothes were the same.

His clothes were the same, but he had washed his face. As this was a task which Tim was not used to, and as, like most other tasks, it requires a little practice before it can be done properly, it had not been done to perfection, and poor Tim's face was smeary and streaky. Alas! Tim had no mother; he who needed one so much.

Paul was somewhat ashamed of his companion, but when he saw the downcast look, and remembered the poor lad's desolate state, he concealed his feeling.

'What is the matter with your eye Tim?' he asked, for Tim's eye was bruised as though it had been struck.

'He did it with the buckle,' said Tim, in his old hopeless voice.

'Does he drink?' asked Paul.

'No,' answered the other. 'I wish he did. I wish he'd get drunk one day and walk into the river.'

Tim had heard of a man doing so, and as he desired a like fate for his unkind uncle his eyes had a spiteful look, which Paul was sorry to see.

'You shouldn't wish that,' he said.

'Why not?' asked Tim, with a surprised look. 'He tells me to go and hang myself, and says he'll throw me out of window one day; and so he will before long.'

'But we're to love everybody, Tim, and pray for them, that their hearts may be changed,' said Paul.

'I love you,' said Tim, 'but I hate him. He said once that if I was to die he would thank God for it.'

It seemed only too natural to Paul for Tim to hate an uncle who could treat him with such cruelty, and he knew not how to advise him.

There was only one thing indeed that he could think of that would be of any use to Tim, and that was Miss Agnes. Oh, yes! Miss Agnes was the best thing for Tim. She had been the best thing for himself already.

'Let's step out, Tim,' he said, anxious to get to the school, if possible, before the other children arrived. It would not be pleasant, he thought, glancing at Tim's appearance, to be stared at with such a companion.

Tim was like a ship without a rudder, ready to be drifted or taken in tow anyway, just as the tide or

some other craft might direct, so he went as Paul wished.

'What does he do with your wages, Tim?' asked the poor boy's friend.

'Keeps 'em,' he answered moodily. 'He says he promised my mother, who was his sister, to look after me after she died, and he says it takes more than that, a great deal, to keep a big fat fellow like me: but he never gives me anything but dry bread and what they leave themselves, and that's precious little.'

'Does he call you a big fat fellow, Tim?' asked Paul, surprised.

'And worse things than that, too,' said Tim. 'So they all do: young Freddy, he kicks me. I've got the bruises on my legs here that I could show you, all the way down.'

'Do you stand that?' asked Paul in amazement, his anger getting the better of his judgment at the unhappy boy's account.

'Not always,' said the latter. 'Sometimes I lay hold of him and bite him. I did last night, and this is what I got for it,—he pointed to his eye—' and then he lays hold of me and tells Freddy to kick me, and that's the worst of all.'

The tears came to Paul's eyes as he heard this, but there was no time for more talk, as they had reached the school-door, and the going in with so odd a creature as Tim looked drove everything else for the time out of his head. Paul knew that there would be a stare and whispering, and these were things that were very dreadful to him, but he knew it to be right and did it.

Tim was put in Miss Agnes' class, and she devoted herself to him with much kindness, and he repaid her by the closest attention.

When he heard how the Holy One had been perfectly good and spotless, he only felt how different such a spirit was from his own. When he heard, however, that He had been beaten and scourged innocently he recollected his own case, and saw something of a resemblance. He, too, had been beaten and ill-treated without having done anything to deserve it.

'But He never murmured,' said Agnes Deane, 'or resisted; because He knew it was God's will that He should suffer. And even when His enemies nailed Him to a tree, and let Him die in torture, then He did not complain, but begged God to forgive His enemies.'

And then, as though Agnes had the power of reading into his heart, she explained to poor Tim that he must try and do the same. 'You have an enemy,'—Tim wondered how she had found it out—'and that enemy is stronger than you. What must you do? Must you hate him, and say to yourself, "Wait till I grow big enough, and I will serve him out?"' Tim felt now that she knew all his thoughts. 'No,' continued the young teacher; 'for that would only spoil God's plan, which is to make you patient and forgiving, and to make you feel how weak you are, but how strong He is, and ready to help you if you will only believe it. Can you do that?'

'I don't know,' said Tim, feeling that this question was pointed to him.

'Do you feel how weak you are?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, he could feel that,' he said.

'And you know that there is some one stronger than you?'



'My uncle,' answered Tim, simply.  
'Yes, but stronger than all men!' said Agnes.  
'Your uncle did not make the stars and the sun, did he?'

'Oh, no!' said Tim; 'certainly not.'

'Some one did,' she said.

'That's true,' he answered.

'That some one is God!' she said; 'and if God could do all that, you see how strong He is.'

Yes, Tim could see that, and it was a comfort to know that his uncle was not the strongest of all. 'But on whose side was God?' he asked; so much rested on that.

'That's just what I want you to know. He is on the side of the weak and the patient, and gives them strength.'

'I am weak,' said Tim, 'but He never gave me strength.'

'What! Not to bear it, and believe that it is for your good? If there were no troubles there could be no patience; if there were no enemies there could be no forgiveness. Don't you see that?'

'If I was to be beaten and knocked about,' said Tim, trying hard to understand, 'and I was to say nothing, and ask God to forgive him for it, should I be as good as Him that you told me about?'

'You would be copying Him,' said Agnes; 'and if you carry it out to every one, and do as much good as you can, and try to get every one's love, God would then be your Friend, and you would have the strongest on your side; and even if your enemies killed you your soul would fly to Him and be safe.'

Well Tim, poor and wretched though he was, had learnt something that he never knew before; something, too, that he could practise—'If I was to bear it, I should be better than him that beat me?'

'Better and greater by far,' said Agnes; 'for you would be doing what he could not, perhaps, whilst it is easy to hurt those weaker than ourselves.'

#### CHAPTER XXI.—A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

'MOTHER,' said Paul one day, a short time after his making friends with Tim and introducing him to Miss Agnes; 'it's my birthday on Saturday, and I mean to have a party.'

'A party?' asked his mother in surprise.

'Yes; I shall be fifteen, you know,' said Paul; 'and what's more, I've invited them.'

Mrs. Proudman started. 'Invited them!' she cried; 'why, how many, Paul?'

'Something short of a dozen, mother,' he said, roguishly.

Mrs. Proudman looked as much concerned as if he had said more than a dozen.

'I don't know how we are to make room for so many,' she said; 'and I am afraid we can't very well afford it. Who have you asked?'

'There's Walter Reed,' said Paul, holding up his fingers with a show of counting, 'he's one—he touched his forefinger to make sure of him; 'then, there's Tim that I've told you about, that's two;' he passed on to his next finger; 'and that's all,' he said, laughing.

'We can make room for them, no doubt,' said Mrs. Proudman, very much relieved at finding it so much

short of a dozen. 'I should like to see this Tim that you talk about.'

'He's a poor fellow,' said Paul, half to himself; 'he's had the misfortune to lose both his father and mother: and, worse than that, he's had the misfortune to keep his uncle and aunt: I mean that they are still alive, you know, and serve him out horribly.'

'Who is his uncle?' asked Susan.

'A man named Pick; and he makes picture-frames and looking-glasses, and such-like. I wonder at a man like that taking to make looking-glasses, though: for Tim says he is the ugliest man he has ever seen. But perhaps that is because he hates him so—just as I think you, mother, the best-looking woman in the world, you know, because I love you so.'

'Nonsense!' said Susan, smiling.

'You must have plenty of cake and things, mother,' said Paul; 'for I want Tim to have a regular treat. It's jolly to invite a fellow like that, because he enjoys it so. Only fancy him knocking Harris down with the broom!'

'Ah! but I don't like to hear of your fighting,' said Susan, gravely.

'You can't help it if you are a man,' said Paul. 'You women are out of all that, and don't know anything about it.'

There was a good deal of masculine pride in this, which was perhaps excusable when it is remembered that Paul was nearly fifteen.

Saturday evening soon came round, and Susan was busier than usual. Paul had taken some of the money which he had saved up from a little tin box, so that the birthday party should not interfere with the regular money, and his mother had laid it out to the best advantage.

A clean white table-cloth was spread over the round table, and then completely hidden by the good things she had placed on it. The best teapot and sugar-basin were placed upon a tray in the centre of a little half-moon of cups and saucers. Lump sugar, for the time, took the place of moist. Cake, periwinkles, shrimps, and watercresses, gave it quite a marine appearance. A little pile of toast stood on the fender before the fire, whilst the kettle steamed away on top, as though impatient for the guests to come.

Presently they came; Walter Reed first, and Tim next—the former a tall, rosy-cheeked youth of seventeen; Tim, pale-faced and thin; but both with a look which showed that they were equally ready to enjoy themselves if called upon.

Paul tried to hide the importance he felt as he welcomed his two friends, disposed of their caps, and saw them comfortably seated, one on his right hand and the other at his left; whilst Mrs. Proudman, no less conscious of the position she held, took the head of the table and set them going.

Once started, Paul took care that there should be no flagging. Eager as he had been to get the good things, he was not less so, you may be sure, to get rid of them now; and lest his two friends and his mother should not be able to do so by themselves, he helped them to the best of his ability.

As for Tim, he was as happy as he could be. When he had entered and was asked to sit down he had very skilfully balanced himself on the edge of a chair near the door, as though he was a conjurer, until



Paul caught hold of him in a familiar way, and said,—

'Now then, Tim, don't be strange, you know; you must fancy——'

He was going to say, 'You must fancy yourself at home;' but remembering what sort of a home Tim's was, and wishing Tim to feel comfortable, he altered his mind and did not finish it.

He turned to Walter instead, and talked to him of all the things he could think of in order to give Tim time to get used to it.

'How do you get on, Tim?' said Paul, when the tea-drinking was at its height.

Tim blushed, and said, 'Very well, thank you;' and notwithstanding he was still rather strange they took his word for it, and all made him a mark of their particular attention. Even Walter Reed entered into the situation, and behaved with the greatest kindness and good nature.

Susan took a great interest in him, and asked him a number of questions about his uncle and aunt, and other things; and then, to save Tim the trouble of answering them, answered as many as she could herself.

'Your mother died when you were very young, did she not?' she asked.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Tim, nervously.

'Of course she must have done, poor thing!' said Susan, helping him. 'Uncles and aunts are not like fathers and mothers, are they?'

'No, ma'am,' answered Tim.

'Of course they are not: who can be like a father or a mother?' Then, turning to her son, she added in a reproachful tone, 'Paul, I'm afraid you are not looking after your young friend.'

Paul handed everything at once in his eagerness to redeem his good name, whilst Tim was dreadfully concerned that Paul should get a scolding on his account, and began to fear he had done wrong in coming; but when he saw Mrs. Proudman smiling, and heard Paul and Walter laugh, he thought it must be all right.

One thing happened that caused some merriment: Pussy, whose name was 'Tiny,' jumped on to Paul's knee, and from thence to the table, where she sat as near the edge as possible, and looked as innocent as she could of the least wish to taste anything—especially the shrimps. Presently she looked round when she considered that she had put them off their guard, and crept very carefully towards those very shrimps; but Paul was too clever for her, and just at the right moment clattered his spoon against the plate, close under her nose, so suddenly, that she rushed off in a fright.

This seemed so comic to Tim that he began to make dreadful noises in his throat in his attempt to swallow something, and keep from laughing at the same time.

Of course no one took the least notice of this circumstance, nor did any one see Tim eat the shrimps with their heads on, or if they did, nothing was said about it: but when Tim took a periwinkle out, after a great deal of twisting with the pin, swallowed both wrinkle and pin together, he looked so horror-stricken, that Paul was obliged to ask him if anything had gone wrong.

'The pin!' said Tim in a whisper, expecting every

minute that it would break out in his inside somewhere.

There was an alarm at first, for Mrs. Proudman had always believed such a thing to be fatal; but as the pin was a very small one, and kept perfectly quiet, they forgot all about it by degrees. However, Tim gave up winks from that time, and devoted himself to shrimps.

After tea, when the table was cleared, Paul brought out his treasures.

A box of paints was the first thing; and Tim was not content before he had learnt off the names of all the colours. It was wonderful to him, too, that green was nothing more than blue and yellow mixed.

Then Paul showed his pictures and drawings: some were his own work, and others were what he had bought. Tim preferred those that Paul had done to the others, because there were more colours, whilst all three boys agreed that painting was a first-rate thing, and what they would like to get their livings by.

'Wouldn't you like to be a painter, Tim?' said Paul.

'Would I not?' said Tim, looking as though it would be a dangerous thing if they gave him the chance.

'What would you go in for?' Paul asked.

Tim looked confused, and wondered whether he meant something to eat.

'He means,' explained Walter Reed, 'what would you choose if you were an artist—portraits, or landscapes?'

But this was harder for Tim to understand than the other.

'What would you paint, animals or birds?' began Walter.

'Birds are animals,' said Paul, correcting him.

'Not the animals I mean,' said Walter.

Tim had been looking serious for some minutes; and at this moment, with a look of triumph, said, 'Elephants.'

'What would you paint, Walter?' asked Paul, laughing at the ambitious subject Tim had chosen.

'Landscapes,' said Walter, promptly.

'I should go in for history scenes,' said Paul. 'Only fancy Prince Arthur having his eyes put out at the command of his wicked uncle!'

'Are all uncles wicked?' asked Tim, at once interested.

'Uncle Grover is not—is he, mother?' said Paul, appealing to Mrs. Proudman, who all this time had been at her needlework, and thoroughly pleased that the boys were enjoying themselves.

'Not at all,' she said, pleasantly: 'he is one of the good uncles.'

(To be continued.)

## THE CENTAURS, OR BULL-KILLERS.

THOSE strange beings, half man, half horse, which we see represented in works of art, are the Centaurs. Such creatures seem impossible in nature, yet the ancient Greeks firmly believed in their existence. It is not hard to find out what gave them the idea of such monsters.





Centaurs, or Bull-killers.



Centaur does not mean 'half-man, half-horse,' but 'Bull-killer': a being half a horse, would more properly be called a Hippocentaur. In the oldest Greek stories about the Centaurs, they are spoken of as a savage race inhabiting the woods and mountains of Thessaly, a country famous for wild bulls, which the natives hunted on horseback.

Now there was a time when the horse, now so useful in most parts of the world, was a wild, untamed animal; and the people who first brought it to subjection, broke it in and rode upon it, would be looked upon as wonderful beings by the men of those tribes, who perhaps had never seen a horse. To them the horse and his rider would appear to be one animal, especially when seen at a distance, and from the back view, so that the horse's head was not visible. Indeed this really occurred when the Spaniards invaded Mexico. The natives had never seen a horse in their lives, and when they saw the extraordinary animal leaping and bounding, with an armed figure apparently growing out of his back, they were terrified at the monster; and it was not till they had seen the Spaniards dismount from their horses that they would believe that they were separate from their steeds, and only men after all!

A. R.



#### THE TURKISH ÆSOP.

WHEN Tamerlane was performing his great exploits of conquest there dwelt at Neapolis a certain wise man, named Nasruddin, full of fables, parables, and shrewd sayings.

When tidings came to Neapolis of the dreadful conqueror's approach, every citizen was beside himself with fear.

'What are we to do now?' was the question uppermost on every lip.

The more warlike citizens said,—

'Let us strengthen our walls, victual our city with sheep and oxen, sharpen our swords, and fling abroad the blood-red banner of defiance from the highest turret.'

'Not so,' argued the eloquent Nasruddin. 'Greater cities than Neapolis have fallen before Tamerlane, like mellow pears in a gale of wind. Let us not resist the hurricane that is sweeping away whole kingdoms, lest our dear old city be made a heap of stones. If you will trust this delicate matter to me, I will pledge my life that I can and will save Neapolis.'

Such was the distraction and dismay, that the citizens, who knew Nasruddin's ability, clung to his words of hope as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and so the man of witty sayings was deputed to save Neapolis, if he could.

Soon after these consultations a great cloud of dust heralded the approach of Tamerlane's army. After a pause, to allow time for the tents being pitched and so forth, there seemed the chance of an

audience; and Nasruddin prepared to put his head in the lion's mouth on behalf of his fellow-citizens.

No one in the East thinks of going before a king without a present, and Nasruddin, therefore, did not venture to approach Tamerlane without one. But the question arose, What was the offering to be? At length he decided it should be a gift of fruit, but he could not determine whether figs or quinces would be most acceptable to the great man after his dry and thirsty march. In his perplexity he sought his wife's advice on the knotty point,—

'What do you say, my dear wife?' asked the ambassador. 'Should it be figs or quinces?'

'Oh, quinces!' replied she, in a moment: 'for they are finer and more beautiful.'

Nasruddin, however, did not like his wife's advice. 'It is shallow, and not good,' said he to himself, 'and I will not take it. I will present figs, not quinces.'

He therefore chose a basketful of fine figs, and went forth with a flag of truce, like a grand ambassador, to Tamerlane's pavilion.

After waiting some time he was allowed to enter into the presence of the barbarian chief, who happened to be in a very ill-humour.

Nasruddin's turban had come off, and there he stood, somewhat alarmed, no doubt, but still confident in his own resources. He had a very bald head, which offered a sort of target to the malice of Tamerlane, who, despising the ambassador and his gift, scornfully ordered his officers to throw the figs at Nasruddin's head.

Of course they dared not refuse, and so the unfortunate man was pelted with his own figs.

He took it very calmly, however; and whenever a fig hit his bald pate he cried out loudly, 'God be praised!'

Tamerlane thought it strange that a man should praise God because he was pelted with his own figs; and therefore, when the basket was empty, he called Nasruddin nearer to him, and inquired into the reason of such an exclamation.

'Mighty Conqueror!' he replied, 'I have reason to bless God that I did not follow my wife's advice this morning.'

'What advice was that?' asked Tamerlane.

'Great King!' replied Nasruddin, 'she advised me to offer you quinces instead of figs. If I had taken her advice, my head would have been broken ere this.'

The good humour of Nasruddin so amused Tamerlane that he entered further into conversation with him, and now the Turkish Æsop, having found his chance, made the most of it.

Story after story he told, in his own droll way. As old Timoleon made Alexander laugh or cry by means of his songs, so did Nasruddin move Tamerlane by his stories. For three whole days the jaded conqueror was enchanted by his amusing guest, and so pleased was he with Nasruddin's eloquence and wisdom that he left the city of Neapolis unharmed and free.

But a laughable event is yet to be recorded, warning us how we venture to trespass on great men who have shown us favour.

When Tamerlane was again in the neighbourhood



of Neapolis the Turkish Æsop sent him a present of ten cucumbers, the very finest his garden produced. Tamerlane was so gratified with these cool and juicy vegetables that he ordered his treasurer to pay the donor ten golden crowns. This seemed such a profitable way of selling, that Nasruddin resolved to turn greengrocer on a large scale. In a few days' time he was able to fill a cart with five hundred cucumbers, and, no doubt, chucked at the prospect of five hundred gold crowns. But, for once, the shrewdness of Nasruddin was at fault. The suspicions of Tamerlane were aroused at the cartload of cucumbers. 'Aha!' thought he, 'this man intends to take me in, does he? I paid him before in gold crowns; he shall be paid now in bastinadoes.' So the hapless Nasruddin was ordered to receive five hundred stripes.

But, perhaps, the best part of the story remains to be told.

The porter of Tamerlane's residence, remembering how well the former present of cucumbers was acknowledged, would not allow Nasruddin and his cart to pass the gate until he had promised him half of what he received. So when the unfortunate cucumber-seller had received two hundred and fifty thumps—which, we hope, were not laid on very severely—he roared out,—

'Enough for me! Now let the porter have his share!'

Tamerlane, who stood by, asked what he meant.

'Great lord!' said Nasruddin, 'I agreed with your porter that he should receive one half of my expected present. Send for him, and if he is a true man he will tell you it is so.'

The porter was summoned, and being questioned about the thing, he honestly admitted that he had forced such an agreement on Nasruddin, and he was therefore prepared to receive his due, which was payable, he grieved to find, in stripes, not in crowns.

So the porter had his two hundred and fifty strokes, and as they fell in rapid succession, he most likely resolved he would be more careful in future how he used his power of the keys.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

## TWO HUMBLE HEROES.

FRANCE reckons two heroes more. A fireman at Tarbes rushed among the blazing ruins of a house to save his captain and a clergyman, who were buried beneath a floor in trying to rescue the inmates. The fireman remained trying to extricate the captain, but without avail, till the flesh peeled off his hands and face. He has died from his wounds, has been buried at the nation's expense, and for a month his name will be read out first on the roll-call of every regiment in the army. Jean Plantier is a pointsman, and a few months ago, in closing the gates of a crossing, he was struck down by a goods train and his arm amputated. Not a soul was within reach, and aware that an express train was due, he tied up the bleeding stump and remained at his post till a station-master, informed by the engine-driver that some accident had occurred, picked up the arm from the rail and succoured the hero.

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

EVERY one has not the good gift of presence of mind in times of peril, but when we do hear or read of an instance it does us good.

Two such incidents come to mind at this moment, one very recent, one of older date, but only too true.

This is the first. Three little boys were crossing some railway lines the other day,—a dangerous experiment always—when the thick boot of the elder got caught at the junction of some points. In vain he struggled, in vain his little brother tugged, the foot could not be moved. A train might any moment be coming, for the line was a very busy one near London, the children got thoroughly frightened, as well they might, and screamed for help. A passer-by heard the cries, saw the predicament, and saw something else too, a train approaching on that very line. In a second he whipped out his knife, cut the lace of the boot, and dragged the child's foot out just in time to save him from a terrible death. A moment's uncertainty of action would have been fatal.

Now for my other story, which ends in sadder fashion.

It happened in the island of Anglesey many years ago, but it is none the less remembered by those who heard of it at the time. A young nurse with a baby in her arms was taking it for an airing along a narrow lane, walled in on either side. Nothing was further from her mind than any fear of danger in so quiet a part of the country, when all at once a sound of noisy wheels approached, and to her alarm she saw a heavy cart drawn by a pair of frightened horses come tearing down the lane. There was no driver; he might have been thrown off, or he might have been left behind, the story does not say. The cart almost filled the lane, and stand back against the wall how she would, it seemed certain that she and the baby must be knocked down and killed. All this flashed through the girl's mind in that one frantic look for succour before, behind, around; then, without another second's pause, she lifted her arm and flung the baby over the high wall into the grassy field beyond. The cart dashed by, leaving behind it a poor senseless heap, the dead nurse, while on the other side of the wall the baby was picked up alive, and scarcely bruised. At any rate the faithful servant had saved the life of her charge. No soldier on the battle-field died more bravely in the discharge of his duty than did this poor girl.

H. A. F.

## THE REDSTART'S NEST.



ISHOP STANLEY relates, that he had known a redstart to build its nest on the narrow space on which a garden door was hung; the nest rested on the iron hinge, which must have shaken it every time the door was opened. Nevertheless, there the bird sat in spite of the place being so public, exposed as she was to all who passed to and fro.





Redstart's Nest.





The Brothers.



## THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two—the others sleep  
Through Death's untroubled night;  
We are but two—oh! let us keep  
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood  
That warms us is the same;  
That good old man, his honest blood  
Alike we fondly claim.


We in one mother's arms were locked—  
Long be her love repaid!  
In the same cradle we were rocked,  
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,  
Each little joy and woe;  
Let manhood keep alive the flame  
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band  
To hold us till we die:  
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
Till side by side we die. C. SPRAGUE.

## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from p. 356.)



N this happy way they beguiled the time till supper-time arrived. The table was again cleared, the cloth spread, and then Mrs. Proudman produced from the cupboard a dish of cold ham and beef, and a jar of pickles, and presently they were all busily engaged.

Tim's cup of joy was very full by this time, and the unexpected appearance of several bottles of lemonade, and the sound of the corks going off like small pistols, the excitement and everything, made that cup run over: in other words, the tears came to Tim's eyes, and began to run down his cheek. It was nothing more than his cup of joy running over, though Paul, who caught sight of it, put it down to the pickles.

Time, however, that had brought these pleasures round, brought them at length to the end of them. Tim had got to feel quite comfortable, when old Potiphar Reed came to the door and asked when Walter was coming over, or if he intended to stop all night.

It was not late, but they agreed that they should break up. Walter said good-night to everybody and went first; then Tim bade Mrs. Proudman good-night, and 'Thank you very much,' he said; 'you have been very kind to me.'

Mrs. Proudman wished him good-night, and told him he must come again.

Paul walked part of the way home with him, and as he went cheered him up with promises for the future. He would teach him to read and write, and then Tim would be able to get a better place and earn plenty of money to keep himself, and so be in a position to get away from his uncle. Such were the

things Paul held out before Tim's eyes, before he bid him good-night and parted from him.

Then, and not till then, did Tim remember that he was still the poor orphan, in the power of a cruel man, that he had been; that the happy evening he had looked forward to, and so much enjoyed, was over; and that he must prepare to return to that dark life which he was used to, but which seemed the blacker than ever in contrast with the bright fire-side which he had just left.

In that moment of wretchedness, some of Miss Agnes' words stole back to his heart and comforted him. He was still thinking of them as he reached his uncle's door, and with beating heart knocked.

## CHAPTER XXII.—TIM'S FLIGHT.

WHILST Tim had been forgetting his uncle and aunt in the friendship of the Proudman, those individuals had also been holding a party on their own account.

The guest—for there was only one—was a stout gentleman, with such a cast in his eyes that you could never be sure of what he was looking at, and when he spoke to you this uncertainty became greater still.

He was a pleasant, chatty old gentleman, notwithstanding; and among other good qualities he was a large dealer in picture-frames and gold-beading, for which Mr. Pick, who was a small dealer in the same, highly respected him.

Mr. and Mrs. Pick had gone to a great expense in entertaining this respectable friend; in fact, they had spent a whole week's wages of Tim's in buying nice things, which after all Mr. Jones, their friend, did not care for.

'If you have such a thing as a cigar?' he said.

Now that was just the thing they did not have; but Mr. Pick was equal to the occasion, and said he would get his case.

'I don't smoke myself,' he said, 'but I have a few for my friends.'

'Pray don't trouble,' said Mr. Jones, looking both ways at once.

'Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jones!' said Mrs. Pick, at the same time thinking it strange that Mr. Pick should keep cigars in the house without her knowing it.

Mr. Pick had meanwhile left the room, and presently there was a hissing noise outside.

'What are you making that noise for, Freddy?' said Mrs. Pick, in a stern voice.

Freddy was at that moment with his little sister Jane, near the door, trying the experiment of forcing the cat's paws into walnut-shells, so he was as quiet as a mouse.

'I'm not making a noise,' he said.

The noise came again—a distinct hiss.

'If you do it again, Freddy,' said his mother, 'I shall put you to bed.'

'I'm not doing anything,' said Freddy, peevishly.

But the noise continued every minute, and grew louder and louder.

It then occurred to Mrs. Pick that her husband wanted to speak to her privately; so she left the room, and found him outside, grinding his teeth with impatience.

'Send Freddy out,' he whispered.



'What for?' asked his wife in the same tone: for she was not one who did things without knowing why.

'I want him to fetch some cigars from the "King's Head."'

'Then you have no cigars?' said his wife, relieved on that point. 'I thought not!'

She then went in again; and as soon as she could do so without raising suspicion, smuggled Freddy out of the room, when he received a box in the ear from his father for being so long, and was nearly choked to prevent him crying out, after which he was sent off for the cigars.

All this time it must have been clear to Mr. Jones that something strange was passing; but he sat and looked about him, as only one with his eyes could, and appeared to observe nothing, now and then sipping something which smoked in a tumbler before him.

'Do you find it sweet enough, Mr. Jones?' asked Mrs. Pick, smiling a sour smile. Everything about Mrs. Pick gave one an impression of sourness.

'Very good indeed, ma'am,' said Mr. Jones, looking at Mrs. Pick's reflexion in the looking-glass with one eye and at Mrs. Pick herself with the other.

Presently Mr. Pick came in.

'I found them at last,' he said. 'Really, I so seldom require them, that I had quite forgotten for the moment where I put them.'

'I am afraid you have gone to a great deal of trouble,' said Mr. Jones, taking one of two cigars from the pouch Mr. Pick presented him.

'Do you find the flavour good?' asked Mr. Pick, after a few minutes, coughing as the room grew clouded with a stifling odour that did not say much for the quality of the cigar.

'Very good, indeed,' said Mr. Jones.

In spite of this, however, he laid it down, after a few attempts to get his mouth used to the abominable thing, and forgot to take it up again.

He took up the glass instead, and sipped a little.

'Perhaps I have made it a little too strong for you, Mr. Jones?' said the obliging Mrs. Pick, with one of her sourest smiles. 'A little more hot water?'

'To tell the truth, ma'am,' said Mr. Jones, speaking a little of his mind, 'it would be all the better for a little more of the bottle.'

Mrs. Pick passed the much-prized bottle—it had cost her a whole half-crown!—and determined not to ask Mr. Jones to take any more hot water again.

That gentleman at last settled down as comfortably as the hard and unshapely chair would allow, and Mr. Pick having taken a similar chair opposite his guest, they talked pleasantly about picture-frames and gold-beading the rest of the evening.

At supper-time Mrs. Pick said to her eldest son, 'Freddy, isn't it time for you to go to bed, dear?'

'No, mother,' said Freddy, briskly; 'it isn't ten o'clock yet.'

This reason was either so good, or there was some other reason better, that no more was said to Master Freddy till supper was ready, when his father from the head of the table said,—

'Do you want any supper, my boy?'

Freddy wanted twice asking to most things, but they were not things to eat.

So Freddy made another one to table. Jane was asleep and in bed; so there were four of them. Mr. Pick faced Mrs. Pick, and helped her to make a little supper go the longest way. Freddy sat opposite Mr. Jones, and tried to catch his eye, which was a difficult thing with that gentleman at all times. As for Mr. Jones, he kept his face full to Freddy, and fixed his eyes on Mr. and Mrs. Pick, which he could do without the least exertion or movement of his head.

There was a good deal said about picture-frames and gold-beading during supper, and things were going on quietly when Freddy said,—

'There's Tim, mother.'

'Hark!' said Mrs. Pick, raising her forefinger and turning her ear towards the door.

After a pause there came a faint rap at the outer door.

'I'll go, my dear,' said Mr. Pick, rising.

It was Tim, sure enough, and presently he followed his uncle into the sitting-room with one side of his face very red, which could only be explained one way. Mr. Pick's hand was tingling.

He had cautioned Tim to keep his proper place before he had come in, and impressed that caution upon him in his usual manner, which was a forcible one.

'Your eldest son, Mrs. Pick?' asked Mr. Jones, forgetting that he had already been told that Freddy had that privilege.

'A nephew,' said Mrs. Pick, forcing as much of her sourness into the word as it would hold.

'Just come in time for some of the good things, my lad,' said Mr. Jones, turning the eye with which he looked at Mrs. Pick to Tim.

'No thank you, sir; I have had my supper,' said Tim, meekly.

'Are you sure you have had your supper, Tim?' said Mrs. Pick.

Tim was quite positive.

Mr. Jones, who was very near-sighted, then complimented Mr. Pick on having so fine a nephew: 'with such a fresh colour, it speaks well for the care you take of him.'

Mr. Pick had certainly taken great care of him so far as the fresh colour was concerned, and said as a reason for his kindness, 'I don't know, I am sure, what he would have done without us, for he was left a complete orphan when he was still a baby.'

Mr. Jones left soon after that, convinced of Mr. Pick's goodness in having charged himself with the care of the poor orphan, and dividing a shilling amongst the three children in such a way that Freddy and Jane should have a threepenny-bit each, and Tim, on account of his superior age and need, sixpence all to himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Pick were relieved when their friend had left, for they were now free to act a part more natural to them.

Freddy, who was largely supplied with the spirit of his parents, began to roar lustily as soon as the closing of the door told him of Mr. Jones's departure.

When Mr. Pick returned to the room his amiable spouse was striving to calm the aggrieved boy.

What is the matter with my poor dear boy? my sweet Freddy! my child! she said, pressing her eldest son to her bosom.





"A little more hot water?"

'What have you been doing to that boy?' asked Mr. Pick of his wife.

'I have been doing nothing, Mr. Pick,' she said, in a tone of sorrow and indignation; 'but is it any wonder he should take on so when other people serve him so?'

'What's amiss, Freddy?' asked his father.

'He gave Tim sixpence,' roared Freddy, with a loud sob, 'and me only threepence!'

Mr. Pick was not the man to allow such an uneven state of things to last. 'I will trouble you for that sixpence,' he said. 'How dare you take money from strangers in my house?'

'It will go towards paying for his boots being mended,' suggested Mrs. Pick.

Tim's idea of justice did not quite agree with that of his uncle and aunt; so he said, 'It's mine as much as the threepence is his!'





Stealthily Tim crept down the stairs.

'Do you wish me to understand, sir, that you refuse to pay me what is more than due for your keep? Do I understand that?'

Tim was stubborn, and would not either answer or part with the sixpence.

'Fetch me the strap, Freddy,' ordered his father.

This was another chance for displaying his obedience, and Freddy did not lose it.

Tim was prepared for this; and on hearing the

command rushed from the room and fled to a little attic at the top of the house, where he generally slept, and awaited, half in terror, half in defiance, as he heard the heavy step of his uncle ascending the stair. If there had been any furniture in the room he would have barricaded the door; but there being nothing save a little straw pallet and a few shreds of sheeting and rug, he could offer no resistance to the entrance of his enemy.



Little was wanted to prevent him seeking refuge by leaping from the window into the yard beneath.

He did not do this, but ran to a corner, and stood glaring with large eyes wild with terror, and breathing hard, like some hunted animal.

Mr. Pick glanced round the chamber, and at length saw his victim in the shadow of the corner.

'Leave me alone!' cried Tim, kicking and plunging desperately in the strong hands of his uncle, who began to beat him savagely with the buckle-strap, his favourite weapon.

The pain was very acute; but Tim had a deep fund of endurance, and after the first cry continued to resist his assailant, without a word or sound to betray his anguish.

This stubborn silence was due to the fact that he had caught sight of Freddy's face looking in at the door, and he resolved rather to die than please his malignant cousin by howling.

Possibly this silence caused Mr. Pick to be more severe than he would have been if his brutal stripes had elicited some expression of pain; for he continued without relenting till a low moan and Tim's ceasing to resist warned him that he had gone far enough, if not too far.

Tim was senseless.

He waited till there were signs of reviving, and then left him to himself. From the fact that he had left the sixpence as well still clenched in Tim's hand it would appear that that was not the real motive of his cruelty. Perhaps his own savage nature was motive enough of itself.

There Tim lay, however, for some time, gradually returning to a sense of his position.

It was quite dark. A glimmer of starlight came through the window. He looked out on the dark sky whilst the most terrible thoughts passed through his mind.

If he could only die! was the uppermost thought of all. It was the one wish that he had.

By-and-by another desire stole upon him. Next to dying and leaving this hateful earth altogether, if he could leave his uncle and seek some other place!

This thought gained upon him as the slow dark hours passed by, and the stars marched slowly and silently over the sky.

He rose at length painfully. He cast a look out at the window on the night. With a glance upward, in which for a moment his wild, tearful eyes seemed to implore protection, he turned towards the door and crept out to the landing. There was no sound arose except the distant chirp of a cricket that came from the kitchen below.

Stealthily he crept down the stairs, which, light though he was, creaked at each step in spite of his care. With beating heart he passed the door of his uncle's bedchamber. He heard him snoring. No regret at his recent barbarity disturbed him! Inwardly praying that he might never again hear the sound of that hateful breath, Tim completed the descent of the stairs. The bolts creaked as he drew them back. He could only just reach the top one. In detaching the chain it rattled. A fancy that he heard some one stirring above made him hurry. He opened the door, and, without shutting it, fled.

Like a shadow he glided away through the cold,

dark night, and passed from sight of the house and street which had been the scene of his short and, as yet, miserable life.

Silently as Tim had passed so the night glided away, and the sun, preceded by the cold grey light of dawn, began to gild the roofs and chimneys of the houses.

Its light had crept down the walls and peeped in at the windows when Mr. Pick opened his eyes, and rose to a sense that another day of his important existence had commenced.

Mrs. Pick was still peacefully slumbering when, from dreaming that Mr. Jones had died and left his business to her husband, she awoke to hear the voice of the latter, calling angrily from without.

'What do you say, Joseph?' she asked, sleepily.

'What I have already said twice before!' said the irritable Mr. Pick; 'the street door is open, and Tim's gone!'

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—WHAT THE BOYS SAW.

It was Monday morning. Crabbe had just been elevating the lower part of the coffee-can, and by placing his lips to the neck had succeeded in preventing any drop of the contents reaching the floor. He now came forward towards the boys, who were busy at their work.

'Look at Crabbe,' whispered Harris to Jackson.

'Strawberries will soon be ripe,' said Jackson, in an undertone, making a sly allusion to the fiery state of Crabbe's nose.

The two boys laughed.

'What are you boys chattering about?' said Crabbe, sternly.

'Tim Pick,' said Jackson, saucily.

'Ah! where is Tim?' remarked Crabbe, noticing for the second time the boy's absence.

'He died off a hot roll at eight o'clock this morning,' said Jackson. 'It was too much for him.'

The laughter among the boys which followed this jest at the expense of poor Tim had scarcely died away in the rebuke which Crabbe felt himself called upon to give, when Mr. Hill's voice was heard at the stairhead,—

'Paul Proudman!'

Paul, who had been in a state of alarm at Tim's absence, following as it did the fact that he had not accompanied him to school the day before, as was his wont, answered the call.

'Have you heard that Shoddy is sacked?' said Harris to the lively Jackson, who stood next to him, after Paul's disappearance.

'No,' answered Jackson, throwing down his pen and seating himself comfortably on the desk beside it as Crabbe went away upstairs. 'Who told you?'

'The polisher,' said Harris.

'What was it for?' asked Jackson.

'That's to be kept dark,' replied Harris; 'but it's something to do with the stamps.'

'How could they expect a fellow like Shoddy to keep honest with the money he got, and the swell he had to cut?' asked Jackson, with a sneer.

Commenting in this way upon the conduct of the firm, they sat talking till Crabbe came down again.

'What do you think of that, Jackson?' he said, addressing his favourite.



It was very surprising 'What was it?' inquired the youth.

'I scarcely believed my eyes!' said Crabbe, who seemed a complete victim to surprise.

'Tell us what's up, Crabbe,' asked Jackson.

'What's up?' repeated Crabbe, with a sneer, adding with bitter emphasis, 'Proudman's up, that's all!'

'Up where?' asked the boys together.

'Go up and see,' said Crabbe, in the same manner, as though he could not bring himself to describe what he had himself witnessed. Go and look in the counting-house and satisfy yourselves.'

So the boys stole upstairs one by one and peeped round the corner, in at the glass window of the counting-house, and saw what very far from satisfied them; after which they returned and vented their injured feelings in such words as,—

'Sneak! Favouritism!' and so forth.

The fact was simply this. On Paul answering Mr. Hill's summons, he had been conducted by that gentleman into the private office, and into the presence of Mr. Deane and Mr. Snapper, who seemed to have been talking about him. In the presence of these three gentlemen he had been formally promoted to Mr. Shoddy's seat.

'It is the practice in this establishment,' Mr. Deane had said in his grave manner, 'to fill the higher posts from the lower when character and fitness admit. This is the reward of your punctuality and industry; more than that, it is an encouragement to you to keep on in the same way that you have begun.'

Paul thanked him more by looks than words, for he was breathless at this sudden exaltation, and was led by Mr. Snapper to the seat occupied by the late Mr. Shoddy. He was seated when Crabbe came up, and this it was that the boys saw.

Shortly after this Crabbe was reduced to a lower place, whilst another man with a black beard and moustache, and a stern, active spirit, was put into his place, over him, and the first thing he did was to impress the unhappy Crabbe with his power by suppressing the coffee-can. But this is to anticipate.

(To be continued.)

### A BRAVE ARCHBISHOP.

TWO houses were once on fire at Auch, in France. From one of them arose a piteous cry, 'Save my child!'

The Archbishop of Auch arrived before the burning houses. He worked as long as he could with those who were trying to put out the fire.

'I will give twenty-five louis d'or,' he said, 'to the man who will save this woman and her child.'

At this appeal from the Archbishop several of the men advanced a few steps nearer to the burning buildings, but quickly retreated again.

'Fifty louis d'or to the man who will save the child and mother!' exclaimed the Archbishop, still louder. But no one moved an inch. Now, by the fearful blaze of the fire, the good man was seen to take a cloth and dip it in a bucket of water: then he wrapped it round himself, and climbed a ladder which was placed against the wall. He reached a window which was wrapped in flames. Soon a group appeared at

this window. A few moments more, and all were safe. The Archbishop, as soon as he had reached the ground, sank down upon his knees to thank God for His mercy and protection. Then he arose and said to the poor mother, who was entirely ruined by the fire, 'My good woman, I offered fifty louis d'or to the man who would save you. I have won the sum, and now I present it to you.'

### THE PRIMEVAL TORTOISE.

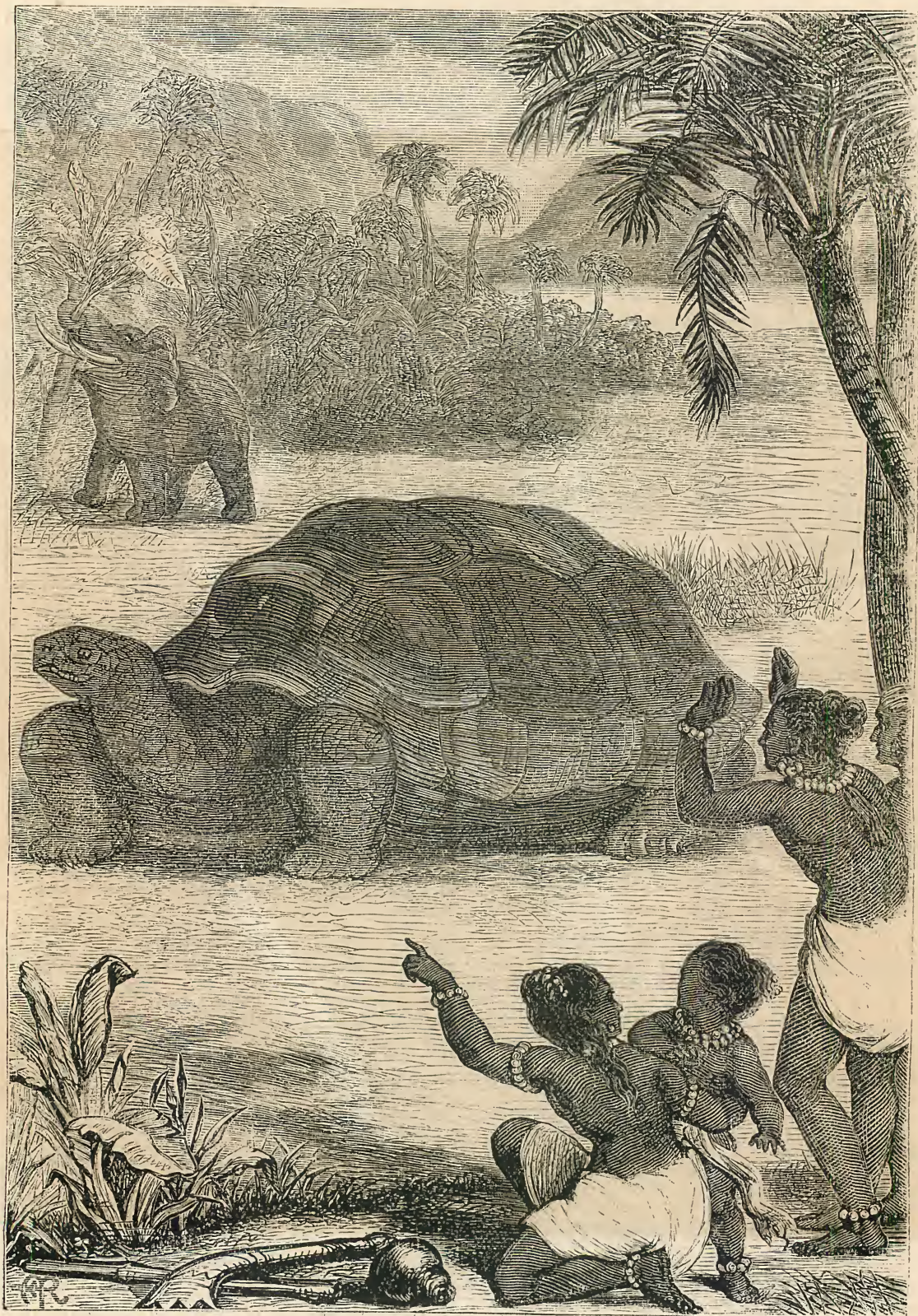


THE natives of India, not knowing that the world was round, and that it revolved in space, thought it was supported by an elephant standing on the back of a tortoise. What a strange idea! seeing that a tortoise is so small compared with an elephant. The largest kind of tortoise at present in existence is that found in the island of Aldabra, in the

Indian Ocean, which grows to the length of more than four feet; but even this would give very little room for an elephant to stand upon its back. And in Hindoo pictures of the earth the tortoise is shown as larger than the elephant. But in the early ages of the world there were animals living like those now existing, but much larger. In 1835 Dr. Falconer discovered the remains of an immense tortoise in the tertiary strata of the Sewalik hills in India, the carapace, or back-plate, of which must have measured twenty feet in length when perfect! So that the animal, including the head and tail, must have been nearly thirty feet long—far larger than any elephant that has ever lived on this earth, as far as we know! This gigantic reptile he named the Colosso-Chelys Atlas, or the Colossal Atlas Tortoise. Though most of these huge animals of the early ages are supposed to have perished before man was in the world, it is probable that some of these great tortoises may have continued to exist after India was peopled, and gave the Hindoos their idea of how the earth was supported; for they thought it must be kept up by something, and knew of nothing so vast or strong as this gigantic creature.

Tortoises live to a great age. In the library at Lambeth Palace there is preserved the shell of a Greek tortoise, that was brought to the Palace gardens in the time of Archbishop Laud, about the year 1633, and continuing to live there till 1753, died from neglect on the part of the gardener; so that it was one hundred and twenty years old! As the great Indian tortoise probably lived much longer than this, a man might grow up from childhood to old age, and still see the same enormous creature, at long intervals, slowly passing over the plain like a moving mountain, that had been seen by his great-grandfather! No wonder that the ignorant and simple people looked with awe on such an animal, and thought it something supernatural, and quite capable of supporting the earth, as it certainly could easily have borne the weight of the largest Indian elephant! A. R.





The Primeval Tortoise.





“Who’s there?” “Me,” said Tim, faintly.





## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 367.)

HE return to Paul. As soon as he left the office that evening he started off at a headlong pace, and never stopped till he reached home, in his anxiety to tell his mother of his good fortune. No one was at home, but a note lay on the table addressed to himself. He opened it and read as follows:—

‘DEAREST PAUL,—Aunt Grover has kindly invited you and me to a small party in honour of Charlie’s birthday; you are to come on after me. You know the street. The number is 41.—Your loving mother,’

‘SUSAN PROUDMAN.’

Paul was soon at No. 41, and brought the servant-girl to the door sharp by means of a loud flourish with the lion’s head, which in no way led her to expect any one less than a policeman. Everybody was pleased to see him as he entered the room, which was full of company. Lucy ran forward to meet him first, and threw a pair of plump arms round his neck as he stooped to kiss her.

‘Not so boisterous, Lucy!’ said her aunt, with as much of that sharpness as the occasion would permit. ‘See how you have crumpled your dress!’

Lucy would not have been happy in a dress that she could not crumple, and after making believe that she took notice of the caution, she was soon deep in a game of romps with her cousin Charlie, who was home for his holidays, and some other young friends who had been invited in honour of the day.

Paul, not yet recovering from the admiration into which he had fallen at sight of his sister looking so pretty in her muslin dress and blue ribbons, as well as at the freedom with which she played, unchecked by his aunt, whom he had thought so stern, now walked forward and shook hands with his uncle, who could not too often repeat the surprise he felt at his nephew’s growth and improved looks.

‘Your son’s getting quite a good-looking young man, Mrs. James.’ They continued to call Susan by her husband’s Christian name.

‘Do you think so?’ said Susan, rather playing the hypocrite, for she had been thinking the same.

‘Wonderful!’ said Mr. Grover, watching Paul as he walked over to his mother and whispered in her ear.

‘What!’ cried Susan, with a look of glad surprise.

Paul again whispered, and then stood a little confused as his mother told his uncle of his promotion.

Uncle Grover now got Paul seated beside him, and supplied him with a plateful of the good things with which the table was loaded; asked him where Constantinople was, and who it was that shot William Rufus, and in other ways showed the high opinion he had of him.

‘Well, Charlie,’ he said, as his son came to him after a scramble with his friends, which had made his face very red, ‘you have not asked your cousin Paul how he is.’

‘How are you, cousin Paul?’ said the youngster, bluntly, and holding out his left hand.

‘The other hand, Charlie,’ said Aunt Grover, who stood near, keeping a watchful eye over the proceedings. Charlie was obliging, and held out the right hand to his cousin, who shook it warmly.

‘Charlie has just come from school,’ said his father to Paul; ‘we must see what he knows.’

Mr. Grover smiled slyly, and turning to Charlie said: ‘I have just asked your cousin where Constantinople is; can you answer that? Come, now, answer like a man.’

‘I am afraid you don’t know, Charlie,’ said his mother, sharply.

‘I do!’ said Charlie, stoutly.

‘That’s a good boy!’ said his father, looking round at the company, as though he expected his son would astonish them.

And astonish them he did when he said it was on the Ganges.

A laugh followed.

‘I forgot,’ said Charlie, angrily; ‘it is Calcutta, I meant, remembering that he had written from a copy in his writing-book ‘Calcutta is on the river Ganges;’ and then turning angrily round, ‘What are they laughing at? ask them where it is.’

‘Hush, hush!’ said his parents; ‘that’s rude.’

‘Is it on the Rhine?’ asked Charlie, making a bold attempt to get back his laurels.

‘Oh, Charlie!’ cried a score of laughing voices.

‘I forgot,’ he cried. ‘I was thinking of—’

‘Well, Charlie,’ said his father, ‘what were you thinking of?’

‘Gibraltar,’ said Charlie, in the height of confusion.

‘But that’s not on the Rhine, Charlie,’ said his father, in an uncertain way, for he felt that he was getting out of his own depth now. So long as they stayed at Constantinople he was all right.

‘I know it isn’t, and I won’t be laughed at any more,’ cried Charlie, on the point of shedding tears.

‘Well now, Charlie,’ said his father, coming to his relief, ‘let us try something else. Tell me, my boy, who killed William Rufus?’

‘I can tell you who killed Cock Robin,’ said Charlie, laughing through the tears that stood in his eyes.

There was a laugh for Charlie at that, in which Mr. Grover was obliged to join; and Aunt Grover, too, though she tried to keep grave.

‘Listen to your father’s question,’ she said, as seriously as she could.

‘Come, Charlie,’ repeated Mr. Grover, ‘who killed William Rufus?’

‘Who was he?’ asked Charlie.

‘Oh, if you don’t know that, you don’t know the other,’ said his father; ‘and I am afraid we must call you a dunce, and give the prize to your cousin Paul.’

It is a mistake to praise one child before another who chances to be less forward. It is often the occasion of ill-feeling, and though Charlie was not more envious than most boys of his age, yet he looked from that moment on Paul with a dislike that it took a long time to get over.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—THE STONEMASONS’ SHED.

‘My dear,’ said Mr. Pick on the morning following Charlie’s birthday, ‘it is my opinion that we were not severe enough with that Tim.’



Mr. Pick was trying to account for Tim's flight and his continued absence.

'My dear,' rejoined Mrs. Pick, 'it is my opinion that we shall have to get a servant to do the heavy work if Tim has gone and does not come back: I'm too delicate to do it.'

Mrs. Pick was so much stronger than Tim, that in their quarrels when it came to a struggle he always had the worst of it.

'It is very vexing,' said Mr. Pick, waking up to the real value of his unfortunate nephew. 'I thought I had tamed him, but I find I was too easy with him.'

'You see, my dear,' said Mrs. Pick, 'the creature was spoilt before he came into my hands, and your sister—'

'Mrs. Pick,' said Mr. Pick, dropping the 'my dear' like a red-hot coal, 'you may leave my sister out of the question.'

Mr. Pick probably knew, that whatever his wife might say about his sister would not be at all to the dead woman's credit.

From this point, however, they soon arrived at a subject which was sure to appear sooner or later, no matter what they began to talk about; namely, their families; and once entered upon, this subject would have been unending, for they could never agree upon it, had they not been startled by the sound of a knock.

'Tim!' said Mr. Pick.

'Tim!' echoed Mrs. Pick.

'My strap,' said Mr. Pick, arming himself with his favourite weapon and hastening to the door.

'Holla!' exclaimed he, opening the door cautiously and peeping out. 'Who are you?'

'A friend of Tim's,' answered Paul, who had come on a mission of inquiry.

'Have you come to tell me where he is?' asked Mr. Pick.

'That is what I have come to ask,' replied the youth.

'We don't know anything about him,' said Mr. Pick, pushing the door to.

Paul glanced up at the dark windows of the house, and a suspicion of foul play passed over his mind. He was considering whether he ought not to inform the police, knowing as he did the violence which his poor friend had too often received, when the door again opened and the sour face of Mrs. Pick appeared.

'Young man!' she cried.

Paul approached a step.

'If any one wants to know about Tim, you can tell them my name's Pick, and that I am his aunt; and tell them that Tim ran away last Saturday night, and has not been seen anywhere since. And, young man, she added, 'if you should see Tim tell him to make haste home, as his friends are very anxious about him.'

The door again shut, and with another glance up at the windows, at one of which Freddy was improving the shape of his pug nose by flattening it against the panes, Paul walked away.

It may be well to mention that Mrs. Pick had not explained to Paul about Tim's disappearance out of courtesy, but from caution and to prevent suspicion—a thing that the savage Mr. Pick had not thought of doing.

It is time, however, to follow Tim. It will be remembered that the last time we saw him was when

he fled away into the darkness on that Saturday night after his beating.

When Tim found himself alone in the cold night air he was doubtful which path to choose, and this doubt increased as he went along, till on turning down a quiet street, some distance away from the one he had left, he saw a light as of a fire a hundred yards or so ahead of him. He came at last upon a large open space, surrounded by trees; and in the centre of it there was a large shed, inside which was the fire he had seen. He made his way towards it through a mass of building materials, bricks, stone, and timber; but when he was within a few yards of the shed a dog leaped up with a savage growl, and sprang at him. But for the chain by which he was held to his kennel he would have made sad work of Tim's leg; as it was, it was only by a quick movement that the boy escaped beyond reach of the dog's teeth.

'Who's there?' asked the gruff voice of a man, suddenly appearing from the darkness without into the red light which the fire shed round it.

'Me,' said Tim, faintly.

'And who's me, and what's me doing here?' said the man, coming forward and taking Tim by the arm roughly.

The glare of the fire revealed such a thin, woe-begone face, that the watchman seemed at once softened, and relaxed his hold of the boy's arm.

'Where were you going to, youngster?' he asked.

'Nowhere,' said Tim, in his old hopeless way.

'And what time to-morrow did you expect to reach there?' asked the watchman, lighting his pipe, which had gone out, by the fire, which burned merrily in a little iron grate, and threw a fantastic glare on the figures of the watchman and the boy. 'And what made you take this road?' he added, after he had lighted his pipe to his satisfaction.

'Lay down, Jack!' he said, for the dog still continued to growl at Tim, and at the sound of its master's voice broke into a long howl, and then, having relieved its feeling, slunk away into its kennel.

'I've run away from my uncle' Tim said.

The man looked curiously at the outcast for a few minutes: at length he took his pipe from his mouth and said, 'Run away, have you?'

'See where he beat me,' said Tim, baring his arm, which showed the livid traces where the buckle had struck.

'What did he do that for?' asked the watchman.

'Because I wouldn't let him have this sixpence that a gentleman gave me,' said Tim, showing the coin: 'but if you will please to take it and let me sit by your fire I shall be glad.'

'How do I know but what you'll be after running away with something?' said the watchman, slyly: 'not as there's much to tempt you,' he added, casting a look round the yard, 'except two or three ten-foot-saws, and the bricks and shavings, and you look as though it would settle you to lift a brick. Any one could knock you down with a shaving, to look at you. I never saw such a shadow! Well, turn in and make yourself as cosy as you can: there's a heap of shavings up in that corner, lie on them.'

Tim held out the sixpence.

'What's that, Jemmy?' said the watchman. 'No, keep it, my boy!' he added gruffly, and turned away.





Tim went as he was directed and lay down. When the watchman had been his round he looked in: the fire was low, Tim was asleep. 'Poor chap!' said he to himself, 'I'll put a bit of cloth over him, although it's my idea that it's not anything outside that he wants so much as inside. Spreading a rough cloth over the boy, he went and sat down by the fire.

The silvery moon shone down upon the scene, upon the white stone, and the dark scaffold-poles which rose around like the masts of a ship. It whitened the roof of the stonemasons' shed, in the shadow of which, and the red glow of the embers, lay Tim, in all the luxury of shavings, and forgetfulness, both of past pains and the uncertainty of the future.

*(To be continued.)*

## JAPANESE SCENES.

### A MENDICANT PILGRIM.

**D**ID you ever see a beggar hold out a ladle for alms? Here is one, or something very like it. He is on a pilgrimage to one of the many Buddhist shrines, perhaps to Frigi Yama, which is a sacred mountain, so it is thought a good deed to help him on his way. That huge dish-cover sort of thing on his back is his hat, which he will put on when the sun gets powerful. The man who is feeling in his bag for some small coin is also a traveller, but his object is business. In the cloth which lies over his shoulders he carries some small wares, and specimens of others, which he can procure if necessary.

S. M. S.





### FRED AND FIDO.

A VERY happy boy is Fred,  
 With laughing face and curly head;  
 How snug and busy here he looks,  
 With pencil, slate, and lesson-books!  
 Sweet scents and breezes fill the air,  
 Comfort is round him everywhere;  
 Perhaps if free to take his choice,  
 In learning Fred might not rejoice.

But luckily his parents know  
 'Tis sad in ignorance to grow.  
 So, though he's young,  
 He has begun  
 To learn such things  
 As knowledge brings;  
 And when he comes  
 To be a man,  
 Be called a dunce  
 He never can!



When play-time comes Fred has a friend  
 With whom his leisure hours to spend,  
 And that's his faithful spaniel true,  
 'Fido' by name and nature too.

He's jumped in now,  
 Making a row,  
 Hoping that Fred  
 Lessons has said.

But master sends his dog away  
 Until the right time comes for play:  
 Like Fido, he would 'faithful' be,  
 And do his life's-work honestly.

H. A. F. G.

### OUR AQUARIUM.



SOME days after our arrival at Lynmouth we determined to set up an aquarium, in order to observe more closely the manners and customs of the sea-creatures which we might find on the shore, and to study their ways as long as we could, intending to set the survivors free before our visit came to an end. The first business was to find something to keep our captives in, and after asking in vain at one or two places for a glass globe, we put some salt water in a common wash-hand basin. The first morning's hunt only resulted in three small medusæ, or 'jelly-fish,' a periwinkle, and a strange little creature which might have been a young shrimp or a baby lobster. It was about half-an-inch long, white, with green eyes, and it had a most amusing way of swimming up to the top of the water with a few vigorous strokes (its legs and tail were just like a shrimp), and then curling itself up into a ball, and rolling down to the bottom of the basin again. The jelly-fish soon died; they had had some rather rough handling before they were got into the bottle in which they were brought home. The periwinkle made himself very happy, and made voyages of discovery all round the basin so rapidly that we named him Captain Cook. The next day, finding that the basin was too small, we transferred the creatures to a washing-tub, but though we poured in the water as gently as we could, the poor little shrimp must have been damaged somehow, for we found his dead body at the bottom of the tub next morning. By this time we had found out, by Captain Cook's fondness for the dry part of the tub, that alternate high and low water was good for them: so we went down to the beach to get some stones with seaweed growing on them to build up on one side of the tub, so that there might be always a dry place for the periwinkles and whelks. We were lucky in finding several of the common red anemones on stones small enough to answer our purpose. They spread their tentacles directly they were put into the tub, and lived and thrived till the last. We gave them some raw meat once or twice, but they got on just as well without it. The next additions to our aquarium were eight or ten periwinkles, which we found on the road going up to Lynton, and as they seemed to be

still alive we carried them home, and put them into the tub. In their native element they soon got very vigorous, and walked about so fast that we named them after the Australian cricketers, in whose career we were just then much interested. The worst of it was, that they were all very much alike, and when we came to look at them in the morning it was rather difficult to find out whether Captain Cook or Sir Francis Drake was crawling over Christopher Columbus's shell, or whether the great Christopher himself was not Spofforth, or Garrett, or one of the other big Australians. One day George brought home a different anemone, olive-green, with light green tentacles tipped with lilac; this one could not draw in its tentacles altogether like the red ones, and was said to have more stinging power. Certainly one of the little fish died suddenly, and we could only think that the anemone had stung it, as there were no marks of a crab's bite, and it had been swimming about very merrily a minute before. We certainly were unlucky with fishes; one little stone roach survived to the end, but another little sea-trout, brown striped with blue, was bitten by a crab, a brown-and-white striped fish was killed, as we suppose, by the anemone, and two others died really for want of breath, as we had rather too many creatures in the tub at once. Indeed, when we got another green anemone as large as a tea-cup, three or four brown ones, six or eight prawns, and five crabs, and the crabs and prawns hunted the stone roach backwards and forwards till they nearly drove him into the green anemone, we found it was necessary to get another tub, and put the anemones and the roach into one, and crabs and prawns into another. But before that the poor periwinkles and one or two of the anemones had come to a sad end. We thought the confinement was telling on them, and there were more than we wanted, so we put them into a basket to be taken back to the beach. On the way the basket gave signs of breaking, so Robin, not knowing that any of the creatures were alive, upset them all into the river above high-water mark.

The Australians' styles and titles were transferred to the crabs. The largest and first-caught was called Gregory; Spofforth was a pretty orange crab; Allen dark, with two light marks on his back, and Garrett something like him; while little Bannerman was a yellow and black crab with no front claws. They really were the most amusing things in our aquarium; they had a way of resting with their eyes and mouths just out of water, making little bubbles, and seeming to wink one eye in a most comical manner. But the great fun was to see them fight for their food. Bannerman was generally the first to find anything to eat, for, having no claws, he could not hold on to any delicacy when the others had once got scent of it, and his only chance was to get what he could before the others came, or else to wait till they had finished. One day we gave them some raw meat, and it was curious to see how each seemed to think that his neighbour's piece was the best. Allen seized Bannerman's piece, and was in his turn driven away by Spofforth, who was finally vanquished after a long tussle by Gregory.

Our most exciting hunt took place one morning down at the weir. George had been watching the man catch the salmon-peel, and afterwards had



been wading about trying to catch shrimps, when he saw a peculiar-looking fish with a nose which it could lengthen at pleasure, and able to swim backwards faster than forwards. He called us to look at it, and at last he and Harry made up their minds to catch it; so Harry took off his boots and stockings, and waded in, rather in fear of having his toes bitten by the crabs which swarmed in the weir. The difficulty was how to catch the creature; the bottle was too narrow-necked for the fish to swim into, and catching it with their hands seemed impossible, from the quickness of its movements, so at last they opened Harry's umbrella, and put it under the water, and then drove the fish into it with George's hat. Once in the umbrella it was quickly lifted out of the water, and then caught and transferred to the bottle, when we found that its long nose was really made up of about ten horns, and its head seemed to be put on something like the toy donkey's, with an opening all round between the head and body. When we got it home and put it into a basin, we were able to see it better, and we found that it was a squid, a creature akin to the cuttle-fish, moving in the same way, by drawing water into its gills and squirting it out again. It changed colour, too; the spots with which it was covered becoming sometimes dark red, and then suddenly fading away again so as to leave the creature a sort of dull greenish white. Its eyes were beautiful, with a sort of bright golden-green patch on the upper part. Unfortunately, it did not live long; it swam round and round the basin backwards for an hour or two, and then died.

About a week before we left Lynmouth, when the tubs needed cleaning out again, we thought it would be better to put the survivors back on the shore to enjoy the rest of their life. Accordingly the anemones were taken down one morning, and put in some suitable pools, and the crabs were carried off in the afternoon, and let loose at the edge of a large pool, where they quickly made themselves comfortable, each under a separate stone.

So ended our aquarium, for we did not care to get fresh animals, as our visit was drawing to a close. The amusement it afforded us was very great, and I strongly recommend any of my readers, the next time they go to the sea-side, to do as we did. Crabs are as easy to keep as they are amusing. Give them some stones with sea-weed growing on them, to hide under, fresh sea-water every day, with a little raw meat now and then, and they will do well. We used to get a boy to bring us up a bucketful of water every evening, give our creatures a low tide for a couple of hours or so by emptying out about half the water through a siphon made of a bit of india-rubber tubing, and then pour in the fresh water. Anemones, too, are easy to keep, but they are rather stupid. We had four different sorts at Lynmouth, but, oddly enough, three out of the four were only found in particular parts of the beach. The first, the common red 'beadlet,' was found everywhere. One like it in shape, but spotted with yellow, and without the blue spots at the root of the tentacles, was only found on the east side of the river, about half a mile away; the green opelet was found further on still, while the brown opelet was only on the west side of

the river. The daisy anemone we only found at Wooda Bay, some six miles off, but there the pools were lined with it.

If this account of a temporary aquarium leads any one to wish for a closer acquaintance with sea-creatures, I am sure the study will amply repay them.  
L. D.

## THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.



At the time when the gigantic Mammoth was lord of the forest of the North, another huge animal, the Woolly Rhinoceros, was an inhabitant of Europe and Asia. These quadrupeds, unlike their kindred of the present day, were fitted to live in a cold climate; the rhinoceros, like the mammoth, being covered with thick hair. This kind of rhinoceros no longer exists, and it is called the *Rhinoceros tichorinus*, because it has a bony partition between its nostrils, a peculiarity which no living species of the animal possesses. It had two horns, and probably, like the mammoth, lived down to a comparatively late period, for its bones are found together with the flint implements of the primitive human beings, and its entire carcase has been discovered in the frozen ground. In 1771 the celebrated traveller and naturalist, Pallas, saw the complete body of a rhinoceros, which was discovered by some Yakouts in the frozen gravel of the banks of a river in Siberia. It had all the flesh on, the skin was covered with thick hair, and even the pupil of the eye was perfect, though it must have lain in the ice many centuries. This alone would imply that it lived in a cold climate; but besides this, its bones are found mingled with those of Arctic animals. There are two-horned rhinoceri in Africa and Sumatra at the present day, but their skins are without hair, and they are of much smaller size than the fossil rhinoceros.

In the grotto of Aurignac, in France, bones of the rhinoceros were found outside a sepulchral chamber which contained human skeletons. But the animal became extinct so long before the dawn of history that no tradition of it has been preserved. In the middle ages, when the huge thigh and leg bones of the mammoth were found in digging, they were supposed to have belonged to giants; and the skull of the rhinoceros was believed to be that of a dragon, its hooked nose like that of a bird, and the horn above it, giving it a monstrous appearance; for men never thought of elephants and rhinoceri being natives of Europe. At Klagenfurt, in the Austrian empire, there is a fountain sculptured with the figure of a dragon, which was said to have ravaged Carinthia in former times, and to have been slain by a valiant knight, who lost his life in the exploit. As a proof of the truth of the story, the head of the supposed dragon was preserved in the Hôtel de Ville; it can be seen at the present day, and turns out to be nothing but the skull of a rhinoceros.  
A. R.





The Woolly Rhinoceros.





Tim watching the Masons and Labourers at work.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 372.)*

## CHAPTER XXV.—THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.



THAT Sunday was a happy day for Tim. Only one fear at all troubled him, and that was lest his uncle should find out where he was. This fear he told to the watchman.

'Never fear, Jemmy,' said that person; 'he won't think of coming after you to this crib; and if he did, he would have to have a word with Sam Porter first.'

From which Tim had learnt two things: that there was no need to leave his place of refuge yet, and that his new friend's name was Sam Porter.

'Round that corner yonder,' said the worthy watchman, pointing, there's a coffee-house, and here's a jug; just run and fetch that jug full of coffee. Say it's for Sam Porter, and that will do as well as money. Look sharp!'

Tim ran off in the direction shown, found the place, and did his task to Sam's satisfaction, besides spending a portion of the sixpence.

Sam then took some things out of a basket, which proved to be the better half of a loaf, some bacon, and butter, of which he took a goodly portion himself, and gave some to Tim to eke out the little he already had.

'Perhaps you wouldn't mind staying here, Jemmy, and picking up a penny or two whilst the work's on? It will be board and lodging for you at any rate.'

Tim would like it above all things.

'Don't you give anything to that dog,' said Sam, as Tim was in the act of throwing him a piece of his bread and butter; 'you keep all you've got, Jemmy. I'll look after the dog. What is it, Jack?'

The dog whined, and wagged his tail, and said 'Breakfast' as plain as anything.

Sam turned to his basket, which contained a variety of things, and produced a paper full of scraps and bones, more suited to Jack's taste.

'There you are, and don't choke yourself,' he said, talking to the dog, between which and himself there was quite a feeling of friendship.

Tim laughed till the tears came to his eyes at the way in which the scraps disappeared one after another, and how Jack crunched the bones between his white strong teeth.

'You can laugh then, Jemmy?' said Sam, looking admiringly at Tim. 'I would as soon have tickled the side of this stone to get a laugh out of it as you, from the look of you last night.'

'Is that your dog?' asked Tim.

'That's one of them,' answered Sam; 'and I have another at home—a little one, a terrier, and such a funny little thing you never saw; and besides that I've got two tortoiseshell cats, and a parrot that will talk your head off; and then there's my missus—and it's a question if she don't beat the parrot out and out. That's the lot; for I've got no babbies. We make babbies of the animals.'

'What are they going to do here?' asked Tim.

'Build a church,' Sam answered. 'This is only the beginning of it, and it's likely to be six months.'

'Six months!' Tim thought. 'And do you think I could stay here all the time?' he asked. 'Will you be here?'

'I shall be here till they take the palings down, and Mr. Smith orders me to shift my tent: then it will be "Walker," and not before.'

'I would like to stay,' said Tim.

'We'll see what the other men say about it,' said Sam, hopefully.

The result was that Tim, at Sam Porter's suggestion, became a kind of help to the stonemasons, running errands for them, and doing other little services with a cheerfulness as new to him as it was pleasing to them, and which was the result of that love of liberty which all the ill-treatment he had met with had not destroyed.

Tim was now a happy fellow. It is true, a fear sometimes came across him that he might catch sight of Freddy's impish face, grinning at him through the paling which went round the enclosure, or over the blocks of stone which lay about; but no such event came to pass.

When Tim was not at work himself, he did not play about as the other lads did, but placed himself on some convenient spot and watched the masons and labourers. Many an hour he spent thus, looking at the men at their different work. Some pushing and pulling saws to and from each other, through immense masses of stone; others digging huge trenches for the foundation; and others setting up the scaffolding, which grew like a forest round about the parts where the work of building had begun.

It was slow work, especially the cutting through of the stone. The great saws were hung from pulleys, which again hung from little masts. The workmen pulled them to and fro with measured sounds, which, when there were many moving at once, as was often the case, became confused, like the rushing of water. Each man had a little tub with a hole in it, through which water trickled on to a slanting board with sand upon it; then, when part of the sand was washed off by the water, the workman pushed a fresh supply forward with a stick, so that the stream could run into the cut in the block of stone, carrying a small portion of the sand constantly with it.

By-and-by a more interesting work appeared. It was still more pleasant then for Tim to watch others with chisels and mallets hewing the stone into forms, some square and some round; others of a more fantastic kind—such as human heads, flowers, and so forth. Tim used to delight to see these grow under the craftsmen's hands out of the rough, unshapely blocks as they came from the quarries. Meanwhile the church walls were growing up foot by foot. Doors and windows gradually came into shape. Other scaffolding started up both outside and inside; crowds of busy men passed up and down, and to and fro.

Days grew to weeks, and Tim—or Jemmy, as all the men called him, after Sam Porter—was still to be seen a wondering and happy spectator and helper in the building, roving about the place by day and sleeping by night in the shed, where a large fire was kept burning for the benefit of Sam the watchman, his dog Jack, and Tim the outcast.



The stone hewn and carved was now conveyed away, and rolled by levers, or swung by pulleys and chains, into the interior of the church, where the sky could still be seen shining through scaffolding and rafters a long way up.

One day when every body and every thing were in a whirl of business, and Tim stood looking up in wonder at the interior of the church, which was like a great hive, a gentleman passed him, followed by the overseer and some others.

'Who is that yonder, with the pipe in his mouth?' the gentleman said, shading his eyes, and pointing up at a man who, unconscious of being watched from below, sat upon one of the rafters near the roof.

'Who is it?' asked the overseer, turning to one of the workmen.

'Jack Hunter,' answered the man.

'We'll do without Jack Hunter; time is too precious to allow skulking.'

The gentleman walked away to another portion of the ground.

'Who is that?' asked Tim of Sam Porter, when the gentleman was out of hearing.

'Mr. Smith, that I told you about,' said Sam, in a reverential tone, which only the name of Smith could have inspired. 'He is the architect. And oh! did you see him fix Jack Hunter? It will be Jack Walker with him now, poor fellow! Talk about lynx's eyes, they're fools to his!'

Tim made up his mind to look particularly at the great Mr. Smith's eyes the next time he passed him.

'Why bless you, Jemmy,' continued Sam, 'I saw him not long ago collar a man so, and pitch him out in the road, as you would toss a brick away: it saved his life, though he lost his place.'

'Saved his life!' cried Tim, amazed. It seemed far more likely to have cost him his life.

'He was drunk,' said Sam Porter. 'You don't see it yet, Jemmy. Come here: now look up there.'

Tim looked up as nearly as he could in the direction pointed out by the watchman. There were some pigeons flying across the open space.

'Do you see them, Jemmy?' said Sam.

'The pigeons?' asked Tim.

'No, no! lower down, where those fellows are walking backwards and forwards like tight-rope dancers.'

'Yes,' said Tim; 'I see them.'

He looked spell-bound, as a number of men were to be seen moving to and fro, across a mere plank, from one beam to another. A false step would have hurled them down a hundred feet below.

'A man need have a clear head to do that,' said Sam. 'So now you see why Mr. Smith tossed him into the road. But stand on one side; they are going by again.'

Tim stood back with Sam as Mr. Smith walked slowly by with one hand behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground—those eyes which Sam Porter could not enough praise, but in which Tim could see nothing to distinguish them from other men's eyes. He did not notice Sam's respectful twitch at his cap, but passed on out of the enclosure.

'Now I'll turn in and have a rest, Jemmy, whilst I've got the chance,' said the watchman, pulling himself together. 'If I don't take care of my precious

self, when I get home again, what between the missus and the parrot, I should never hear the last of it.'

Weeks grew to months, and the steeple was growing to a point. Tim thought that these happy days of his were growing to a point, too.

More than once he climbed the ladders and scaffolding to see how near the point was.

It was very pleasant up there. The wind blew strong and fresh; the ropes flapped to and fro in the breeze; the slender but strong scaffolding creaked and shook. He could almost fancy himself at sea. The great city, spread out like a sea beneath him, favoured the fancy.

What a height up he was! The chimneys were all beneath him: so far, that the smoke was lost before it reached him. The pleasant old shed was just below. It looked not much larger than a dog-kennel from where he stood. Jack's kennel might be taken for a money-box. The thought of a slip made him feel faint, and he drew quickly back as a shiver passed through his frame.

He looked away in the distance. There he could see the hills and trees, blue and hazy, through the smoke. Nearer, but still distant, St. Paul's Cathedral rose like leviathan from the thick ocean of smoke that eddied around it. Still nearer, a flock of pigeons came with a rush of wings towards him, and just as they came near, swooped down upon a neighbouring roof-top.

Happy hours for Tim, when the bustle of the workmen was past and the evenings came on, to sit up there alone, and watch the stars shine out one by one through the deepening shadow of night. What was it at these times that recalled Miss Agnes to his heart? Was it that she had spoken about those same beautiful stars, and that she had spoken so sweetly about them that for evermore she and they were twined together in his thoughts? She had called them the mansions of God.

Then, if ever, the truth of her beautiful lessons came home to him, borne on the little flashes that darted from those distant worlds, in the quiet evening hours when Tim was alone with God and at rest.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—AT FORTESCUE'S YARD.

ALL the time that the builders were building the church Paul was building his fortunes, and that in spite of Crabbe's prophecies to the contrary.

He had never forgotten his mother's advice, given to him at starting, 'to clean in between.' Half his success, at least, must be put down to his sticking to that simple but important rule.

His former companions, Harris and Jackson, whom he had left behind, were too envious of his advance to perceive the causes to which it was due. Moreover, they had started with a rule of their own, which, to give them their due, they had been as careful as Paul in keeping; and that was, that as their services in their own opinion were so valuable, it was their business to be as sparing of them as possible. A very good rule, perhaps, if their services had really been so precious as they supposed them to be; but as Mr. Deane and their other principals did not agree with them, and they were certainly the best judges, they did not prosper by keeping their rule.

(To be continued.)





Belgian Milk-women.

#### DOGS IN HARNESS.

EVERY boy knows, that away in the regions of the icy North the Esquimaux use their sagacious dogs to draw the sledges. But theirs is not the only part of the world where dogs are put into harness.

Dog-carts are common enough in the Low Countries, where the peasants drive into town their canine teams,

drawing a cart laden with produce. Dogs of all kinds are used for this purpose, but many of them are mastiffs of large size. Some years ago dog-carts were not uncommon in our own country, but they were made illegal by Parliament.

If the English peasant would treat his dogs as kindly as the Dutch and Belgians do, we should have no need to brand as cruel and brutal the custom of putting dogs in harness.

A. B.





Pochard = Dunbird.  
Widgeon.

Teal.  
Shoveller.

Wild Duck = Mallard.  
Swan.

## OUR WILD BIRDS. XI.

I AM sure no boy or girl wants to be told which is the Swan in the picture, or which are the Ducks. You may not, however, know how many sorts of swans and ducks are sometimes found in this country, so I will tell you that. Of ducks, I believe about twenty species are reckoned as British, of which the wild duck is the best known. Our

common ducks are simply the descendants of wild ducks which have been reclaimed, just as Pussy is descended from the terrible wild cat of the woods. In each case cultivation has done wonders, although, so far as eating is concerned, the tame duck, howbeit larger and fatter, has not the peculiar flavour of the wild one. The Pochard or Dunbird, Widgeon, Teal, and Shoveller, are all species of ducks, and afford great amusement to the sportsman. The greater number, however, which we see in the poulterers' shops, are



taken in decoys, into which they have been led by fellow-birds, tamed and trained for the purpose.

What a beautiful creature a Drake is! His pencilled body, rich chestnut breast, and glossy green neck with its silver collar, form a perfect picture of bird beauty.

You have heard of the Eider Duck, I suppose, or at all events of eider down, which is the soft inner plumage of the Eider Duck's breast. It is quite a northern bird, and is very rarely seen in the South of England, but in Iceland and other high latitudes it breeds in abundance. The nest is made of sea-weed, and when the eggs are laid the mother-bird covers them up with the down she plucks from her own breast, adding to the heap daily until they are quite hidden. Then comes the sharp-eyed gatherer of down and espies her treasure, which he carries off, eggs and all. He knows that the brave bird, instead of losing time in bewailing her loss, will immediately set about repairing it. And he is right; for before long another set of eggs is laid, and another covering of down plucked from the maternal bosom. With pitiless hand he again takes all away, and for the third time the mother-duck lays her eggs. By this time, however, her supply of down is exhausted, and so her mate is obliged to help by plucking his own breast. His down is pale coloured, and as soon as the gatherer sees it he leaves the nest alone, so the persevering birds have at last the happiness of seeing a family of little ducklings around them.

There are four sorts of Swans accounted as British, but the picture represents the one with which we are most familiar. Its proper name is the Mute Swan; so called because it has only one, or at the most, two notes in its voice. And what a beautiful sight it is to see a pair of these noble birds with their snow-white plumage and graceful shapes sailing along upon the calm surface of the water! It is said to be a *bird royal* which no subject can own, when at large in a public river or creek, except by grant from the Crown. Swans are very jealous of what they conceive to be their rights, and if a strange one appears on that part of the water already appropriated by others, he is at once driven away. A pair of these birds show great affection for each other, and the male not only assists his partner in making the nest, but guards her most vigilantly while she is sitting, driving away any intruder with the utmost ferocity. If the female happens to die, the widowed male will not mate again, and often becomes so morose and fierce that he will attack any thing or any body that comes near his haunt. I have known of such a one even flying at a man on horseback, and would not desist until laid stunned on the ground with a blow from the riding-whip.

Swans, like many other birds, have a wonderful power of foreseeing the weather, and a case is recorded of this which is one of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity I ever read of. The bird in question was sitting on four or five eggs, and was observed to be very busy in collecting weeds, grasses, &c., to raise her nest. A farming man was therefore ordered to take her half a load of haulm, with which she most industriously raised her nest and eggs two feet and a half. That very night there came down a tremendous fall of rain which flooded all the malt-shops, and did

great damage. Man had made no preparation, but the bird had, and her nest and eggs were preserved. It is not strange that so beautiful a creature should be a favourite with poets and story-writers, and if I were to begin to tell you all the charming tales in which it is mentioned I should soon fill this number of *Chatterbox*: none of them, however, are more graceful and full of deeper meaning than Hans Christian Andersen's exquisite story of the Ugly Duckling, in which the poor persecuted bird, who so long believed himself to be only a duckling, found at last he was a lovely Swan.

### A FEW GOOD SAMARITANS.

COUNT BERCHTOLD spent thirteen years in Europe and four in Asia, with the sole object of lessening the sorrows of mankind. During a grievous famine he turned his palace into a hospital, and there he died of a fever caught from some patient he was tending.

A French clergyman, named Epée, once went into a room where two young women sat stitching. He spoke to them in his kind way, but they took no notice of his words. He was surprised at their silence, but their mother coming in, told him with tears in her eyes that they were deaf and dumb. 'I was touched,' said Epée, 'and believing these young people would die in ignorance of religion, if I did not attempt some method of instruction, I told their mother to send them daily to my house.' This good teacher turned the scorn and opposition of men into praise and approval. He gave away in good works three quarters of his income; and he must ever rank among those who have devoted their lives to bettering the condition of their fellow-men.

A German clergyman, named Francke, found his parish sunk in ignorance and misery. He bestirred himself to do the people good. He taught the children and took care of orphans. He built a fine orphan asylum. A certain Baron Caustein was moved to religious effort by Francke, and he established the Bible Institution of Halle, which has furnished millions of Bibles to the poor.

Bernard Gilpin, an English clergyman, was called 'the Father of the Poor' and 'the Apostle of the North.' He had no fear of man. He went among the most lawless people when he thought he could do them any good. His house was open to every traveller; and every quarrel in his wide parish of Houghton-le-Spring he healed with his soft words of wisdom.

Another clergyman, named Stephen Hales, did good in another way. He was never easy until he had found a way of ventilating prisons, and other unwholesome places. By his efforts, hundreds of lives were saved every year.

But the great reformer of prisons was John Howard, who visited the jails of England and laid his observations before the House of Commons. Not content with improving English prisons, Howard went abroad, and visited the most horrible dungeons he could find. His piety was deep and warm; he was a pure and simple hero. A great writer says of him, 'What he did for the service of mankind was what scarce any man could have done, and no man would do, but himself. His was truly the Christian



choice. His kingdom was of a better world; he died a martyr, after living an apostle.

Philip Neri, an Italian minister of religion, was a man of warm feelings and kind heart. His whole attention was given to the relief of poor people, the instruction of the young, and the bringing back of the wicked into the path of virtue. He founded an asylum for poor and sick strangers; he attended the dying, visited the prisoners, and lifted up his voice in courts of justice, pleading for the oppressed.

Oberlin, a Protestant pastor, devoted himself to the religious improvement of his flock. The village had no roads, so Oberlin took a pickaxe and showed his people how to begin and make one. He improved farming, planted orchards, taught the people how to grow flax, set up schools, and yet, amid all this business, he never forgot that his chief duty was to preach the gospel. He found his parishioners wretched, ignorant, and half savage; he left them, at his death, industrious, loving, and happy.

Granville Sharp was one of those Englishmen who helped to free the slave. One day he found a negro in the streets of London. The poor creature was sick, and because he was sick his cruel master had turned him out of doors to die. Granville Sharp took care of him, and when his health was restored found him a kind master. Two years after his old master met him and seized him as a runaway. Sharp defended the slave, and got him set at liberty. But the cruel master again seized the slave and insisted that he was his property. Granville Sharp then brought an action against the master, and as it was a hard point of law it was referred to the twelve judges. They declared that 'slaves cannot breathe in England—they touch our country and their fetters fall.'

Among the benefactors to the human race we must not omit the name of David Nasmith. At the early age of fourteen, when most boys are engaged with childish things, the young Glasgow lad formed a Youth's Bible Association. In after years he became the father of all the Young Men's Christian Associations which now do so much good in our great towns. They are intended to promote the religious interests of young men, and to protect them from the temptations which are so common in cities. To Nasmith also we owe City Missions, most useful in carrying religious knowledge to the homes of the neglected poor, and into the haunts of vice. He formed a City Mission in Dublin, another at New York, a third at Paris. His grandest work, however, was the London City Mission. The setting of it up seemed a hopeless task to every one but himself. But he persevered and triumphed. In ten years from its foundation, half a million visits had been paid to the poor and ignorant.

Let us not forget to class among our good Samaritans one John Campbell, who established the first magazine for children—*The Teacher's Offering*.

One more good Samaritan and we lay down our pen for the time. He is a foreigner, named Vincent de Paul. He had, like all good Samaritans, a heart full of pity. Among the many miserable objects that met his eyes, none seemed so truly wretched as those criminals who were doomed to the galleys. A galley is a large-sized vessel, driven by oars and sails, and in former times men who had done wrong were chained to the oars and obliged to work them. After their

labour was over they were thrust into filthy dungeons, almost entirely without air or light. Here Vincent de Paul found them, disfigured by dirt, covered with vermin, miserable, brutal, sunk in ignorance, hardly to be called human beings. He went among them as a friend, and though he heard their mocking voices and was the butt of their scoffs, and breathed the vile air of their prison, he did not mind as long as he could do them good. And good came of his visits. He was so humble, so kind, so patient, that he softened even those hard, desperate men, and they loved him, and did what he wished them to do.

Another of Vincent de Paul's good works was the Foundling Hospital at Paris. Before it was built, great numbers of babies were daily exposed in the streets, and left to perish. Their sad condition stirred his pity, and he persuaded several kind-hearted ladies to help him in taking care of these innocent ones.

All went well for a while, but a time came when all the money was spent, and Vincent de Paul had a hospital full of bright-eyed babies, but no bread to put in their mouths. What did he do then? Did he repent, and wish he had never troubled himself with other people's children? Did he run away and leave the hospital to its fate? No; he had a tongue in his head, and he wagged it to some purpose. He pleaded for his bright and beautiful children with such eloquence, that a very shower of gold and jewels fell at his feet, and the babies had plenty of food, and playthings, too, no doubt. When Vincent de Paul died the greatest bishops and clergy wept as if they had lost a father. But none so truly lamented his going away as the poor and needy, who said to each other, 'How often we have been cheered by his words and fed by his bounty! A friend so true we shall never see again!'

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

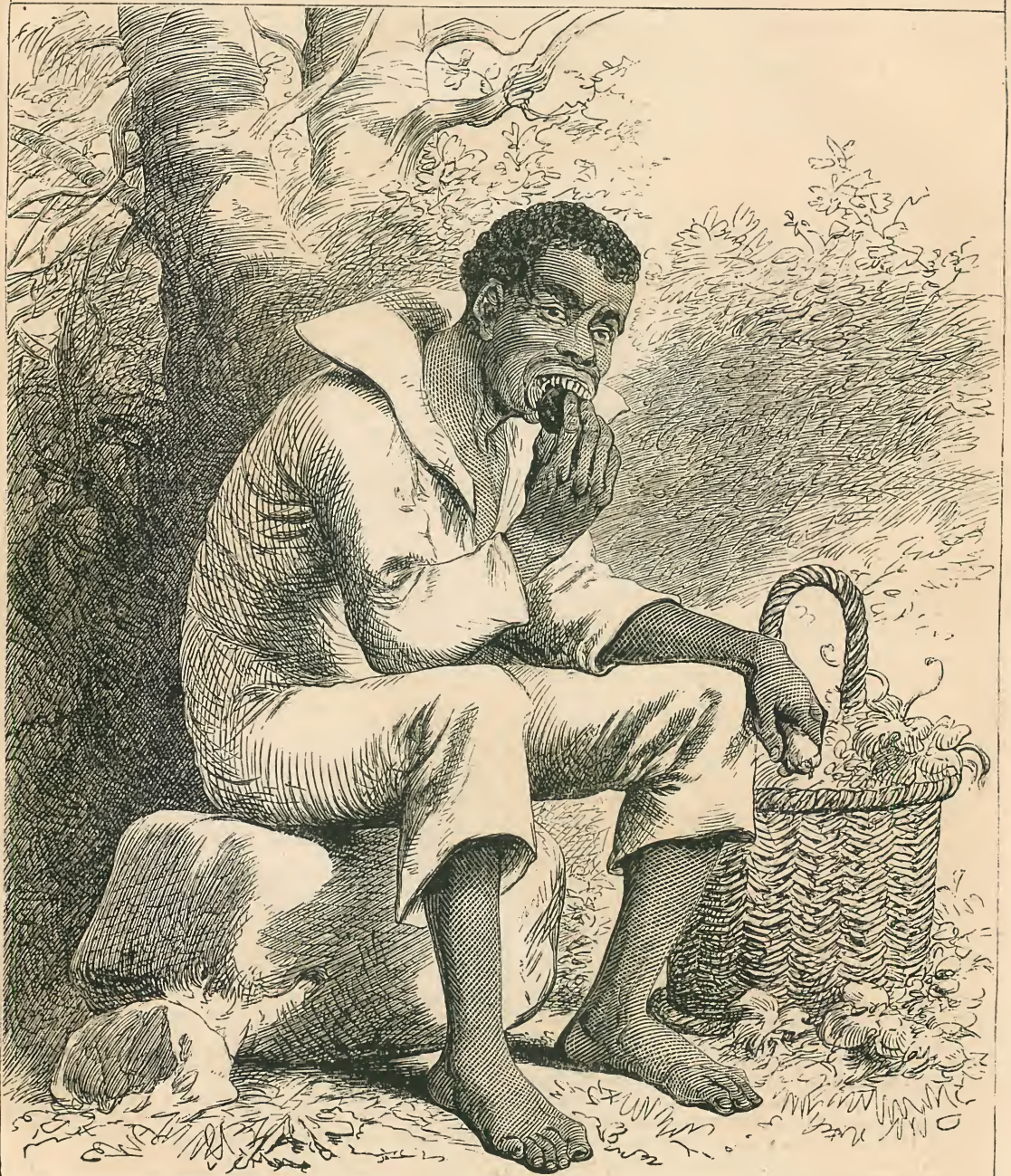


## WRITING.

WRITING and the many uses of it are so familiar to us, that we do not notice how strange they seem to races who know nothing of them. The following story will show what a wonderful thing writing must seem in the eyes of savage races. A gentleman in Brazil sent to a friend a letter and a basket of figs by a slave. The bearer knew nothing about writing, and having a liking for figs, ate some of them. When he reached his destination the loss of the figs was noticed, because the letter told what the basket ought to have held. The slave was whipped, and was puzzled to know how the theft could have been found out. But he thought the letter must have had something to do with it, and therefore, when he was again sent with fruit, he carefully put the letter under a large stone, sat on the stone, and then tasted the fruit. To his surprise, the letter still told tales, and he was whipped as before. So he thought the letter must have some wonderful power, since it could see through a stone, and he never ate the fruit again.

A. B:





The Slave eating the Figs.





The Prince Imperial.

[Engraved from a Copyright Photograph by permission of the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.]





### THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

WHEN some one much loved and honoured dies, it is the beautiful custom to strew sweet flowers on his bier. They are, like him, lovely; like him, they are brief lived. We are sure our readers will agree with us that *Chatterbox* ought to lay a few flowers on the coffin of the gallant Prince whose death has saddened many an English heart.

The Prince was born at the Tuileries on the 16th of March, 1856, at the close of the Crimean War, when his father, Napoleon the Third, was the most powerful and prosperous ruler in Europe. He had but to nod, to speak, to wave his hand, and the earth shook under the tramp of horsemen and the wheels of cannon.

Great were the rejoicings in France when it was known there was a baby prince; and many children might have well envied him his lot. Honour threw its dazzling robe about him; the whole world seemed to wait on him.

He was not a strong child. Perhaps he was tended too carefully, watched too anxiously, kept too much away from Nature's bracing touch.

Some of you will be able to remember the great war which took place in 1870 between France and Germany. The Prince Imperial was then a boy of fourteen, and he saw the first battle. The gallant efforts of the French in that long struggle were vain. They fought splendidly; but the fortune of war was against them, and the Emperor Napoleon had to yield his sword at Sedan to the Prussian king.

After that terrible and mournful September day, and an imprisonment in a German fortress, the fallen Emperor came to England, with his wife, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Imperial, their son. Not long afterwards the dethroned monarch died, and was buried at Chiselmhurst, where he had found a place of rest.

Since his death the widowed Empress has lived quietly, and, we hope, not unhappily, in her English home, and in her changed condition. She was there no longer the first lady of the first nation in Europe, and, what is far more to a loving heart, she had no more the happiness of looking on a husband's face, or of hearing his kindly voice; but she had her boy, and on him she spent the treasures of a mother's love.

He grew up—a soldier of course, and an able and a gallant one. 'He is a charming young man, full of spirit and pluck!' so wrote the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford when the Prince left England on his fatal journey to Africa.

Last February all England was horrified by the dreadful news of the battle at Isandula. In that fight many hundreds of the 24th Regiment were surrounded by many thousands of Zulu warriors, and, after fighting bravely, and spending all their powder and bullets, the English soldiers were nearly all destroyed, and their dead bodies frightfully hacked and hewed. Then Lord Chelmsford cried for help; and,

in answer to his cry, the gallant Prince resolved to go and help England in her misfortunes, for she had helped him in his. He sailed in March, 1879, for the seat of war, and reached the Cape in safety. After suffering (as so many newly landed people do) a feverish attack, he became anxious to distinguish himself in the presence of the enemy, and in the pursuit of this distinction he has met a tragic end.

Riding some miles into the enemy's country, with an English officer and six soldiers, on the 1st of June, the party got off their saddles in a field of Indian corn, to rest and refresh themselves. This was a rash and unwise step. The stealthy savages drew nigh and surrounded the little party. Suddenly the English officer said he saw black faces peering at them from between the stalks of maize. The Prince said, 'I see them, too.' Of course they sprang to their saddles in a moment, the Zulus at the same instant firing a volley of bullets, and then rushing upon them with their assegais, or spears. It seems, the Prince, in trying to mount his horse, tore the flap off the saddle. The horse, escaping from his grasp, bolted after the other horses, and the poor Prince was compelled to follow on foot. But a white man, however active, is no match for a Zulu in the race, and the savages soon overtook the Prince and slew him. When his body was found it had eighteen assegai wounds, one being in the eye. As the English officer reached a deep cutting about three hundred yards distant, he looked round and saw the Prince's horse close by, but no rider on him.

The officer did not venture to stop or go back then. Some of the French papers accuse him of cowardice: but cowardice must not lightly be coupled with the name of an English soldier. Nevertheless, he may have made an unhappy blunder. The bravest of the brave may err, and would almost give his life to live that hour of error over again. Nay, the officer who accompanied the Prince on his last ill-fated expedition may perhaps wish he too had fallen by his comrade's side.

The telegram which contained the tidings gave a shock that vibrated through the land. But the mischance which has robbed the gallant Prince of his life, has also shrined his name and his memory for ever in the affections of this country.

His touching story is written by tearful Britannia on her sea-washed rocks with a pen of iron; and sooner will she forget the murder of her Princes in the Tower, or any other pitiful tale in her spacious annals, than she will allow Time to efface from her remembrance the sad story of the Imperial Prince whom she had taken in her arms and found so worthy of her love.

G. S. O.

### SMALL THINGS.

THE smallest crust may save a human life,  
The smallest act may lead to human strife;  
The smallest touch may cause the body pain,  
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;  
The simplest deed may tell the truly brave,  
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;  
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,  
The slightest look may make a heart to grieve;  
Nought is so small, but that it may contain  
The rose of Pleasure or the thorn of Pain.





## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 379.)

AUL was now a fine-grown young fellow of eighteen, very different from the odd little chap who used to stand at the head of Paradise Place watching the painting of the 'Red Lion,' and lamenting that he was not as big as Johnny was.

It is the early spring, and we find Paul sitting beside Lucy in his Aunt Grover's drawing-room. The lime-trees outside in front of the house

are putting forth little sprouts of bright green, feeling their way cautiously into the new year, which has not quite made up its mind yet whether to blow hot or cold, and therefore is not altogether to be trusted.

Uncle Grover is on one side of the fire, which burns merrily in the brightly-polished grate, and Susan Proudman faces him on the other side. Aunt Grover comes in at the moment of our lifting the veil, carrying a lamp, which will shortly be needed, as the days are still short.

There is no change in our three grown-up friends. Aunt Grover is still the same sharp, commanding woman in her manner: there is the same hardness in her words, though her good-nature still betrays itself beneath. Uncle Grover is the same pleasant, easy-going man as ever; not up to making a joke perhaps, but with the same good intention of doing so as before. Susan Proudman, in her widow's cap, looks at first glance smaller, if anything, than before; but you perceive at once that that is because you have just before seen Paul and Lucy.

The change in these is striking, yet you are not surprised, for it is no other than what you expected to see in them sooner or later.

It is a pleasant group, and their talk is about pleasant things.

'He's been a good boy,' says Susan, glancing with satisfaction at Paul, who is talking to his sister: 'he never caused me any anxiety. I am proud to tell people he belongs to me; and yet he does not so much belong to me either as I belong to him. It would be unnatural to expect him to be satisfied with his love for me—others must share in that. I shall not murmur, however, at that so long as he does not forget me altogether.'

'The young ones are like the old ones,' says Mr. Grover, to whom Susan has been speaking; 'but you may depend upon it, that your son will never care so much for another as to forget you.'

'I should hope not, indeed!' says Aunt Grover, sharply: 'he would not be a Proudman if he did.'

'We shall soon have Easter round,' Mr. Grover musingly observes, after a slight pause, 'and Charlie will be coming home again.'

'Won't it be glorious to have Charlie with us once more!' cries Lucy, attracted by the sound of her cousin's name; 'he's such a capital one at games!'

'That is true,' remarks her uncle, 'and it seems to me that that is about all he learns at school!'

'There is a great deal of good in Charlie,' says Aunt Grover, 'that no one knows anything about, and it will come out one day, you will see.'

'I shall be very glad to see it, my dear,' says Uncle Grover, who always makes believe that he has a very ill opinion of his son's powers: 'very little has shown signs of coming out yet, you will allow. Remember how he disappointed us in the trifling matter of measles, for instance.'

'Really now, Charles,' cries Aunt Grover, tartly, 'who ever heard a man talk so! What on earth has measles to do with Charlie's schooling?'

Uncle Grover did not attempt to show the connexion, but charged the subject.

We must also change the subject. Slight as the gossip of our friends has been, it will show the reader that they were happy and hopeful, and that, moreover, they spent a very pleasant evening together.

The next day was a day of wind and rain. The clouds hung heavily over the sky, and held out no prospect of breaking. There also had been a high tide on the river, and houses in some low-lying districts were flooded.

Underground kitchens, and in some cases even parlours, were made into cisterns of very dirty water. Everything that could be removed at so short a notice was taken up-stairs. Those articles that were left lost their gravity and behaved as though they were intoxicated with the unexpected supply of Thames water. Tables, chairs, and cupboards floated about, and hobnobbed with each other in quite a merry way. Iron bedsteads, fenders, and things of the kind, were alone able to keep down this playful disposition.

The streets were in a very little better condition. Dark, narrow thoroughfares were converted for the time into canals. Small boats came triumphantly across their usual bounds, for the relief of people who were water-bound in first-floors, whilst first-floor windows were as convenient landing-places as if they had been made for the purpose.

Towards evening the waters were so far abated that Paul, who was bound towards this region on an important errand of business, could just get along by picking his way very carefully.

The rain had ceased. The moon shone by fits and starts through rifts of hurrying clouds. For some time Paul had noticed that a man was following him. As he passed through the little circle of light that surrounded the wet and misty lamps into the darkness beyond, he looked behind and saw the figure of a man; but so careful was this person to preserve the same space between them, that he could not make out what he was like.

Paul carried a bag of bank-notes and money in his breast-pocket, and a terrible fear came to his mind. Could it be that some one had learnt the errand on which he was bound, and was following him to some lonely spot, in order to attack him? He clutched his stick in one hand and clutched the precious bundle in the other, and hastened his steps. At length he came to Fortescue's Yard. It was a long, dark, descending passage or lane, running from the street to the river. The river itself could be seen in the distance, away down between high stacks of timber and rough, uneven buildings and sheds. The road-





Birthplace of the Prince Imperial.

His Home at Chiselhurst.

His Last Resting-place.





Paul glanced back at the gate.

way had been worn into deep ruts in places by cart-wheels, and a rude attempt had been made to repair these places with planks, bricks, and pantiles. Hurrying through a gateway, the heavy iron gate of which stood wide open, and sunken from its hinges deep into the moist ground, Paul entered this passage, with a sense of relief that he should now get rid of both his follower and his valuable trust.

As he stepped upon the loose planks at one end

they started up at the other, and dropped with a dull splash into the mire which the tide had left.

Halfway down there was a bright light shining through the window of a little cabin. He was glad of it, and hurried down towards it. The place was so dark, and full of such strange corners and shadows, that he could not suppress a chill feeling of dread.

He glanced back at the gate; his heart bounded as he saw the dark, mysterious figure creeping after



him down the passage. He began to run, dreading each moment to feel a hand laid on his shoulder.

'Thank Heaven!' he murmured, as he reached the door and gave a loud, sharp knock; the crazy knocker came away in his hand.

'Who is that?' said a gruff voice within. 'I should think you are trying your strength out there.'

There was a movement as of a chair and a step; the door then opened an inch or two, and Paul caught sight of so much of a stout gentleman in a Scotch cap.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, politely.

'Why don't you say who you are?' said the stout gentleman, addressing Paul as though he were down a deep vault rather than just under his nose.

'I am from Deane's,' said Paul, in the way that the man in the story-book cried 'Open, sesame!' at the door of the cave. 'I have some money for you.'

This, he thought, would have a soothing effect upon the angry gentleman, but money seemed no object to him; for grumbling, 'Come in!' he turned away and left the door for Paul to push open and shut after him.

He found himself in the cosiest little box he had ever seen. An enormous fire roared up a small funnel which served for a chimney—he had observed the sparks outside; and beside it, or rather over it, sat another stout gentleman, with a long clay pipe branching from his mouth. He looked round as Paul entered, and revealed a very full-blown face and a trace of features; but these were so small that Paul, who was rather dazzled with the light of the fire and a large gas jet near the little square window, did not see them at first. By degrees, however, he made out eyes, nose, and mouth, quite out of proportion with the size of the face to which they belonged.

It was an office, if a row of dusty ledgers on a shelf, an inkstand much blotted and dusty on a small high desk, were to be believed. A coffee-pot with a long spout, and two large cups and saucers on a tray; a loaf of bread and some butter, with some water-cresses beside it on a cloth, partly covering a small mahogany table, and the appearance of the two stout gentlemen, gave it an un-office-like air.

The one who had the Scotch cap, and who appeared to have been smoking too, from the fact that another long pipe lay smoking on its own account in the tray, had meanwhile pulled open a drawer and produced a quill pen, the point of which he tried on his thumb-nail.

'The money!' he said huskily, holding out his hand to Paul without looking.

Paul, who had not quite recovered himself, put the knocker into it. Then the Scotch cap turned.

'What!' he cried; 'what is this?'

'I am very sorry, sir,' said Paul: 'it's your knocker, I believe. It must have been loose.'

'If that is the way you go about visiting your friends,' said the gentleman, 'I should think an invitation is a treat you don't often have.'

He threw the knocker into the corner.

'You have had a good deal of water about here, Mr. Macintosh,' said Paul, handing that gentleman the bag and trying to make things comfortable.

'46s. 9s. 4d.' said Mr. Macintosh, briefly. 'It's wanted.'

Whether he meant the money or the water, Paul was not sure about, but deemed it best not to ask.

'I wonder how the poor people have got along?' he ventured to say instead.

'In boats,' said the Scotchman, dryly.

Paul could get nothing further from him than this except the receipt, so saying 'Good night' as pleasantly as he could, he was leaving when Mr. Macintosh said 'Stop!'

Paul stopped whilst the Scotchman brought forth a third cup and saucer from a small cupboard, and filled the three cups from the coffee-pot.

'Mind the china,' he said, handing one to Paul, and pushing a seat towards him.

The coffee was capital, and being hot detained him some little while, during which one stout gentleman brought out the other, and both proved to be very agreeable companions. Mr. Macintosh told some humorous Scotch anecdotes, whilst the other was found to be a ventriloquist, and talked a good deal from various parts of his body, and Mr. Macintosh's body, and made noises up the chimney like fowls and cats, which he imitated to perfection.

When Paul left they shook hands with him, and were quite friendly. Passing from the light office into the cold, dark lane, it was some time before he could get used to the change. He did not then care to return the way he had come by. The impression of the figure was still painful. There was a way round by the river; he would try that.

The moon seemed flying through the sky. Her light came and went upon the ripples of the river. Dark, cold, and with a rushing, gurgling sound, the black Thames hurried by. The loose floating logs rubbed and jolted against each other by the bank. The chains, by which they were loosely attached, rattled. Paul never saw that spot without a shudder. It was there Johnny had been drowned. Poor Johnny! He could scarcely recollect him now. A faint remembrance of that awful scene haunted him often. The shouting crowd, the boat, and the heads bobbing round it, came back to his mind, as he looked down upon the logs heaving and splashing below.

Presently there was a movement near him. He stopped at the edge of the river. The moon was shining clearly upon the water, and there, where his brother had sunk, he saw a strange object rising and falling with the motion of the waves. It was approaching him. A shaking came over his limbs; and his heart beat fast. He could have screamed, when he heard some one behind him whisper into his ear, 'Paul, is that you?'

He looked slowly round, with a dread of what he should see.

But it was not Johnny's ghost, although Paul thought it was.

It was Tim.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—TIM THE OUTCAST.

It was not at once that Paul was so far recovered to ask Tim where he had come from, and how it was he should rise so suddenly in so strange a place.

'It isn't so strange as you think, Paul,' said Tim, 'considering I followed you here.'

Paul remembered the figure that had so alarmed him, and laughed to himself.



'Do you see what I was looking at, Tim?' he said, pointing at the object, which was still in the same spot, dancing up and down, and seeming to move, only because of the motion of the tide. 'What do you think it is?'

'I don't know,' said Tim. 'What is it?'

'A buoy I should think, what they fasten boats to. My brother was drowned there, Tim.'

'Drowned!—Your brother?' said Tim, like one who dreams.

'Yes, Tim: just there—he was bathing.'

Tim's face grew a shade whiter, and his eyes had a wild, scared look.

'It's moving!' he said, clutching Paul's arm.

'No,' said Paul, 'it's only fancy. I thought so, too, at first.'

'It looks like a head,' said Tim, fearfully.

'It looks like anything from here,' said Paul. 'I say, how cold it is! Let us make haste home.'

Paul moved on, and Tim followed. The path would not admit of more than one at a time.

'Did your brother scream when he went down there?' asked Tim, when they reached the highroad.

'I don't remember it very well,' said Paul; 'it's a long time ago.'

'I shouldn't forget a thing like that,' said Tim. 'Never!'

He cast a quick look behind him.

'I was such a little one then,' said Paul, 'and so frightened, that I could notice nothing, except women screaming and men shouting, that I can remember—and I remember them lifting him out of the boat. That was awful, Tim.'

'I've been going to do it several times,' said Tim, in a terrified whisper, and glancing round again, as though the memory haunted him like some dreadful shadow.

'Going to do what?' asked Paul.

'To drown myself,' said Tim.

'Nonsense, Tim; you mustn't talk so,' said Paul, anxious to soothe him. 'You mustn't talk about giving up like that.'

'Miss Agnes used to say we must give up everything,' said Tim, sadly.

'She meant that in a different way,' observed Paul.

'That's where it is,' went on Tim. 'I never could be sure of anything. Things have so many meanings. I was always bothered, and when I sat on the side of the water I was not sure then—here was nothing to do to prevent me; and I thought Uncle Pick might see me after I was—dead, you know; and if he didn't feel sorry—I never knew him—about me he might get frightened of it; and I almost laughed out to think what a turn it would give him. I seemed to see myself dead and him looking at me. But I woke up like, and there was the water as cold as ever, and as bright, and it seemed to say to me, "There's no hunger here, Tim. Come; come, and go to sleep." But something kept me back; I thought of what Miss Agnes said about bearing it, and so each time I bore it a little longer.'

There was a wildness in Tim's manner and talk which made Paul fear he had lost his senses. He was not sorry when they reached home.

'Who's that?' asked Susan, looking out at Tim, who stood timidly on the threshold.

'Tim, mother,' said Paul. 'Come inside, Tim.'

That evening was a happy one for all three. Tim put off his ragged dress, washed himself, and clad himself in a left-off suit of Paul's, which was still very tidy. Mrs. Proudman lifted up her hands with surprise as he came into the snug parlour, looking so different from what he had been just before.

Tim was still very weak, however, and thinner than ever, though he had grown somewhat taller. He looked much older, and he had more of the wild look which used to come now and then in former times.

He did not eat much, though they pressed him to, but he drank heartily, and told them what he had been doing all the time since he saw them last, in the same room more than two years ago. The first part of that story is already known to our readers, so we must take it up later on.

The last stone was placed on the spire of the church, and a weather-vane had been fixed at the very top; the woodwork was polished; the stained-glass windows were put in, and the workmen went out; when Sam Porter had to say 'Walker,' as he expressed it, and went home.

He took Tim with him, and for the first time Tim saw Sam's family that he used to talk so much of; he saw Mrs. Porter, the terrier, the two tortoiseshell cats, and the parrot. But they all took a dislike to Tim, and expressed themselves to that purpose directly they saw him. Mrs. Porter wondered aloud, 'What next?' the terrier barked at him, as though he had been a rat, and if it had been big enough would have shook him; the two tortoiseshell cats put up their backs, and made big tails at him; the parrot screamed out, and said, 'He's a beggar! hang him! hang him! He's a beggar!' and repeated it as long as Tim stayed in the house. That was not long, for standing shortly after at the door, which he was about to open, he heard Sam Porter's voice in angry altercation with that of his wife.

'It is enough,' cried the latter in a shrill tone, 'to have a troop of beggars come knocking at the street door from morning to night, and scraping their dirty shoes on the clean steps, without having the house filled with them, covering everything with vermin.'

'When I've got him a berth he shall go,' said Sam. 'You wouldn't have me turn him into the street like a dog?'

Like a dog, forsooth! Even Mrs. Porter was shocked at the idea of turning a dog into the streets. Dogs she was very fond of, but the streets were the best place for boys like that.

'I won't let you have a bit of peace till he's gone,' were the last words Tim heard. He had heard enough, and resolving not to be a source of trouble to his kind friend, Sam Porter, he marched off at once, unknown to that worthy man, but not without a wish, which amounted to a prayer, that he might be rewarded for his kindness to him, a poor orphan boy.

From that time he had wandered from place to place, sleeping where he could, getting what he could by the only means that were left to him—sweeping crossings, holding horses, carrying trunks, and such-like.

(To be continued.)





Tim's visit to Sam Porter's.





Shepherd Boy.



## THE SHEPHERD BOY.

OLD Farmer George, my master,  
Lives at the Grange, down there;  
And I've been second shepherd  
Two years come Ashton Fair.  
He met me in the market,  
Beside the Angel Gate;  
I'm sure we like each other,  
And get along first-rate.

Miss Esther is my mistress,  
A dame not made for show,  
But worth her weight in silver  
To keep things on the go.  
No slumber after sunrise,  
No blacking of the toast,  
No leaving corners dusty,  
Where Missus rules the roast.

She can't 'abear my music;  
It's all 'a pack o' stuff,'  
Fit for a dancing-master,  
Whose hands are never rough.  
'With so much good wind wasted,  
The lad may well look pale;  
Let him keep his breath for porridge,  
His fingers for the flail!'

Sheep may be silly creatures  
Who don't know bad from good,  
But they listen while I give them  
'My cottage near a wood.'  
Soon as I play a polka  
The lambs begin to waltz;  
But 'flow on, shining river,'  
Won't mend our mill-stream's faults.

G. S. O.

## PAUL PROUDMAN.

*(Continued from page 391.)*

TIM'S first crossing had been at the turning of a main street, where there chanced to be no sweeper, and plenty of people and mud. In a short time he made a beautiful clean crossing, and gathered several half-pence. He began to feel a sense of satisfaction, and hope, at this good fortune, when a gruff voice sounded in his ear,—

'Now, then, young 'un, clear out! this here's my shop!'

Tim looked round, and saw a sturdy, one-legged man, with a broom, making a great show of sweeping, but really for the purpose of splashing the mud at the side of the crossing on to Tim.

This was an act of sheer injustice, which brought the tears into Tim's eyes; but Tim was not the nature to resist, except when he was driven into a corner, so, after a short protest, he had given up the result of his labour into the hands of the intruder, who seemed to act on the plan of those old spiders which are past spinning themselves, and take possession of the webs which the young ones make who can spin: the one-legged beggar, however, had not the same excuse.

Some time after this Tim had fallen in with a lad friendless like himself, who made a good living by cleaning gentlemen's boots. Each lad told the other his story. Sympathy grew up between them, and

they entered into partnership. Tim provided himself with a box and a set of brushes, and went into the business at once.

He was not quite unprepared for it, since he had had a great deal of practice on his uncle's boots. He did not clean those of his customers now any the worse for knowing that he would receive a penny for his labour, and not a kick from the boots he had just before cleaned, as was then the case. At the end of the day the two boys divided their earnings, and Tim went home with his friend to his lodging and paid half the rent.

'He took ill with fever,' said Tim, 'and the day before yesterday he died. I hadn't the heart to go on any more after that, and I wanted to drown myself, but I couldn't; and to-day I happened to see you coming along'—speaking to Paul—'and I followed you.'

For some time Tim had looked exhausted; there was a flush on his cheek, and he complained of headache; so it was proposed that Tim should go to bed at once.

Paul very cheerfully gave up his own bedroom for Tim, without letting him know that he was making the sacrifice, lest that should keep him from accepting it. Tim, unconscious of all the kindness that had been done him, but fully grateful for what he did know of, wished them good-night, and Paul left him in his bedroom for the night, intending himself to make shift with the sofa in the parlour, which his mother made so comfortable that he could not tell any difference between it and his own bed.

Meanwhile Tim laid himself wearily down between the sheets and blankets, and fell into a dreaming state, in which he was again the outcast in the streets, and where everything went wrong. In vain he swept crossings: the mud came as fast as he cleared it. He brushed boots that would not shine; he jumped into water, which, instead of being cold, was flaming hot, and drowned himself over and over again, but each time came to life, to find the deed was yet to be done. Then there was a blank, and he woke up to learn that he had been in bed three weeks, and that his uncle not only knew where he was, but was actually coming to see him—when he got better.

He had had a fever.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—PAUL FINDS MR. PICK AT HOME.

ON the morning following Tim's meeting with Paul there was a knock at Mr. Pick's front door, which brought that gentleman to open it; and great was his surprise to see a young man, respectably dressed, standing on the doorstep before him, and asking particularly for him, Mr. Pick.

This was the second call Paul had made that morning. The first had been for the doctor for Tim.

'You want to see me particular? Are you sure it's me?' said Mr. Pick, who was in the act of buttoning a clean white front over his shirt-front, which was not so clean and white. There was a great deal of outside about Mr. Pick that was very white indeed.

'It is Mr. Pick I wish to see,' said Paul.

'Just step in here then, sir, and I will be with you in a minute.'

Paul was ushered by Mr. Pick into a sad-looking room, which seemed in mourning for the fire. He



shivered slightly as he sat down inside the door, whilst Mr. Pick went away to finish his toilet.

It was impossible not to look round. The first things that drew his attention were the large looking-glass in a gold frame, over the mantelshef, and the number of pictures which were suspended round the walls, the sad-looking paper of which threw up their gaudy frames in sharp relief.

A large family Bible lay in the centre of the table, inside a circle of Prayer-books and Hymn-books.

His eyes travelled on, and the next thing he remarked was the number of antimacassars with which the various articles of furniture were covered. Every chair had one on its back. He was sitting on one: there was quite a drift of them on the sofa. The curtains themselves had been worked by hand and looked like damp antimacassars of unusual length hung up to dry.

He then observed what had not at first struck him, that each antimacassar had been worked into a Scripture subject. Moses in the ark of bulrushes, the brazen serpent, and Daniel in the lions' den, stared him in the face.

He looked at the curtains, expecting to see some picture of the same kind. He was quite relieved when he saw what seemed a waterfall dashing down some rocks, but was directly afterwards disappointed, when he found that the waterfall was nothing else than Aaron's beard, and the rocks a rather rough representation of the high-priest himself.

His curiosity was now quite roused. He peeped round the table at the hearthrug, and saw a human figure sitting in a thoughtful attitude in the midst of some blue and green patches, which were evidently meant either for swine or sheep, but looked as much like one as the other. He concluded it was Jacob minding Laban's flocks, but thought afterwards it was the Prodigal Son in charge of the swine, and then could not be sure which it was.

Paul began to wonder whether Mr. Pick and his family had been working at the antimacassars and curtains in these Scripture subjects by way of penance for ill-using poor Tim.

He was still wondering when Mr. Pick came in, looking more himself. His hair had an extra twist round his temples. His red whiskers bristled round his face and chin like a little circle of fire. A large stiff collar prevented his neck showing the least signs of bending or giving way.

'Well, sir?' said Mr. Pick, cutting his words off sharp.

'I have come to speak to you about Tim,' said Paul, rising and coming straight to the point.

Mr. Pick liked, as a rule, to go straight to the point, too; but this point was a sharp one, and touched him in a sore place.

'Tim!' he said, starting in spite of himself. 'Is he still alive?'

'He is,' said Paul, gravely: 'but how long he may be is doubtful.'

'Are not you the young fellow——' he began.

'Yes,' said Paul, guessing what he would say.

'The young fellow,' repeated Mr. Pick, making the last word as mean as possible, 'that came round here so often about my nephew?'

'No,' said Paul, 'I came here once before.'

'Is this all that you wish to say to me?' asked Mr. Pick.

'Not quite,' said Paul, 'I came to say that Tim has come back, and is at our house.'

'Well?' said Pick, hiding what interest he felt in this news.

'I thought you would be glad to know, being his uncle,' said Paul.

'Hem!' Mr. Pick looked as though that was a reason why he should not be glad.

'Especially,' continued Paul, 'as Tim has got typhus fever.'

'Typhus fever!' exclaimed Mr. Pick.

'Yes, poor fellow!' said Paul.

'And where is he, do you say?' asked Mr. Pick, nervously.

'At our house.'

'And you have just come from there?'

'Certainly,' said Paul.

'I'll bid you good morning, young man,' said Mr. Pick, opening the door, and murmuring something about being the father of a family, and the place smelling close, all of which Paul could not catch.

'I am very busy this morning,' said Mr. Pick, speaking to Paul from the end of the passage, as the latter fumbled for the catch of the door. 'I have a large family—I mean a large order to get off my hands. The top latch, sir. I'm sorry to hear about Tim; tell him I'll look round to see him when he's better. Good morning.'

Mr. Pick was as excited as he said this as he was before stiff and formal, and Paul, smiling to himself at the meanness of the man, who stood at the foot of the staircase rubbing his moist hands one in the other.

'Brown paper and matches!' cried Mr. Pick down the kitchen stairs, as soon as the street-door closed on Paul.

'What are you shouting for?' cried Mrs. Pick, from below.

'Brown paper and matches! Are you deaf?' shouted her husband.

'It's not your fault if I am not,' retorted Mrs. Pick.

Presently Freddy came up with the required articles, and was much interested to see his father light the brown paper and wave it about the room and passage till the place was full of smoke, although he could not think what it was for.

Mr. Pick, having thoroughly disinfected the place, joined his wife and family in the kitchen.

'Tim's found!' he said.

'And what if he is?' cried his wife, tartly. 'Is that any reason for your shouting like a maniac?'

'He's got typhus fever,' said Mr. Pick.

'Typhus fever!' exclaimed his wife. 'What a mercy he is out of the house!' she added.

'It is like a special providence,' said Mr. Pick.

'Who told you?' asked Mrs. Pick.

'That young man who came about two years ago about him: he's just come away from Tim.'

'And was that him you had upstairs talking to?' asked Mrs. Pick.

Mr. Pick replied that it was.

It was now Mrs. Pick's turn to be excited.

'Don't go near your father, Freddy!' she cried to





## JAPANESE SCENES.

### STREET JUGGLERS.

her son. 'Don't go near the children, Joseph!' she said to her husband.

'Who would have thought of that creature rising up again?' said Mr. Pick, piteously. 'I was in hopes we had heard the last of him.'

*(To be continued.)*

SUCH men as these may often be seen going about playing a variety of tricks. They carry their implements in the two boxes which are now on the ground, and stop where they think there is a chance





Carrying a Ladder.

of attracting a crowd. The principal man here is tossing the balls in the air and cleverly catching them again. Number Two stands holding a bag ready, in case one of them should fall too low. His head is tied up in a cloth, either to keep his hair tidy or because it is not presentable. Number Three steadily beats the drum.

The long outer garment, much like a dressing-gown, which Japanese men wear, is always tucked up as you see in the picture, when they are at work of any kind. The upper classes wear a dress of the same description, but instead of the closely-fitting trousers under it have full, plaited ones over, something like a long double kilt.

S. M. S.



## CARRYING A LADDER.

**D**ID you ever see a person carrying a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or, it may be, he puts his hand between the rounds, and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and, having it fairly balanced, he walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks at the end before him, but the end behind him he cannot see. If he moves the front-end to the right to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear-end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of the body, only a few inches, will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look out for bruised hats and bumped heads, while the window-glass along the streets is in constant danger from the unseen rear-end of the ladder. When I was a small boy, I was carrying a ladder not very large, and there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear-end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: 'Look here, my son; there is one thing I wish you to always remember—that is, every ladder has two ends.' I have never forgotten that, though many years have gone since then, and I never see a man carrying a ladder but what I remember the two ends. Don't we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting 'fast' habits, I think he sees only one end of that ladder—the one pointed towards pleasure—and that he does not know that the other end is wounding his parents' hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery. She only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end she does not see is crushing true modesty and pure friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

## THE PICTURE.

From the Italian of Scavo.



**I**N the days when Enca Silvio Piccolomini was Governor of Rome there lived an upright man, who, prevented by age and sickness from carrying on the trade by which he had supported himself and his wife, found himself compelled to sell his furniture piece by piece. Now amongst other things he happened to possess a small picture by Raffaello, which had been bequeathed to him by one of his ancestors, but of whose value he was altogether ignorant. It was so blackened by smoke, and thick with dust, that he held it to be of very little account. Still, hoping to get some trifle for it, he carried it to a painter, who was more skilled in trading in pictures than in painting them.

The latter no sooner cast his eyes on the canvas than he recognised the great master's hand, and knew its immense value. But wishing to make a profit out of the poor old man's necessity, he began pooli-pooling it, and finally offered him a paltry sum, which he

declared he gave more as an act of charity than as the price of the picture.

You may imagine how he exulted in his good fortune, and laughed at the poor man's simplicity when his offer was accepted and the picture given up to him.

Now some days after it chanced that an old friend of the former owner of the Raphael came to his house, and no longer seeing the picture, asked him what had become of it. When he was told that it had been sold for such a pitiful price he was filled with indignation, and telling his friend how tricked he had been, he accompanied him to the Governor and made a formal complaint.

The good Piccolomini, having listened to the details of the case, asked for the measures of the picture, and promising to see justice done, he dismissed them.

Now, fortunately, he had in his gallery two pictures that corresponded in size with the one of which the old man had been cheated.

Taking one of these pictures from its frame he sent for the rascally painter and said,—

'Could you get a picture to fit this frame, and to match this other painting?'

'Certainly,' said the rogue; 'I have just what you wish. It is a beautiful Raphael, that seems as though it had been expressly painted to be put in this frame.'

'Very good,' said Piccolomini; 'bring it to me.'

The painter lost very little time, and returned in half-an-hour with the wrongfully obtained treasure.

It was indeed a lovely painting of the Holy Family, and cleansed from the dust and smoke, the colours now stood out in harmonious brightness.

Gazing at it with admiration, Piccolomini placed it in the frame and asked the price.

'I gave two hundred sequins for it,' said the dishonourable dealer; 'which sum, indeed, I could have obtained yesterday for it from an Englishman, who was dying to possess it. I refused, however, because I ask two hundred and fifty sequins, which is not at all above its right value. If, however, your Excellency will give a little more than this first offer, I will sell it to you.'

The Governor was horrified at the wickedness of the man, but he said,—

'Well, I will not deny that the picture is worth a great deal; but I cannot quite believe that you would have refused an offer of two hundred sequins.'

The painter answered that he had indeed done so, and asserted with vehemence that he had not gone an inch beyond the truth, and that if his Excellency pleased he would bring a witness to prove it.

'Well, since you have had such a good offer for it—'

'I have truly, your Excellency,' interrupted the dealer.

'Well, then, say no more about it.'

'Open yonder door,' continued Piccolomini, addressing one of the attendants.

It was opened, and there stood the old man to whom the picture had belonged, and who had been by the Governor's orders concealed there during the interview.

You can guess what a blow this was to the dealer. The Governor enjoyed his confusion for a few minutes, and then said, in severe accents,—

'It is thus, iniquitous man! that you abuse the ignorance and need of the poor. You know well what



punishment you deserve; and it will be clemency on my part if I pass on you the sentence you yourself have suggested. The two hundred sequins, that by your own confession the picture is honestly worth, and which you declared you had given for it, shall be paid by you on the spot to this man; and if ever I hear of another fraud of this kind, I will punish you in the manner you deserve.'

In this way did the wise Piccolomini redress the wrong which had been inflicted on a feeble old man, and snare the trickster in his own nets.

CARLO VITI.

### THE KING'S CRAG.

ONE day, in the spring of the year 1290, a man who was called Thomas the Rhymer made a very strange prophecy. He said to the Earl of March, 'The sixteenth day of this present month will be the stormiest day ever known in Scotland.' In those days men were often supposed to know what was coming to pass, and many people believed Thomas the Rhymer, and prepared for a great tempest. The shepherds expected to be snowed up in the distant glens, and drove their flocks into more sheltered places; the fisher drew his boat high up on the beach, that it might be safe from the swelling tide. Others, again, laughed at the Rhymer's prophecy, and went about their business as usual; the good king, Alexander, being one of them.

March days, as you know, are often very stormy, and so far Thomas was wise to choose March as the month in which Scotland would see her stormiest day of all. But the sixteenth of March was a day of sunny calm. There were no clouds in the sky, there was no roaring blast. It was one of those sweet, mild, spring days that come with the daisy, the crocus, and the lamb,—a day when children's voices are in the streets, and there is a summer feeling abroad.

Thomas the Rhymer was much laughed at, and no one enjoyed the joke more than King Alexander, who said to his bright young wife, Joleta, 'I trust the Rhymer will have better luck next time he tries to be weather-wise.'

The day wore on, calm and sweet to the last. The king was tempted by the lovely afternoon to ride along the Fifeshire coast further than he meant, and he was still on horseback when the shades of night began to fall. He was cantering homeward, when his horse chanced to put its forefoot in a hole. The stumble that followed was not much, but it was enough to pitch the king over the edge of the cliff and kill him on the spot.

The news of this unlucky accident was speedily carried through Scotland, though there were neither trains nor telegraphs in those days. It was not long ere Thomas the Rhymer heard how the king was dead. 'Ah!' said he, 'this is the storm I meant. Never was there a tempest that will bring more ill-luck to Scotland.'

And it was as the prophet feared. The sudden death of the good king Alexander was the cause of untold sorrow to the kingdom he had so strangely and sadly left. But why? Because the rightful heir to the Scottish crown was his daughter's daughter, a little girl eight years old. This child, who was

called 'The Maid of Norway,' died six months after her grandfather, when she was on her way to Scotland to be crowned. Meanwhile, Edward I., perhaps the wisest king that ever wore the English diadem, was pressing on the Scottish people a claim he thought he had a right to urge. One of the Scottish kings, William the Lion, had been made prisoner by the English, and carried to London, and he was not set free until he had agreed to own the English king as his lord and master. Edward I. now resolved that this promise should be kept. First he tried to unite England and Scotland by betrothing his son Edward to the Maid of Norway. But God willed otherwise. The little maiden withered away, and died in the stormy Orkney Islands, and with her died the peace of Scotland for many and many a long year.

At least twelve noblemen claimed the throne as relations of King Alexander. They allowed Edward to decide which claim was best, and he chose the claimant who was most friendly, as he thought, to himself.

What followed is a matter of common history which we need not enter into here, but we may certainly wonder at the strange prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, and remember how the sixteenth day of March, 1290, calm and lovely as it was, proved the stormiest day ever known in Scottish story. Had Alexander not died as he did, he might have left a son equal to the occasion of rallying all the Scots under one national banner, and preventing those streams of precious blood which dyed red the fields of Bannockburn and Flodden.

G. S. O.

### NAMING BABY.

TOM and Eddy, Bill and I,  
James and John—twins—three feet high,  
Around the little cradle stood—  
An old affair of cherry wood.

'Six weeks old, and, what a shame!  
Our baby's never had a name!  
That is what Tom, the eldest, said—  
At all our meetings he was head.

Then mother, smiling, answered low:  
'This thing shall be no longer so;  
And brothers all shall have a share  
In choosing a name for baby to bear.'

'Come, Tommy, tell us what's your choice,'  
Said mother, in her cheerful voice.  
Tom answered in a manly tone,  
'The choice of every boy is one.

Our mother's name shall baby bear,  
And may she be as sweet and fair.'  
Then said, with hand on baby's face,  
'This is our little sister Grace.'

Now opened wide dear baby's eyes,  
And looked around with glad surprise,  
While each one gave the little Miss  
A brother's love and brother's kiss.

Yes, one by one we bended low,  
And kissed the baby's cheek and brow;  
And mother breathed a fervent prayer  
For darling baby lying there.





Naming Baby.





"Gelert" killing the Wolf.





## GELERT.

LLEWELYN the Great, who resided near the base of Snowdon, had a beautiful dog named Gelert, which had been presented to him by King John in 1205. One day, in consequence of the faithful animal, which at night always 'sentinelled his master's bed,' not making his appearance in the chase, Llewelyn returned home very angry, and met the dog, covered with blood, at the door of the chamber of his child. Upon entering it he found the bed overturned and the coverlet stained with gore. He called to his boy, but receiving no answer he rashly concluded that he had been killed by Gelert, and in his anguish instantly thrust his sword through the poor animal's body. The Hon. Robert Spencer has beautifully told the remainder of the story:—

'His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed heavy on his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh:  
What words the parent's joy could tell,  
To hear his infant's cry?

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread:  
But the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain?  
For now the truth was clear:—  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.'

## THE QUEEN'S GRANDMOTHER.

THE Princess Sophia Charlotte, or Caroline, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was born in 1744, and in 1761, when she was only seventeen, King George the Third declared his intention of demanding her hand. That she was a spirited young lady may be gathered from a letter of hers, written to the King of Prussia, on the occasion of his army entering into the territories of her cousin, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It is a capital letter, full of generous lamentation, and containing an appeal which the king was unable to resist.

This letter was sent by the King of Prussia to George the Third, and he was shrewd enough to believe the woman who could write such a letter was likely to make a good wife. The end was, Princess Caroline came over to England as King George's affianced bride. Lord Anson was sent with a fleet to the mouth of the Elbe, which served as a guard of honour to the *Charlotte* yacht, a richly embellished vessel, and manned by a picked crew in the king's uniform.

The little town of Strelitz was brimful of joy. The Castle gardens were illuminated—cannon rent the air as the wedding contract was signed, and 'all went

merry as a marriage-bell.' The same scenes of gaiety were enacted in every town where the Princess halted. On the 28th of August the fleet put out to sea, but three storms arose in quick succession, and it was not until Sept. 6, that the bride-elect set foot on English ground at Harwich. She slept the first night at Lord Abereorn's house, and the next day she was met by the king's coach and servants at Rumford. The state-coach soon bore her to St. James's Palace, and there she was handed out by the Duke of York, and led into the house by the King.

That same evening, about eight o'clock, the marriage ceremony was performed in the Palace Chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Boyce had composed an anthem for the happy occasion.

On Sept. 22 the King and Queen were crowned with great splendour at Westminster Abbey.

At nine o'clock they reached Westminster Hall, where they sat at the upper end, in state chairs; and on a table before them were placed many beautiful things, among which was the Holy Bible. At eleven o'clock a long and gorgeous procession was formed. The king's herb-woman led the way to the Abbey, followed by six maidens, who strewed the floor with sweet herbs. Then came beards and constables, drummers and trumpeters, chaplains and sheriffs, aldermen and judges, choristers and bishops, peeresses and peers, coronet in hand, and at length walked the Queen, following her crown, which the Duke of Bolton carried. Her train was borne by a princess, assisted by six daughters of earls.

After the Queen came the King, preceded by his regalia, which dukes and earls carried. The Bible, the costliest treasure in all that glittering show, was committed to the Bishop of Carlisle, who walked immediately in front of the King, and who was flanked right and left by a bishop, one carrying the chalice, or cup for the Communion wine, the other bearing the paten, or plate for the bread. Canopies of cloth of gold were held over the heads of the King and Queen. The length of the procession may be judged of from the fact that it took two hours and a half to get the various members of it seated in the Abbey. And it was half-past three o'clock when the Archbishop set the crown on the King's head.

After the coronation there was a mighty feast in Westminster Hall. That noble room was lit up with nearly 3000 wax-candles, and crowded with nobles and gentlemen, all in the most superb dresses that could be made.

In the midst of the feast the King's champion, completely armed, rode into the hall on a fine white horse, which had been at the battle of Dettingen. The champion, whose name was Dymocke, challenged any one to fight who denied King George's right to the English crown, and he then threw down his gauntlet, or steel glove, on the floor, as a sign of his readiness to uphold the King's claim. No one picked up the gauntlet, and the King, having drunk to the champion from a richly-gilt bowl, sent him the costly drinking-cup as a present.

When the feast was over, and the great people gone, the multitude were allowed to enter and clear the place of cloths, plates, dishes, and everything else indeed that could be carried off.

The great diamond fell out of the King's crown as



he returned to Westminster Hall, but, luckily, it was found and replaced at once.

In 1762 the eldest son of the King and Queen was born, and he became in after years George the Fourth. In all, there were fifteen children, nine sons and six daughters. The Queen died in 1818, aged seventy-four; and the King lingered until 1820, when he died in the eighty-second year of his age, entirely blind.

G. S. O.

### ELEPHANTS IN ENGLAND.

NO doubt most of the boys and girls of England have at one time or another seen an elephant. Not to speak of the Zoological Gardens, there are travelling menageries visiting all parts of the country, and these often have an elephant.

But what shall we say of elephants which were born in this country, and roamed in herds over the land in a wild state, just as they do now in Africa or India? Few of us would care to come upon an untamed elephant while we were walking quietly through a wood. There is very little fear of that now. And yet through the valleys where the railway now runs, and the screech of the engine startles the quiet sheep, over the land on which busy towns now stand, the elephant once roamed at will.

This we know, because in various parts of the country at different times some bones, undoubtedly those of the elephant, have been discovered. An entire skull with enormous tusks still attached, which must once have formed part of an elephant not less than sixteen feet in height, was found at Hoxton in the early part of this century. Remains in an excellent state of preservation have also been found in other parts of London. At and around Oxford, too, discoveries of a similar kind have been made. Of course the workmen who came upon these remains were much puzzled about their nature, and sometimes thought that they must be the remains of giants who made England their home at a very far-off period.

R.

### OUR WILD BIRDS.

#### XII.



AND now, having told you something about birds, I want to say a word about some other creatures.

The picture represents four of the gardener's truest friends. I shall not say anything now about the Tomtits, as I have already told you what patterns of ceaseless activity and usefulness they are.

But I cannot help saying a good word for each of the rest of the party. The two at the bottom are a couple of Froggies, or, perhaps, the further one is meant for a Toad, and so much the better if it is. Somehow or other I think most people have a kindly feeling towards a poor frog, but I cannot say the same of a toad. He is too ugly to make a pet of, and one

shrinks from touching him. It is a sad thing for any one to have a repulsive appearance, but after all we must not judge by appearances, for if we do we are pretty sure to be unjust. I once killed a hideous lizard in Spain; it was about six inches long, perfectly black, and bristling with the most horrid-looking spines and prickles. It required some resolution to touch it, and yet I afterwards found to my shame that, misled by appearances, I had destroyed a perfectly harmless and very useful creature. So the poor toad seldom gets a kind word because he is ugly, but few people know how useful he is in a garden. In London quite high prices are given for a single toad, in order to keep down the slugs, woodlice, and other enemies which infest suburban gardens. Frogs, too, are very useful, and I think ornamental, and whenever I catch one in my walks I always bring him home and put him in my garden. It is a pleasure to get him to sit in my hand and watch his beautiful eyes and panting yellow sides. If those who live in the country knew their friends from their foes they would never injure a Hedgehog, as he is an insatiable destroyer of slugs and snails and other harmful animals, and yet whoever looked at the ghastly rows of festering corpses which the game-keeper is so proud of displaying on the door or side of his outhouse, without seeing hedgehogs among them? People seem to think that an occasional fault is more to be thought of than a pretty consistent life of usefulness. And so the Hedgehog is killed for occasionally treating himself to the egg of a game-bird in spring, and his good services all the rest of the year are ignored. This is neither kind, nor just, nor wise.

It is much the same with the Mole. Of course there are situations where moles are not wanted, and their hills are anything but desirable on our closely-shaven lawns and dainty flower-beds. But everywhere except in gardens their presence should be hailed with pleasure, as they fertilise the soil, improve the drainage, and are merciless devourers of wireworms and other grubs which attack the roots of grass and grain. People have tried the experiment of killing off all the moles on their property, just as they have of killing all the Rooks, and the result has been the same in both cases; when they saw their crops utterly destroyed by the ravages of wireworms and insects, they were glad enough to get the rooks and moles to live with them again. God, who giveth food to all flesh, has been pleased to implant such instincts in His various creatures, that while they feed they are all unconsciously keeping down an over-abundance of the things they feed on. This I have been trying to show all through these papers.

What the Psalmist said of the Lions is equally true of the Kestrel or Owl hunting for mice and beetles, the Swallow for flies, the Rook for wireworms—they 'do seek their meat from God'; that is, as I take it, they seek it by following those instincts and employing those weapons and devices with which God has endowed them. In this way one creature keeps down another, and if we kill the stronger, the weaker is sure to prevail to a mischievous extent. This proportion of one creature to another is called the 'Balance of Nature,' and it is a dangerous thing to disturb it: in fact, we can only do so just to the extent we may have changed the aspect of nature. In a garden, for





Titmice.

Mole.

Hedgehog.

Frogs.

example, we have partly done this, and what was originally a waste or forest is now planted with flowers and fruit-trees, and is in a high state of cultivation. We must, therefore, adopt the balance of nature so far as we can to this new state of things, and take special care lest the abundance of our feathered friends do not rob us of the fruits of our labour.

I hope what you have read in these papers, dear

children, will be of some help to you in teaching you to look more lovingly upon the creatures which fill our eyes with beauty or our souls with melody, that it will induce you to look upon them with reverence as your fellow-creatures—created, that is, and fed by the same Heavenly Father who created and feeds you, and that it may make you try to join them as they send up from earth to heaven every day a happy song of thankfulness and praise.





**A MARVELLOUS BIRD.**

**H**ERE in England we are well accustomed to the sight of birds of varied shape and size. But none that we know of as ever existing in England can at all compare with the gigantic Moa, a bird which at no very remote period was found in New Zealand. This strange creature must have sometimes reached the height of fifteen or sixteen feet. It had no wings, but its legs were of enormous length. The natives assert that even at the present day a few

specimens may be found in the remotest depths of the woods, but no European has been fortunate enough to obtain a sight of one. It has probably become extinct from having been hunted down for food by the Maoris. Skeletons of it in excellent preservation are found, and the illustration represents one now in the Museum of Canterbury, New Zealand. It is well called 'gigantic.' Imagine a bird tall enough for a man to walk between its legs!

A. B.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Continued from page 395.)

## CHAPTER XXIX.—THE THINGS SHE USED TO SPEAK ABOUT.



EARLY a month later, Paul, who had been absent from the office for that period, presented himself at Mr. Deane's private door, knocked, and entered.

He was much agitated, and Mr. Deane noticed the look of care and excitement on his face.

'You are unwell, Paul?' said Mr. Deane, kindly.

'No, sir, thank you,' answered Paul; 'I am not quite well. I hope you will excuse me, sir.'

Mr. Deane smiled on encouragingly.

'The fact is this, sir,' said Paul, speaking with an effort, 'the fever has left Tim now, but he is not better. The doctor says that there is no danger of catching it now, but that there is great weakness. Tim himself has got an idea, too, that he won't get better. You may think it strange, sir—'

'Go on, Paul,' said Mr. Deane, as the youth hesitated.

'Miss Deane was Tim's Sunday-school teacher, sir, and he seems to think a great deal about the things she used to speak about.'

Mr. Deane was listening intently, and a troubled look came over his benevolent face.

'The things she used to speak about!' These words ran through and through his mind.

'He wishes to see her, sir,' said Paul, stammering. 'He thinks he's dying, sir, and when any one tries to cheer him up he shakes his head, and says, "If I could only see Miss Agnes!" Those are his words, sir, "If I could only see Miss Agnes!"'

'I will leave it to her,' said Mr. Deane, rising. 'I will write a line to her, stating what you say, stating all, and leave it to her.'

There was a period of silence, interrupted only by the sound of Mr. Deane's pen, as it drove over the paper.

'There,' he said, 'take that, and wait for an answer.'

Paul bowed his head in silence, and went out.

For Mr. Deane, the man of wealth, to put aside rank, wealth, and selfish affection, those powerful influences causing us to so often forget that we are kin one to another, and to obey, like a little child, the voice of God within him, was no mean thing.

Thank Heaven, if there are some Mr. Picks amongst us, there are also Mr. Deanes to keep the scales even.

Paul hurried through the crowded streets on his errand of mercy. It was not till he was approaching the house of Mr. Deane that he slackened his pace.

He arrived at length. It was a pleasant villa in a fine open square, in the centre of which there was a green, with a church in it. The trees were becoming fast covered with green leaves. The branches were alive with chirping birds.

He pulled a bell-handle, and handed the letter in to the servant who opened the door, saying at the same time, 'For Miss Deane, and I will wait for an answer.'

'Walk in, sir,' said the servant.

He entered the hall, and whilst he waited he cast his eyes over the place in which he found himself. An oaken table and hatstand stood beside him. A large and beautiful oil-painting hung on the wall in front of him. In a little bend of the widest staircase there was a recess, in which a marble figure stood, holding out a lamp. Just beyond the recess was a large window, through which the trees seemed to be nodding at him, and tapping gently, as if in greeting. The fact that all these things in some way belonged to Miss Agnes rendered them doubly attractive.

He was still admiring the oil-painting when the door of the room near him opened, and Miss Agnes herself appeared. The latter wore a black dress, in mourning for her mother, who had died some months previously, and her long golden hair and sweet face, full of patience and love, looked all the more beautiful from contrast.

'So poor Tim is very ill?' she said, sadly.

'We are afraid so, miss,' replied Paul.

'I am grieved to hear it—Poor Tim!'

Saying this, she went up the wide staircase, past the patient figure in marble, past the window at which the trees were tapping and nodding as if they had gone mad.

'Will you wait a little while?' she had asked him before leaving.

Would he wait a little while? he thought to himself. There was nothing he would like so well except to wait a long while, which would have been better, or to have stayed there altogether, which would have been best of all.

He envied the marble figure its recess, when he thought of Miss Agnes passing and repassing day after day.

The little while seemed a long while before she came again dressed for walking.

'Susan,' she said.

A maid appeared. 'Yes, miss,' she said.

'I shall not be gone very long.'

'No, miss.'

'Button this, please,' said Miss Deane, holding out her gloved hand.

That Susan should set about buttoning that glove on that hand without trembling, seemed to Paul a proof that her nerves were made of iron.

'I am going round with this young gentleman,' said Miss Agnes, as the buttoning went on, 'to see a poor boy who is dying, Susan.'

'Dying!' said Susan, screwing up her mouth into a rosebud, in her efforts to button the obstinate glove. 'What's he dying of?'

'Typhus fever,' said Miss Deane.

Susan, who had nearly succeeded in buttoning the glove, unbuttoned it at once on hearing this.

'Don't, miss!' she exclaimed. 'You don't mean that you are going to see a case of typhus fever, do you?'

'Yes, Susan,' said Miss Deane, calmly; 'and you will take care of Miss Amy whilst I am gone.'

'O yes, miss,' cried Susan, 'I'll take care of her; she will be safe enough. I wish I could think the same of you.'

Paul was now the happy escort of Miss Agnes through the busy streets, and would not have been



sorry if some presumptuous, but ill-advised individual, had rendered it necessary for him to show her what a strong escort it was. Not having the chance of doing this, he did what he could. He chose the cleanest parts of the road for her to walk in, and walked in the dirtiest himself, either from forgetting about himself or being so much wrapt up in her.

All the time he had been telling Miss Agnes about Tim's adventures; but in such a rambling way, that she had continually to ask him questions as to certain things which he had said which appeared to contradict other things which he had just before said; and in some of these instances he found that he had forgotten saying both the one and the other.

At length they arrived, not without a sense of shame on Paul's part, that Miss Agnes should have to come to such a house. At that moment it occurred to him, and not till then, that he had been talking about Tim, fetching Miss Agnes for Tim, doing everything for Tim, except thinking about him: whilst Tim himself lay in Paul's own little bed-chamber, slowly passing away.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—MR. PICK RECEIVES A TURN.

TIM was slowly passing away.

The hope that they held out to him of seeing his uncle Pick did not increase his desire to stay. One wish, and one alone, possessed him, and stood between him and the shadowy scene to which he was drawing near—that wish was to see Miss Agnes.

'Are you thirsty, Tim?' asked Mrs. Proudman, leaning over him. She had treated him all along as though he had been her own son.

He turned his weary eyes, which looked larger than ever from his thin pale face, towards her. The wild look was not in them now, but each time he was in the least roused his eyes wandered to the door, and a restless look of longing came into them.

'When is she coming?' he asked more than once, in a low voice.

'Soon, Tim,' said Susan, softly.

To tell the truth, she was not so sure herself that Miss Deane would come at all; but clearly it would not be a kindness done to Tim to tell him so.

Presently Tim opened his eyes again.

A movement in the room roused him. Some one was bending towards him. For a moment his eyes swam, and he had a delicious dream. He seemed to be at Sunday-school again. He thought he heard the birds warbling in the trees outside, as he used to there. He fancied he heard Miss Agnes talking. She seemed to be speaking straight to him, and not attending to any one else in the class. Stay, though, was it a fancy? The schoolroom faded away. The warbling of the birds died out into the distance, but Miss Agnes' voice grew clearer.

'Tim, you are not at school,' it said; 'you are ill, very ill, and I have come to see you.'

He had spoken as if he had been in school.

'How is it out there?' he asked.

'Very beautiful,' said his teacher: 'the spring is making everything bright and green.'

'Tell me about those things you used to talk about,' he said, with a bright look, that made almost beautiful his otherwise plain features.

She did, and for many minutes he listened intently to her simple but consoling words.

'Lift me up,' he said, suddenly: 'I want to sit up.'

Susan raised him gently, and placed another pillow under his head.

'If I had listened to the water,' he said, his voice growing fainter, 'when it said, "Come," I should not have seen you again. Something stopped me. I did not know what it was then: I do now.'

He clasped his thin hands for a moment, but unclasped them again immediately. One wandered over the counterpane in a lost way, as if in search of something. Miss Agnes took it in hers. It was still.

'You see, now, Tim,' she said, softly,—'you see, now, don't you, that God was leading you all the time?'

'Oh, yes,' murmured the youth. 'He's been very good.'

'He meant you to learn to be patient,' she continued, 'and to love everybody; and if you had never had any troubles you would never have learnt that, perhaps.'

Tim could only let his eyelids droop in assent.

'You have had some kind friends, Tim,' said Agnes, perceiving that he hung upon her words with all that was left of him; 'and if they have seemed good to you, if you think them so kind, how much better must God be, and how much kinder, if He made those friends! If you love them, how much more ought you to love Him who gave His only Son to die for our sakes!'

Tim's eyes were fixed on hers, and there had been for some time a bright light in them, as of gratitude; but that light was growing dim. She observed it, and paused. She still held his hand, and felt it flutter like a dying bird. She answered its fluttering with a gentle pressure.

'Do you hear me, Tim?' she whispered.

A faint smile passed over his features, and died away into his grateful eyes. It seemed to flicker there for several moments.

'Happy, Tim?' she asked, in the softest tone.

The eyelid drooped again. This time it did not rise.

Thus gently the light had gone out.

\* \* \* \* \*

A day or two later Paul met Mr. Pick in the street, and told him that Tim's fever had quite left him, and that there was no longer any danger. Would he like to see him?

Mr. Pick accordingly came, fortified with a strong cigar, and smelling of rum.

The blinds drawn down the windows would have admonished him, if he had thought to look. The hush in the house startled him a little, but did not warn him of the truth.

Paul drew aside the curtains of the bed, so that the light from the window fell upon it, and drew the sheet from the face of the dead youth. Tim was right. It gave Uncle Pick a turn. He just looked, and hurried away without a word, and Tim's face was scarcely paler than his as he left the house.

That was the last Paul ever saw of him.

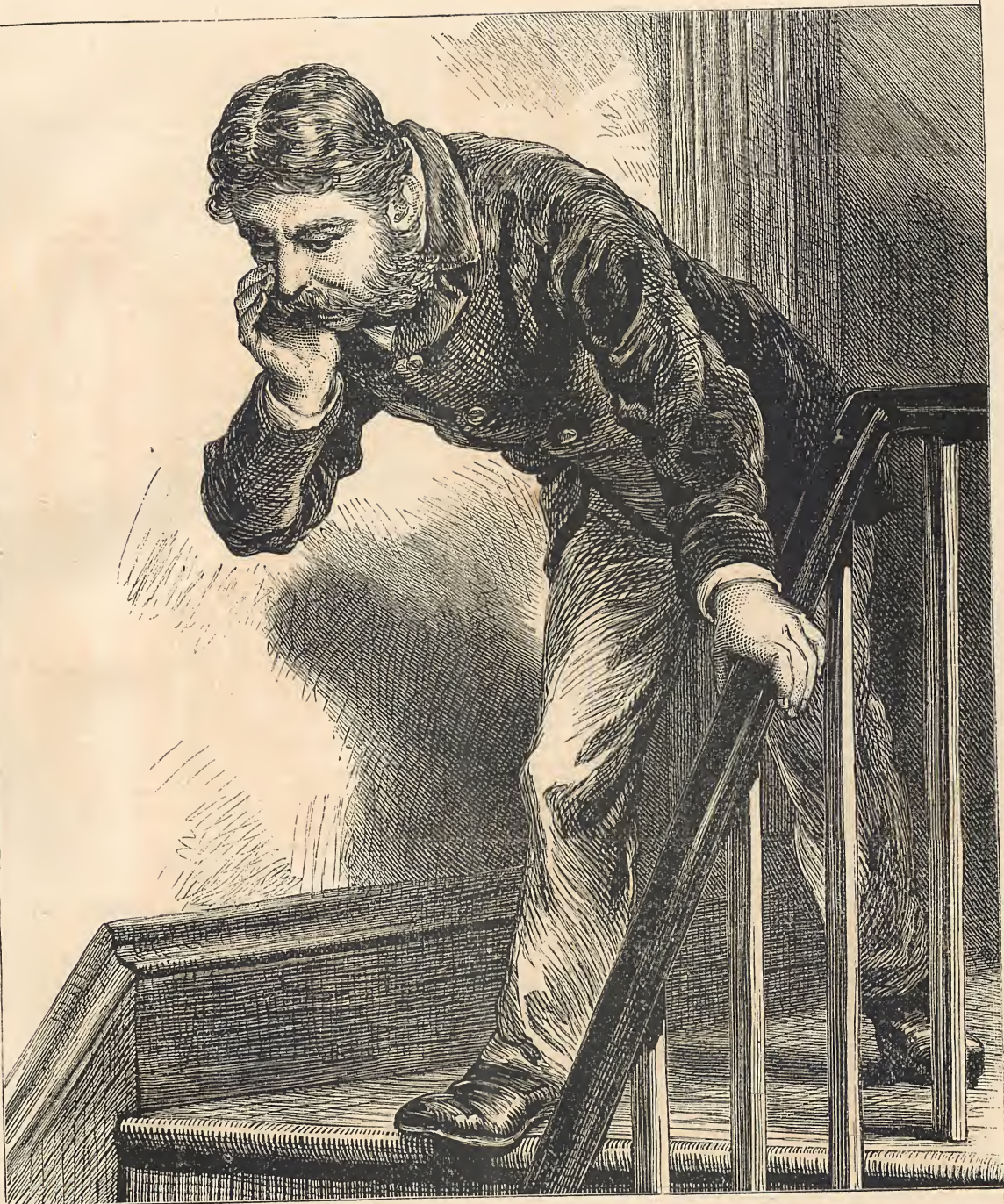
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Miss Agnes herself appeared.





Mr. Hill called down the Staircase.



## PAUL PROUDMAN.

(Concluded from page 407.)

## CHAPTER XXXI.



TIME went on, and carried the scene we have described in our previous chapter away into the Past, where, by degrees, it lost its clearness, and became blended with other memories.

Paul grew into manhood, and rose step by step in his office, and in the good esteem of all who knew him. During this period many changes took place around him.

Crabbe, Jackson, and Harris, had disappeared one by one. Gone to other places—Jackson, indeed, to another land, afar off, in search of that success which they could not find at Deane's. Other faces had succeeded them, and from being strange, as they were at first, grew as familiar as the old ones.

The foreman who had succeeded Crabbe got along very well for a few months, and was considered to be a sharp fellow, till, on one occasion, a burglary took place in the night, and suspicion being cast upon one or more of those employed on the premises, detectives were called in, and immediately identified the new foreman, in spite of his beard and moustache having turned from red to black in the meantime, as an old acquaintance of theirs; and to prove that their affection for him was as strong as ever they would not part with him, but took him off, and that was the last of the new foreman.

Mr. Snapper, the managing clerk, was among the changes that had taken place. He was still at Deane's, but having passed his seventieth year, he had become very feeble, and unable to meet the demands which the business made upon him. It was the custom at Deane's to pension off old and faithful servants, and Mr. Snapper had been more than once offered the liberty of retiring on the bounty of the firm, whose regard he had so fairly earned. The old gentleman, however, had shrunk from a life of complete idleness, and clung to the office, so that the firm had nothing to do but to make the work as light for him as possible. Gradually, therefore, the duties of managing clerk had fallen upon Paul, who was now next to Mr. Snapper; and in taking those extra duties in addition to his own, the young man was moved, it is certain, not by any advantage that might spring from it, nor from any precise arrangement, but, to a great extent, out of gratitude and friendship to the worthy old gentleman, who had been so true a friend to him. To a great extent, we say; for the principal motive was that rule, which he had always laid down for himself, namely, to do his utmost in any and every way that offered itself, and not to stint exertion, whether it promised to pay him or not; and last of all, when he had anything to do, to do it well, or, as Susan Proudman would have stated it, to 'clean in between.'

These, then, were among the chief changes at Deane's up to the time of Paul reaching his twenty-seventh year.

Changes had taken place outside. The most important, perhaps, was that Lucy, his sister, had been married to a young gentleman in the same house of

business as her uncle. He was a man of good principles, and Lucy had not only been fortunate enough to gain his love, but happy enough to keep it. Very recently she had added another link to the chain of their mutual affection in the shape of a fine little daughter, that bore so strong a likeness to her father that only those who were not her parents and immediate friends could fail to detect it.

Scarcely less important in another way was the fact that Paul had taken his mother away from Paradise Place to a house in Clapham, not far away from Mr. Deane's residence, and close to St. Mark's Sunday school.

Susan was then in her glory. Her dream had come to pass beyond the height of all her expectations; in fact, she sometimes felt that she must be only dreaming that her dream had come true, and that she must presently wake to find herself in Paradise Place again. Day after day passed, however, and still it was true, so she had gradually come to look upon it as a real fact.

The house was indeed a snug little place, with a pretty garden behind and lime-trees in front, like Aunt Grover's. Inside there was everything that was needed to make Susan quite happy.

How happy and proud she was to welcome her fine gentleman of a son home every day can be better felt than described.

That Paul should feel a sense of pride at the results of his striving is natural, but not more natural in him than to find his chief happiness in the power that was given him to make his mother happy as he did.

We have one more incident to mention before we close our story.

It had been a busy day at Deane's.

Vans had been coming empty, and going away full in different directions all day. Mr. Hill had shouted himself hoarse in calling for messengers, and giving them the necessary directions, when Mr. Snapper dropped the pen and ruler which he held in his hands, and in a faint voice said 'Paul!'

The tone alarmed our young friend, and he ran to the head clerk's side, saying, 'What is it, Mr. Snapper?'

'Nothing,' that gentleman replied, in a voice still faint and tremulous; 'a little faintness, that is all. It will pass off.'

'Will you drink a glass of water?' inquired Paul, anxiously.

'I think I will,' said Mr. Snapper.

Paul poured some water from a decanter which stood on the mantelpiece into a glass, and handed it to the old gentleman.

'Thank you, Paul! thank you, my boy!' said the latter, in an affectionate tone.

'By-the-by,' he continued, as Paul took the glass from his hand, and replaced it, 'I have been thinking, Paul.'

'Nothing dreadful, I hope?' said Paul.

'No,' said the chief clerk, 'not that: and yet there is something dreadful in it, too,' he continued, musingly; 'I mean in my hanging on here, and receiving money for duties which I no longer do, and am no longer able to do. Look,' he said, pointing to the book before him, 'what have I been doing to-day?'



Ruling lines which a boy could do as well as I, aye, and better, for some of them don't seem straight.'

'Don't talk like that, Mr. Snapper,' said Paul, trying to cheer the old gentleman, in whose eyes there were tears; 'you must not, really,' he said.

'So I have made up my mind, Paul,' continued Mr. Snapper, in the same tone, 'I have made up my mind to give it up, if the gentlemen will let me—if they will let me.'

He repeated the last words in a wandering way, and for a few moments was lost in reflection.

He started presently like one who wakes from a dream. 'I'll speak to Mr. Deane at once,' he said: 'it ought to be done, and so I'll do it at once.'

Mr. Snapper, having come to this determination, went slowly, for he was very feeble, to Mr. Deane's private room, and disappeared.

Paul was still thinking sadly upon Mr. Snapper's words when that gentleman came out again.

'It's done, Paul,' he said, with a smile. 'It is better than going on ruling crooked lines, and even that would be too much for me soon.'

Presently he gave Paul a card with his name and address on it. 'Come and see me now and then,' he said, 'and tell me how things are going on, for I shall still be thinking about the old place. Oh, yes, always thinking about the dear old place!'

Thus it was that Mr. Snapper left, and we can only state, very briefly, that Paul took his place, the duties of which he so thoroughly knew. The only thing that was against him was his youth, 'and that you will grow out of,' said Mr. Deane, pleasantly.

And now that Mr. Snapper has his pension, and Paul has Mr. Snapper's post,—now that Susan Proudman has the wish of her heart gratified, we must wish our friends adieu!

#### CONCLUSION.

Mr. Pick still devotes himself to picture-frames and looking-glasses. As fast as his children grow up to be old enough to take care of themselves they leave him, and his wife becomes every year more soured and quarrelsome, so that the future for them looks dreary enough.

The last that was seen of Crabbe he was employed in a mews, and had a striped shirt on and a pair of corduroy tights. The coffee-can he is said to have discarded, for as there is no longer need of concealment, he drinks the same liquid from a large pewter pot, which he is seldom without. In spite, however, of the attempt which his nose makes on its own account to look cheerful and rosy, Crabbe, it is to be feared, is not a happy man, but feels keenly that he has come down in the world, and has got lower to go yet before he has done with it.

Mr. Hill still calls down the staircase for boys, and makes mistakes in their names. Paul sometimes starts, even now, at the sound, full as it is of old memories. He and Mr. Hill are capital friends.

Paul did not forget to make use of Mr. Snapper's card. He often goes to see the old gentleman, and has found out two or three things in connexion with him, which at once raised his old friend even more in his respect, and threw a light upon some particulars in the past, which used to puzzle him and call forth Jackson's sneers. For many years Mr. Snapper has

been spending the larger part of his income in relieving the necessities of his poor relations; and as he himself rose from a very humble sphere, most of his relations are poor, and would be much poorer but for his aid. In order that he might the better secure this one luxury, the benevolent old gentleman denies himself many others that he might easily enjoy. Jackson, however, was not the only one who supposes him to be a miser; for besides Paul, the poor relations, and those to whom the poor relations talk about him, very few know of his generosity.

Paul has more than once received an invitation to Mr. Deane's house, and his visits are likely to increase. Between him and Agnes Deane there is a harmony of thought and principle which makes their society very pleasant one to the other. This pleasure increases, but what it is likely to lead to it would be beyond the scope of this story to say. We can only refer our readers to Susan—not Paul's mother, who, by the way, has her own thoughts about this Miss Agnes—but Miss Deane's maid. If you should happen to know her, she is a bit of a gossip; and if she has a secret on the subject in question, and it is believed that she has, she is not likely to conceal it.

#### LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

THEY call me 'Little Chatterbox,'

I. My name is little May;  
I have to talk so much because  
I have so much to say.

And oh! I have so many friends—  
So many! and you see  
I can't help loving them, because  
They every one love me.

But I love God the best of all;  
He keeps me all the night,  
And when the morning comes again  
He wakes me with the light.

I think it is so sweet to live;  
And yet, if I should die,  
The Lord would send His angels down  
To take me to the sky.

#### A KING SAVED BY A SPECTACLE-CASE.



IN the year 1796 the carriage of George III. was surrounded by an angry mob, who hemmed it in in an alarming manner. A Mr. Bedingfeld sprang on the carriage step, pulled his spectacle-case out of his pocket, and pointing it at the crowd, bade them stand back or he would fire. The crowd took the spectacle-case for a pistol, and the king's life was saved.

For this prompt and brave service the gentleman was created Sir John Bedingfeld, and the ribbon and badge of the Guelphic order was bestowed on him.

H. A. F.





Little Chatterbox.